













# The Abbot Courant

January, 1914

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1914



JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

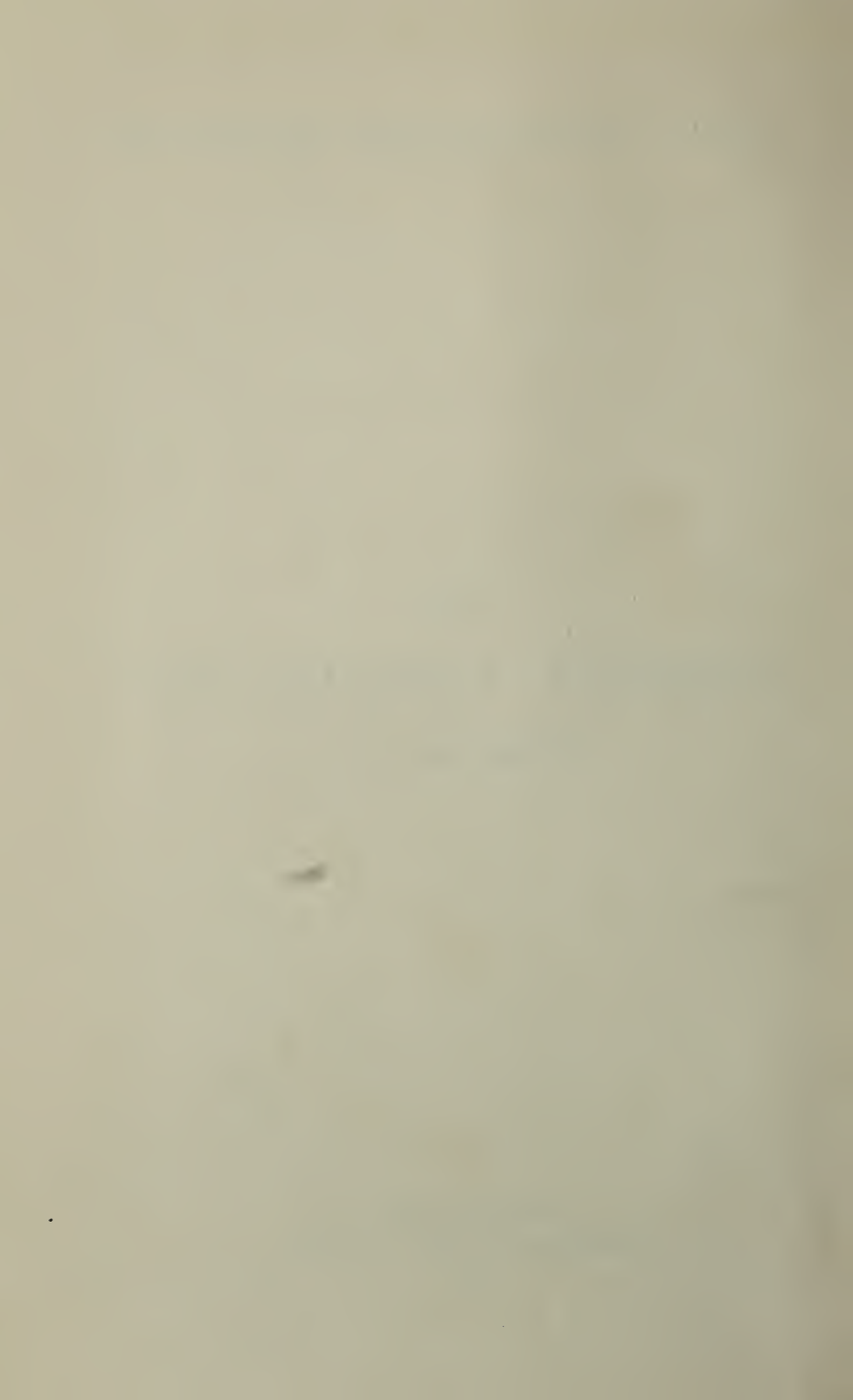
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ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XL., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.  
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1914



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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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**No. 1**

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## Christmas

Childhood griefs are soon forgotten,  
So I've heard my elders say;  
But long years I have remembered  
One sad, sad Christmas day.

For many weeks we'd longed for Santa,  
Talked of presents he might bring,  
Dolls and sleds, such wondrous treasures —  
Santa's bag held everything.

"Santa has so far to travel  
From his Northland home, you see,  
Maybe you should not expect him,  
But we'll pop corn for the tree."

This was what our mother hinted,  
But we scoffed at such a thing.  
Santa's reindeer travels swiftly  
Like the merry birds on wing.

Then the day before that Christmas  
Our dear daddy went to town;  
Oh, the dreadful news he brought us,  
"Santa's in a chimney stuck — can't get down."

Stuck in a high and sooty chimney  
On this cold, cold Christmas day,  
And the grown folks who could help him,  
They don't care, and stay away.

Mother made us 'lasses taffy,  
Daddy said we'd better play;  
But with Santa in a chimney,  
Christmas was a sad, sad day.

*Olivia Wanda Dean, 1914*

## The Shepherds

Mary Hershey, with tight lips, straightened the covers over Jimmy Green, who lay in the last bed in the children's convalescent ward of the Deaconess Hospital. Then she stood erect and looked down the long files of beds only four of which showed, by the little rounded heap down the center, that a body lay there. With a sigh she turned to the window that looked out into the street and gazed into the dark night.

It was Christmas Eve and the snow-covered street in front of the big hospital was quiet, as usual. There were a few people out, but they were hurrying into the church across the way. Mary's eyes filled with bitter tears as she watched them, and her spirit was anything but Christmas-like. She had asked at least a month before for a free Christmas Day and Dr. Holmes had told her definitely the week before that she might have it.

"Your ward seems to be in a hurry to get well for Christmas," he had said. "To my belief we won't have a patient left here on the twenty-fourth. Will we, Jimmy?" and he appealed to the youngster, who grinned with delight and shook his head. "It does seem, Miss Mary," the doctor went on, "as if everything were going your way. There isn't anyone in the 'serious' ward who will be well enough to be brought down here and I truly think all these children," waving his hand toward them, "will be at home. So you can make your plans to go home, too."

Therefore Mary had made her plans, and then it had seemed as if everything had gone against, instead of for her. First Jimmy had carelessly caught a cold and it had made him too ill to be taken home. Mary McGregor had had a relapse, and Bobbie, cheerful, plucky little fellow that he was, had strained his back again in trying to help her.

"These three can't keep me here," Mary cried, but when they brought in little Angelo Potti she knew that her "free Christmas Day" was not to be, for the other nurses couldn't take charge of four extra patients. Little Angelo was just recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia and had been removed from the

other ward to the convalescent to make room for another child. Dr. Holmes brought him in.

"I'm sorry that you can't go home now, Miss Mary. Here is Angelo, the only child of the Pottis, who keep the little fruit store on Clermont Street. They were frantic when they brought him to the hospital and hated to leave him in 'our clutches,' but now they are happy because he is getting better. He's still pretty sick and nothing must happen to him.

That was all — only one sentence about her disappointment. But three years at the Deaconess Hospital had trained Mary's emotions as well as her brain and hands. Tonight was the first time that she had allowed herself to think of it all. How her heart hurt; how it ached to be at home! Louise and her baby, Ned, Ralph — oh! all the brothers and sisters and their children were there.

The clock in the church tower struck twelve, and Mary saw before her the big chimney with its load of stockings. The "boys and girls" had just finished trimming the tree and were gathered around Father and Mother and were singing

"As shepherds watched their flocks by night."

Suddenly Mary became sensible that they were singing in the church. As she listened she heard the very hymn that had been in her vision.

"As shepherds watched their flocks by night."

She remained silent and listened to the trained voices. But to every phrase of music she somehow fitted the words of the first line,

"As shepherds watched their flocks by night."

In the midst of it all her keenly-trained ear caught the sound of difficult breathing. She turned back to her work at once, leaving day-dreams for stern realities. It was Angelo who was in trouble, and one look at his face told Mary the story. Sending for the doctor, she immediately started to work. It was hard, very hard, but Mary and Dr. Holmes saved the little life. For three hours the nurse held the limp, heavy child in her arms, watching all the while. When dawn finally showed through the

windows she put the little boy down. Then, released from duty, and tired to the very bone, she paused a moment by the street window as she went to her room.

In the cold, gray light she again saw a few figures hurrying into the church and as she watched, the music began

“As shepherds watched their flocks by night.”

Suddenly she realized that she had been, that night and for the past year, a shepherd watching over a flock. The thought was sweet and it crept into her worn and bitter heart and refreshed it. Then the great organ swept into the glad and joyous chant:

“Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given.”

And Mary knew that there were in the city two Italian hearts which would, if they only knew, sing that phrase with great meaning.

*Harriett Bowman, 1914*



## The Old Year and the New

"Whooooo — o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!" screeched the Whistles.

"Bang!" "Zhh-h!" "Whirr-rr!" "Boom!" clattered Dish Pans, Firecrackers, Horns, and Cannon Crackers.

And, amidst it all, danced in the New Year. Very young and exuberant, very innocent and guileless he appeared, but, nevertheless one noticed a certain air of determination and resolve about him.

"I was like that, once — myself," sighed the Old Year very softly.

The newcomer jumped — "What! You here! I thought you had left!"

"Not yet," murmured the Old Year. "Not until I have followed the time-honored custom of giving the New Year advice."

"Advice! What do I want with advice? It won't be very hard to keep this world in order! Why just look at the great pile of New Year's Resolutions Everybody is making!"

The Old Year slowly shook his head. "Ah, young man, young man, pay good heed to my words. You are going to have all you can do, and more, too, in helping the World to keep all its Resolutions."

"But — b-b-ut!" stammered the stranger in his excitement, "You astonish me! Surely Everybody would not make Resolutions if they did not intend to keep them. Sh-h! listen! I told you so!"

And up from the earth came the cry — "I'll never touch another drop!"

And another — "I'm going to study every day — and I'm going to practice, and be good forever till I grow up!"

And still another — "I'm nevah, nevah going to tease kitty, or wun away — and then maybe I'll nevah, nevah get spanked any more."

"It's not such a bad old world," chuckled the other listener, "But all the same I am more than glad to join the company of Years-gone-by- who are now waiting for me. Listen! What have you got to say to this?"

And up from the depths came the cry, "If that old miser of an uncle of mine does not die before this year is out, I'll give him reason to! I need his money more than he does!"

The New Year shuddered, but the Old Year merely shrugged his shoulders.

"That's a mere trifle if——" But Old Father Time stepped in and pushed him out roughly, grumbling—"These Years always will lag at the end!"

And the Old Year had barely time to gasp—

"Keep a good heart and a brave face, Young One, and you may have made this Old World a good deal better when you leave it, and so I leave you with all good wishes for a happy New Year."

And I am sure this Old World echoes his wish.

*Charlotte Morris, 1915*



## All on Account of Pete

After a long, hard winter's work which consisted for the most part of one-night stands, we eagerly grasped the idea of a vacation together where we wouldn't have to think of plays, parts or rehearsals.

The most popular member of our little band was "Feathers"—Samuel Featherstone for long. He was a happy-go-lucky chap of twenty-two or three, with a crop of light, curly hair which habitually lopped over one eye. He took life as it happened, and knew not the meaning of hurry or worry. If any of us were "down in the dumps," a word or two or a friendly slap on the back from Feathers was usually all that was needed to restore our spirits. Thus Sammy Featherstone captured the hearts of all who knew him, and his list of friends was a long one.

Among the rest of the company were Augusta Gibbons—commonly known as "Gusty"—who was round and rollicking and had a heart of gold; her brother Gerald, a short little, thin little fellow with a "young" mustache and a shy expression about the eyes; and Clare St. Pierre (Clara Peters to her family), our tall, willowy, blond leading-lady. Short, fat, red-faced Bill Topper and tall, lean monacled Earl Webster, Clare's devoted admirers, and consequently bitter rivals, also joined us.

On the evening of July first we were gathered about a huge fire-place in an old farm-house in New Hampshire. Story-telling was suggested as a method of entertainment, and the lot fell to Feathers to begin. He stretched out his six feet two on the floor before the fire and began the following tale:—

"About five years ago, when I was playing with the Belmont stock company, I was invited to spend Thanksgiving with an old friend of mine, Pete Rogers, who lived with his sister and her husband, in a small house, in a Boston suburb. I arrived about eleven o'clock of that morning, and was planning to get back to the theatre that afternoon in time for the evening performance. I reached the house and had just barely greeted my friend, when someone shouted, 'Fire!' and we soon discovered that a house about five hundred feet away had caught fire. There was a high wind and soon the whole house was ablaze. Pete was afraid that

the sparks would blow down and light on their roof so he ran for a ladder and a hose. When he came back he asked me if I would climb up on the roof and play the hose there for a while as a protection, and I naturally consented. I soon found myself stationed upon the ridge pole, and it was not long before the hose began to take effect upon my immediate surroundings. Suddenly, just as I was considering whether the roof had been sufficiently protected from fire, I saw two men rush down the street, take my ladder and run back to the scene of action with it. I shouted to them, but they did not hear me, and if they did, they didn't pay any attention. Pete and the others from the house had gone up to the fire.

"Doubt arose in my mind and I decided that I didn't exactly like the idea of staying up on the roof much longer. I was not particularly comfortable, strange to relate, for my clothes were decidedly moist and the cold wind did not improve either my external feeling or my disposition. Besides that, I was hungry, and I could smell the fumes of the Thanksgiving dinner which was probably burning up. I looked at my watch—half-past twelve; I had been up there over an hour. I saw a small boy running down the street and I called to him. He looked up to see where the voice came from, but when he saw me he only laughed and ran on. 'Yes, it's a great joke!' I thought to myself, but I'm afraid mirth was not to be seen on my face. By this time my hands were like ice, for I was clinging to the hose. If I dropped it, the end would swing down into the uncovered porch below, and I didn't quite have the courage of my convictions to let it ruin those rugs and cushions. On the other hand, the hose was not long enough to throw over the other side of the house. Several times I tried to climb around to the side, but with slippery, wet shoes and a slippery, wet roof, to say nothing of having only one free hand, I found the project an impossible one. Another thought came to me. I had on my only good suit, and a sickening dread came over me that my bank account was low. One o'clock! Another house had caught fire—the one on the other side. The street was thronged with people—at the *other* end, but none of them came or looked my way. I had

shouted until my voice was hoarse, and I realized that I must not lose my voice altogether, on account of the evening performance. Another half-hour went by, and by this time I was so cold that my teeth chattered incessantly, and my limbs were aching terribly. Hunger increased the difficulty of the proposition, and by two o'clock I was so faint that I could hardly hold my head up. Only once in a while did I rouse myself by a burst of anger and unpleasant thoughts of Pete, and in fact everyone and everything.

"Finally the crowd by the burning houses began to disperse, and soon I saw Pete return to the house, his hands in his pockets, and I noticed savagely that he was whistling. I tried to call to him but I could only whisper, and he did not look up. As he reached the front steps I saw him stop whistling, take his hands out of his pockets and give an exclamation of amazement at sight of my suit-case, which I had left standing on the porch.

"'Good heavens!' Pete looked up to the roof and saw me, and burst into laughter. But his face grew sober when he saw that I did not smile in response. He rushed over to the house next door for a ladder, and with great difficulty he finally managed to help me get down. He took me in the house and gave me dry clothing, and his sister made me a cup of tea, and after awhile I began to feel life coming back to me. Pete was profuse in his expression of grief at having forgotten about me, and his sister was shocked. It was nearly three o'clock when she announced that dinner was ready, and I was very uneasy, for I was planning to take the four o'clock train back to the city. It was absolutely necessary that I take that train, for I couldn't be a moment later. I told Pete of this, and he was naturally dismayed, but it could not be helped. However, after I had eaten a Thanksgiving dinner — which was slightly overdone — I really felt very much better, though not at all like travelling. But that was a mere detail. Pete had an automobile at the door waiting to take me to the station, and in less time than it takes to tell, I found myself settled in the Pullman on my way back to the theatre. I rubbed my aching head, and looked at Pete's suit which was at least a size too small for me, and I decided that hereafter I would spend my vacations in the usual way."

*Mattie Larrabee, 1915*

## The Old Town

Down on Cape Cod there is a pretty little town in which I have spent my summers for many years. Its quaint old streets with white-painted houses on either side stretch down to the very shore. The old meeting-houses where for almost a century the townsfolk have gathered on Sunday mornings thrust their lofty steeples up into the sky and peal forth the hours sweetly. At the front of an old store, there are seated several fishermen, smoking their corncob pipes as they whittle lobster-pegs for their younger and more energetic comrades.

Many a wonderful tale of the old town and its inhabitants have I heard from these cheerful, leisurely friends; of how on one dreadful night when wind and sea were high, the rising tide rushed in upon the twin lights standing close by the shore. Even while their lamps shone forth over the raging waters, their foundations were undermined and washed away. The ruins still lie on the cliff now at some little distance from the shore; while behind them stand their successors placed in perfect safety. And yet, as you listen to the surf pounding on the distant shore and see the breakers dashing madly over the shoals, you can but wonder if, after all, they are in perfect safety. The treacherous shore with its shiftings and continual unrest makes us all uneasy.

The sad fate of the "Wadena," a lumber ship, whose entire crew perished, and the fate of the life-savers, who were drowned in a vain attempt to save them, is another of their tales. The whole story is so thrilling, one can almost see those life-savers as they started on their last voyage, each realizing that it was to be his last, yet never flinching. The little village never before had received such a blow; almost every family had some representative in that courageous crew. Now, a marble shaft stands on a quiet spot near the sea, to be a constant reminder of those brave souls. Its snow-white sides bear their names, together with the well-known stanzas from Tennyson:—

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be no sadness of farewell  
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

And the old mill standing on the great hill brings back the memories of the old times when its arms used to wave gaily as it ground the corn. I can almost see it now, there is such a friendly look about it. It is waving us back, back to the old town where so many good friends are awaiting us.

*Ada Wilkey, 1915*



## The Property Sale

A very desirable piece of land was to be sold in order to settle the affairs of an estate. There were ten acres of good farmland and a small orange grove beside. This land was in California, but two men in New York, who had seemed perfectly content with their own state, had a sudden desire to buy the farm which they saw advertised in the papers.

One of the men, John Hamilton, had been busy trying to run his prosperous business and keep track of the other, his rival named Harrison Wood. Both men had been in California and both had found out something that the owner of the estate did not know: there was a fine vein of gold running through the farm, just in that section that was for sale.

Hamilton tossed the paper from him in disgust and said to himself, "Nothing but railroad accidents and murders. I wonder why they don't print something worth reading." Just then he saw the advertisement on the last page. "By George!" he yelled, "I'll get there before Harrison Wood or know the reason why!"

Hastily telephoning to his apartments, he made all preparations to leave on the three o'clock train. Then he thought he ought to know what Woods' plans were and see how he could get off unnoticed.

Mr. Wood answered the telephone and after the usual formalities were over, he said, casually, that he was planning a little trip. "Just a couple of weeks in California would do me a lot of good," he said.

"Oh! Are you going soon?" Wood asked.

"Yes," Hamilton answered, "I'm going tomorrow I think. You sound excited; what's wrong?"

"Nothing at all," was his answer. "I was thinking of taking a trip myself, but I guess I'll have to wait awhile."

At the end of the conversation each knew of the other's intentions.

That same afternoon two taxicabs went tearing down Fifth Avenue and one seemed to be trying to overtake the other.

Mr. Hamilton was in the cab in the rear, and the price he

offered the driver to run into the other car went up every few minutes. He had planned just where the accident should occur, and had ordered another cab to be waiting at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street.

Suddenly he was thrown forward violently, but managed to drop to the floor of the car and escape the flying glass. The chauffeur had been true to his orders and had hit the first car hard enough to damage it seriously.

Hamilton jumped out and ran to the car that was waiting at the corner. As he drove off he heard the policeman's whistle and saw a great crowd collecting around the two autos, and when he reached the station he telephoned to a drug store where his valet was waiting and asked if Mr. Wood had been hurt very badly.

"Not much, sir," said the valet. "But they took him to the hospital to sew up a cut on his face. He'll be fine in a day or two."

Not waiting to hear any more, John Hamilton hurried to his train, and those who saw him, noticed a smile of triumph on his face and an expression which showed he was very well pleased with himself. In truth, he was relieved at the way the affair had turned out, for, at the last minute, he had been rather terrified at the thought that Wood might be seriously injured.

*Helen Burk, 1914*

## A Scene in a Moorish Harem

I found myself standing in a huge court. In the center of the varied colored marble floor, a fountain tinkled musically in a beautiful mosaic basin. Somewhere in the distance the click of castanets was heard mingling with a rich, girlish voice softly singing. Giant Moorish columns reared themselves to the high dome. A gentle, drowsy breeze fanned the flowers to and fro. Roses exhaled their rich perfume, attracting the dainty butterflies, which lingered ever near and around them. Low divans which bespoke ease and luxury, invited one into the shade of the palms and near the cool fountain. Feminine ornaments were scattered about. A glittering scarf was flung over the end of a couch, a gaudy fan lay half open on the floor. The chattering of the castanets became louder, and happening to let my eyes follow the sound, I saw emerging from behind a tall screen a young girl. Loose silken draperies clung lovingly around the graceful sinuous figure of the dancer, as her small Turkish shod feet twirled her about in fantastic steps. Like the graceful movements of a bird, her smooth white arms moved in rhythm with the clicking of her castanets. Her raven hair framed a face of snowy whiteness, just tinged with pink. Perfect in shape were her richly colored lips. Her flashing black eyes held hidden fire, though they were dreamy now.

Happening to glance upward, I noticed little closed lattice windows. I looked closer and noticed a slight movement behind some of the windows. A sparkle of a pair of eyes, or a gleam of a white hand, was perceptible.

A scream — the dancer saw me for the first time. With an ominous flash of her dark eyes she quickly drew her veil over her lovely face, and sank to the floor. A door swung open, and I saw a huge Turk, fierce of mien, making his way toward me, flourishing a great scimitar. A weak groan came from the crouching figure of the girl. I seemed frozen to the spot — watching the advancing figure of the brute, when —

“Going to finish your lessons tonight, Jim?” inquired the sleepy voice of my room-mate.

*Anna Burke, 1915*



## The Girl who Waited

She was eighteen, a young, lovely girl, and she was just entering college as a freshman. Ever since she had known that she was going to college she had been looking forward to that time, and now at last it had come! When her sweet mother kissed her good-bye, the Girl felt rather lonely, suddenly, and the feeling became stronger when her father put her on the train, and said with a proud and loving air, "We expect much from you." But the feeling was perhaps strongest as she waved from the platform of her train to her fine, big brother, now a senior in college.

Her freshman year was a great success from the beginning to the end. The Girl was vice-president of her class, was on the freshman crew, and was very popular throughout the college, because of her ready willingness to help anyone and everyone in any way she could.

She had a happy summer at home, although since her brother's graduation and departure for Canada, where he had been sent by the firm under which he was working, her mother had been growing paler and thinner. They had never had a maid, and now the Girl's mother would overdo, in spite of all the Girl did to help her.

However, she went back to college in the fall, filled with high hopes for the coming year. She was even more popular as a sophomore than she had been as a freshman. But after the spring vacation her mother's letters were full of the anxiety she felt for the Girl's father, and one morning came the news, "Your father's health has broken down completely. He has had to resign from the office. You must come home, dear. I need you." That "I need you" decided the Girl, if she needed anything to decide her and besides, she somehow felt that by the next fall she would be back in college again. So she went home.

The summer passed, and her father was no better. When the time for the opening of college came, her mother so evidently wanted her to stay, that the Girl did. "I shall be only a month late, anyway," she thought to herself. But the month passed, and two, three more, and still the Girl couldn't leave. Then she

discovered that funds were running low, and someone would have to supply more. Her brother, just starting in business for himself, couldn't, her father, still in poor health, certainly couldn't, and so, as the Girl put it, "It was up to her." The only thing that she was sure she could do was library work, for she had taken a special course in college. So the next week after her decision, she went to the city and went to all the libraries searching for a vacancy. At last she found one in the down-town section, and as they were much in need of someone, and as she understood her work, they took her and paid her a good salary from the start.

Always in the Girl's heart though, there was a deep aching for the college life he had given up. However, never a trace of her longing showed as day by day she sat in her place, with always a cheery word for all comers.

As the winter dragged on and spring drew near, the longing to go back grew so intense sometimes that she had to clench her fists tight and smile more to keep herself from crying out. And then, late in May, the Girl's god-mother, who had always done a great deal for her, came to her with an offer. The offer was simply this, to go abroad and to stay all the year with her god-mother. Furthermore, that thoughtful, kindly meaning lady promised to leave someone to care for the Girl's father and mother, and they would be given all the comforts one could need.

While her god-mother talked, the Girl's eyes shone and her cheeks glowed. This would be finer than college even. And then at the mention of her mother and father the light and color in her face died out and slowly she shook her head. "Oh, God-mother, take them and leave me here. They need it. See, I am well and strong. Ah, no, no, don't ask me again. I can't go, I can't." And in spite of all her god-mother said, she kept to that one phrase, "Take them. They need it," and in the end they sailed for Europe and left the girl behind, bravely smiling.

The summer started in to be hot and continued hot, but always on the Girl's desk were fresh flowers and always on the Girl's face was a bright smile.

Then one of the hottest afternoons of all, the girl saw,

coming into the library a tall, straight young man who, one of the younger assistants told her in an awed tone, was the young settlement doctor who had done so much good in the worst part of the city, and suddenly the Girl thought with an inward start, "Why, I've known him always, haven't I? My! isn't his face tired though. Guess it must be sick of smiling all the time when inside it doesn't feel 'smiley' one bit. I feel as though my smile were a painted one now." But the Girl's smile remained just the same and she even sang a little to herself. And as one pair of tired eyes looked into the other pair of tired eyes, the owner of the first said to himself unconsciously, "And they also serve who only stand and wait." After that he came often in the evenings and they became fine comrades. But in their hearts each one knew that there was more to come besides the good comradeship. And there was. And it came.

A year from that summer as the Girl worked, and sang as she worked about her "own little house o' dreams," she often thought, "Well — college was wonderful and would have been still more so could I have stayed, and going abroad would have been even better than that, but I know after all that this is something grander, more wonderful, and by far the best that could ever come to me."

*Frances Dowd, 1914*

## How to Enjoy an Auto Ride with Your Brother

On no account seem at all anxious to accept your brother's invitation to ride with him in the family car. Calmly remark that you have considerable studying to do and that you really intended to take a walk, but finally condescend to tell him that, since he has been so kind as to invite you, you will go for a little while.

Now don't make the mistake of not being ready when he appears in the machine at the door. Jump in beside him, look pleasant, and show no curiosity as to where he is going. Suppose he first drives down town. Even though he bows to thirty-nine interesting-looking people all unknown to you, appear perfectly indifferent and ask no questions. Finally, after he has greeted the fortieth strange individual, he will probably turn to you with his pleasant smile and say, "That's the football captain, Sis, a mighty clever fellow." Now ask your questions, the ice is broken.

Before you have gone very far, be sure to tell him that he runs the car much better than Father. Compliment him upon his skill in rounding corners, even though the machine seems about to turn turtle. Never be anything but pleased when he begins to drive so fast that you can't see, and laugh as he just escapes hitting one car after another. He will moderate his speed after a while, he's merely showing off and trying to scare you.

He may stop at a drug store and treat you, or he may let you run the car. Don't appear surprised at anything, you never can tell what he may do. And when, after a very enjoyable ride, he leaves you at the door and you expect to see him drive into the yard, smile your sweetest when he disappears down the street to whiz by again in a moment with the prettiest little girl in Andover seated beside him.

*Lucretia Lowe, 1914*



## Their Christmas Baby

The wind howled about the big, old-fashioned farmhouse and the snow hurled itself in gusts against the window-panes, but within a bright fire crackled merrily in the wide open fireplace, making the shadows dance in the farthest corners of the cosy living-room. Mr. and Mrs. Carter were sitting before the fire, very evidently endeavoring to entertain each other, each striving to keep the other's thoughts from turning to a subject which was foremost in the minds of both. Finally Mrs. Carter sprang to her feet.

"Jack, I simply can't stand it another minute. I must hang up that baby's stocking just as if she were with us still. Perhaps," with a forlorn attempt to be cheerful, "It will be a comfort to fill it as we did that blessed Christmas Eve."

"Very well," said her husband. "If you think that will help any. Oh, my dear," he continued, his clear voice suddenly growing husky. "I can't bear to see you grow so pale and wan, and yet what can I do? Don't you think you would be happier if we should adopt a child?"

"No, no, Jack," Barbara interrupted vehemently. "Never speak of that again. A stranger to take the place of my own dear child? I couldn't even consider it. How can I ever overcome this cruel grief? I never, never want to forget. It will always be with me — always."

Jack turned away with a sigh. "Very well, dear," he said. "We won't speak of it now. You run and get the stocking while I lock up for the night, and then we'll fill it together before the fire."

Barbara ran swiftly upstairs and stooping down before a large old-fashioned bureau, she opened a drawer filled with baby clothes. Tenderly she turned over the dainty things until she came to the tiny socks. One of these she took out and holding it passionately to her heart she walked slowly downstairs.

At the library door she paused. What could Jack be doing? And what was in that basket? Could it be ——? Yes, it was a baby! Jack, with his head bent tenderly over the tiny bundle, was gazing at the baby with such an expression of love and

longing that in a flash his wife realized how selfish her sorrow had been and how she had considered only her own pitiless grief, not perceiving that her husband's sorrow was equal to her own.

The baby gave a little hungry cry, and all the motherhood in Barbara Carter answered. "Jack," she cried, "Give me that baby this instant! She looks cold and hungry."

Soon the baby, snuggled close and warm in the protecting arms, dropped asleep, and not until then did Barbara ask her husband where the child had come from.

"I found her on the piazza with the cold snow drifting in on her, crying her little heart out. She has evidently been deserted by some poor wretch not worthy to be called by the name of Mother," he replied. "What shall we do with her, dear? It's for you to say; of course I can take her to an orphan asylum, but ——" with a wistful smile. "Couldn't you consider keeping her? She seems so happy in your arms. And don't you think that as this is Christmas Eve maybe she has been sent to us as a comfort and a blessing?"

"Jack," said Barbara, "you're asking a very hard thing of me, but for your sake and the baby's I can't refuse, and I will try my very best to overcome my grief and be less selfish and —— Oh, Jack, see what adorable creases there are under her chin, and what darling little dimpled hands she has!"

*Harriette Woolverton, 1915*

## His Rival

They were alone before the great fireplace, where birch logs flamed and crackled merrily. Outside the bitter wind swept ruthlessly. Inside all was warmth and cosiness.

She was daintily clad in a filmy white waist and walking-skirt, a trifle too tight to walk in. Her grey-blue eyes looked into the fire whose bright light shone back on her pink cheeks and chestnut hair. He was not looking at the fire because she was more interesting.

They had talked long and upon many subjects. She had told him how they danced in San Francisco, what it is like to live on a ranch in Oregon, and how to swim on the Great Salt Lake. She had told stories of life of schools in Washington, Baltimore, New York, and Chicago. His experiences had been even more varied than hers. He spoke with joy of the girls of Holland and Spain, of the bright lights of Paris, and of the calm waters of Italian lakes.

After some time their conversation changed its course and became more personal. They were talking about marriage — as impersonally, it is true, as a young lady and a young gentleman may talk on such a subject.

"I don't believe I shall ever marry," she remarked with certainty.

"Why?" He was at once interested and excited.

"You'll think my reason very strange — you may even laugh at it — but I'll tell you why it is. For a very long time I've had a sort of dream man. I haven't really dreamed about him, you know, the idea of him just came. I've looked for him everywhere, — I'm always looking for him, I guess — but I can't find him. He's tall and has blue eyes and sort of curly, fluffy, brown hair, nice teeth, and a strong chin."

"Can't you marry anyone but this fellow?" he asked. "He might not be congenial, you know."

"No, I can't, but I'm afraid I'll never find him, anyway."

"By the way, did you ever see me without a moustache?"

She removed her eyes from the fire and examined him, critically. "No; why?"

"Oh, nothing, I just wondered."

"How could I? You know we've only just met?"

"You couldn't," he said.

"It's funny," she said later, "But we get along unusually well. I couldn't have told anyone else about the man — I never have told anyone before — they wouldn't understand."

"Yes, it is surprising," he admitted. He had blue eyes and he was tall, but he wore a horrid little moustache and his hair was neat and smooth and almost black.

Shortly after this conversation, he was called West on important business.

"I'm awfully jealous of that dream fellow of yours," he said as he went away.

After two weeks he wrote and said, "I've found the Prince of your Dreams. It's queer, you know, I just happened to run into him out here, but I knew right from the first he was the man. I'm sending him East next week, although I think he isn't half worthy of you. Be prepared for him!"

He didn't tell her that he had shaved off his moustache and that he had ceased to anoint his curly hair with brilliantine, to make it stay down.

She was a little nervous about the Prince. What if he shouldn't be congenial, just as Jack had said he mightn't be? And what would happen if the Prince should come alone? And why had she been so lonely since Jack had gone away? And besides, it was very generous of Jack to think of her happiness first and send the Prince.

At last the day came and dragged itself slowly through. It was evening and the maid brought his card. She did not look at it, but ran swiftly down.

There in the library — with his back to the fire — was the Prince of all her fancies. He was the right height. He had the right hair, the right eyes, the right smile, the right teeth, and the right chin, and he held out his hand and said,

"Am I all right?" And — wonder of wonders — he had the right voice, Jack's voice.

"Why — why — who are you?" she faltered.

"Well, I guess I'm I," he said, and perceiving that the right moment had come, he did just the right thing.

*Elisabeth Bartlett, 1914*



## Editorials

For twenty years, swiftly changing sets of Abbot girls have listened each week to the sermons of Mr. Shipman. This year finds him no longer with us, for he has answered a call that summoned him South to teach in the Theological Seminary in Atlanta, Georgia.

In the departure of Mr. Shipman Abbot has lost one of her dearest and truest friends, one who has served her faithfully through many years. How many Abbot girls of the past and of the present, too, must remember his strong, kind face, and in our hearts we have always felt the truth of what he said. He helped the tired and the weary, he inspired the disheartened again to trust themselves and their own powers, and in doing this he showed what spots were weakest. He pointed out always the right path and clearly designated it from the wrong ones.

We shall miss Mr. Shipman very much, but we shall always remember him as a true friend and as a man who lived what he preached.

It is very pleasant and comfortable to know that whatever we do at Abbot, there is one person who will understand, sympathize, and approve. That person has tended this school like a favorite flower, and we like to think she is not displeased with the result.

The gliding years leave no impression upon some people except to deepen all their kindly qualities. Mrs. Draper is one of these rare individuals, and the *Courant* is glad to congratulate her upon her ninetieth birthday, which she celebrated on Sunday, January 25th.

We all love to call on Mrs. Draper, she makes us so welcome and her personality is so inspiring. She has a characteristic way of expressing herself and often she has said, "I feel that this will be the very best year of all for Abbot."

On October 14, 1913, the corner-stone for our new Infirmary was laid by our very good friend and neighbor, Mrs. John Phelps Taylor, in whose honor the new building was named.

At present we look with pleasure upon its nice red brick walls, for seen from without it looks quite completed. It is large enough to provide for any emergency, but we hope that it will not always be full.

Abbot is like a spoilt child who has only to ask for a thing to obtain it. Four thousand dollars of the necessary amount was given by an unknown donor, the rest was collected by the aid of generous friends.

The infirmary stands between Draper Hall and the Laundry, on the spot that was formerly a tennis court. In the spring three new tennis courts will be marked out directly behind the house of Professor Taylor.

Not until next year will it be possible to occupy these new quarters, for arrangements must be very different and a whole new reorganization of the staff will be required.

The thing upon which the real success of the new exercise system depended was the way in which the girls would enter into it. Miss Bailey's talk the morning she announced the change aroused in everyone a real appreciation of this fact, and an earnest desire to make the thing go. The result was that the girls honestly sought to give the system a fair trial. They went out regularly, reported promptly, and entered into the games with a zest and interest which made the recreation periods seem real play-time. The benefits of the change have been very apparent, and the rosy faces and brightened eyes tell for themselves that the new system is a success. Yet the best thing it has done is to bring out more strongly the good spirit which has always existed among the girls — that of being willing to help any cause along by their earnest coöperation.

There is much to be said also of the way in which the girls keep five o'clock study hour. This period has been put in to make up for the exercise period, and is entirely free from the supervision of the teachers. The girls alone are responsible for any noise or disturbance that may occur at that time. They seem to have shouldered their responsibilities very well, for up to now there has been very little cause for complaint in regard to

unnecessary noise. It is a very good thing to give the girls this chance to show what they can do, for their ability to take care of themselves for this short period makes one feel a good deal of confidence in their ability to take care of themselves at more important times.

Early this fall the question was brought up as to the advisability of having one Senior class organization, to which both academic and college students should belong. The matter was talked over and discussed informally for some time, and, when a vote of the girls was taken, a large majority was in favor of the proposed measure. The Senior Middlers followed the example of the Seniors. By this action on the part of the two upper classes and the organizing for the first time of the Junior Middlers and Juniors, there seems to have been created a greater opportunity for the growth of class spirit and school loyalty.

If a person deliberately says to himself, "I will be original," he is very apt to become peculiar unless he really has an inventive power of mind. An original person thinks new thoughts spontaneously because they come to him and not because of any especial determination on his part. A person with ideas and opinions that differ from those of the people about him in that they are new and conceived in his own mind is out of the ordinary, original. And anyone with distinctive ideas and marked individuality is sure to be recognized and given due credit in the world of today.

"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman."

One certainly finds a great variety of voices here at school, but it is rather discouraging to realize how few would answer all the requirements in the above quotation. It is quite true that there are plenty of low voices. In fact they are all too plentiful in class-rooms, where it is quite a strain to catch the low-pitched answers. But there seem to be few other places where any of the qualities of a desirable voice may be found, for outside of the class-rooms, and particularly in the recreation-room, the voices go to the other extreme. They are very loud — quite too

loud in fact, and sometimes very unpleasant. It seems a pity that so few people are able to strike a happy medium. Perhaps if there were some thought given the matter the results would be better.

Good listeners are as few and far between as are good storytellers or good talkers. We may regard being a good storyteller as a gift, but being a good listener is an easily attainable accomplishment. Any person with any love or sympathy, even if he is not gifted with poise, self-assurance, and a ready vocabulary, may become a good listener and make himself agreeable, even interesting and attractive.

A good listener benefits not only himself but also the person he listens to. He inspires the speaker, who exerts himself, unconsciously, to make his subject more clear and interesting. On the other hand, an inattentive person can injure both himself and the speaker. How can we forcibly bring out one good point after another up to the climax, when we know that no one is paying any attention to our remarks? Nine—no, it may be fairer to say seven—out of every ten persons allow their eyes and minds to wander.

A person may not be expressing our own personal ideas and views on a subject, but why not listen to him carefully and learn his views and in this way become more able to understand the question on both sides and thereby broaden ourselves and gain a more unbiased opinion? And surely if we do not have a view or idea ourselves to express, we can listen sympathetically to others and get their views. Soon we shall find that we have ideas of our own and words with which to express them, and we can acquire the gift ourselves of being a good talker, from just being a good listener.

No sofa pillow can be expected to last forever, far less one that receives such hard usage as those in the Senior day scholars' room. The time has now come when the five poor remains of what once were undoubtedly fine pillows are really fit only for the rag-bag. Why not have a donation party? Isn't anyone enough interested to agitate this pillow question?



In the first issue of the *Courant* last year, one of the editorials contained a suggestion that has this year been acted upon. We are glad of this, it shows that our public is improving.

We have always thought that since the boys in Phillips Academy are our brothers, something ought to be done to make the family get together. Apparently they, too, were of the same opinion. For, on Tuesday evening, October 21st, an opportunity was given every Abbot sister to become acquainted with at least a few of her big brothers. A party was given in the Borden Gymnasium by the ladies of the Chapel, the members of the Church, Glee Club and Society of Inquiry. On this occasion brothers were to sisters as five is to one.

Our brothers have been generous in other ways, too. Saturday, October 11th, was Founders' Day at Phillips, and all the Abbot girls were invited to be present at the exercises on Brothers' Field. We consider this a very great honor, because ex-President Taft was present and gave a short address. We admire Mr. Taft greatly, and he was both witty and stimulating. Field sports by the boys followed this, and, although it rained throughout the afternoon, every one went away feeling glad that they had come.

Glad as we are that they are having the opportunity for rest and travel and study that a year's leave of absence brings, we have missed constantly this winter two very dear members of our family, Miss Sherman and Miss McLean. During the summer months they were traveling together in England and Scotland, and on the Continent. In October they settled to a pleasant life with a French family in Paris, where Miss Sherman found remarkably fine chances for speaking and studying French. Miss McLean came home early in December and will spend the rest of the winter in Brookline. Miss Sherman sailed toward the end of January. Her work in the French department here is taken by Miss Elizabeth Stearns Tyler, a graduate of Smith College, in the class of 1909. Miss Tyler has traveled in France, and studied in Paris at two different periods, and has come to us full of life and interest in her work. We were very sorry that, on account of ill health, Mlle. Gallée was obliged to

give up the French conversation classes. The school has been fortunate in getting the services of Mlle. d' a La Brecque, who is an accomplished scholar and experienced teacher, and has already, by her enthusiasm and good fellowship, made herself a place in our life.

Our household has been ably managed by Miss Mary E. Cutting, a graduate of Boston University, who has taken the course in Institutional Management at Simmons College. We have come to rely much on her excellent management, and to have great confidence in her judgment.

The day scholars have found a good friend and helper in their new supervisor, Miss Grace A. Jenkins of Andover.

A one-hour course in household economics has been offered this year to the Seniors, who have seized with eagerness this chance to widen their knowledge of affairs pertaining to house-keeping. Miss Jessie L. Barber, who has charge of this course, is a graduate of Columbia University, has taken courses at the Institute of Technology and at several Massachusetts Normal Schools, and has had a wide experience in teaching.

Next year it is proposed to establish elective courses in Household Science and Art, which will be open to members of the Senior Middle and Senior Classes, and to High School graduates. These courses will require at least four periods a week of class-room work.

# School Journal

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## Commencement

The Commencement Exercises of the eighty-third anniversary of Abbot Academy began Saturday evening, June 14, with the annual Draper Reading. The program:

ORGAN PRELUDE: SCHERZO	<i>Debat-Ponson</i>
LONG LIVE THE KING	<i>Mary Roberts Rinehart</i>
MARY RUTHERFORD HARSH, Nashville, Tennessee	
WHEN BATEESE CAME HOME	<i>William Henry Drummond</i>
SARAH WHITNEY CUSHING, St. Albans, Vermont	
THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i>
HELEN DORIS HANSCOM, Lawrence, Massachusetts	
ORGAN INTERLUDE	<i>Wagner</i>
THE PICKWICKIANS ON THE ICE	<i>Charles Dickens</i>
AGNES CAMPBELL GRANT, Andover, Massachusetts	
KING ROBERT OF SICILY	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>
ELLA AUGUSTA STOHN, Roslindale, Massachusetts	
FOR LOVE OF MARY ELLEN	<i>Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd</i>
FRANCES MINER DOWD, Madison, Connecticut	

On Sunday, June 15, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by the Rev. Charles Smith Mills.

On Monday afternoon, June 16, the Seniors gave their lawn party in Draper Hall.

On Monday evening came the musical by the pupils of Professor Ashton, Mrs. Ashton and Miss Bennett. The program:

### PART FIRST

CHORUS: IN MAY	<i>Parker</i>
THE FIDELIO SOCIETY	
PIANO DUET: ALLEGRO MODERATO Op. 45	<i>Moscheles</i>
MISS HUSSEY, MISS ELLA A. STOHN	
SONGS: a) FUOR DI DOLCEZZA	<i>De Paz</i>
b) BOAT SONG	<i>Ware</i>
c) IN SPRINGTIME	<i>Brown</i>
MISS OLGA ERICKSON	
VIOLIN SOLO: CANZONETTA	<i>Wolff</i>
MISS BOYD	
PIANO DUET: ITALIAN BACCAROLE	<i>Hoffman</i>
MISSES THOMPSON AND DAY	

SONGS: a) LOVE IN MAY

*Parker*

b) JUNE

*Rummel*

c) ECSTASY

*Rummel*

MISS GOULD

PIANO SOLO: CONO BOIS

*Staub*

MISS HUSSEY

## PART SECOND

PART SONGS: a) SUNSET

*Mertens*

b) THE CRICKET

*Hall*

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

PIANO SOLOS: a) ANDANTE SOSTENUTO

*Swinsteed*

b) PRELUDE IN G

*Erb*

MISS SJÖSTRÖM

VIOLIN SOLO: CONCERTO IN A

*Arcolar*

MISS MARION M. BROOKS, Violinist

MISS ELLA A. STOHN, Pianist

SONGS: a) LA SERENATA

*Tosti*

b) SI LES FLEURS AVAIENT DES YEUX

*Massenet*

c) WILL OF THE WISP

*Spross*

MISS CRITTENDEN

PIANO SOLOS: a) ALLEGRO MODERATO (Italian Concerto)

*Bach*

b) BRE'ER RABBIT

*MacDowell*

MISS SURETTE

CHORUS: THE SNOW Op. 26 No. 1

*Elgar*

THE FIDELIO SOCIETY

Violins, MISSES BROOKS AND BOYD

PIANO DUET: SILHOUETTE Op. 23

*Arensky*

a) Le Savant b) La Danseuse

MISSES PARKS AND SURETTE

Tuesday morning, June 17, the school assembled for the Tree Exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church. The program:

PRELUDE AND MARCH

JUBILATE

*Joseph N. Ashton*

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

INVOCATION

GREAT IS THY MERCY

*Joseph Barnaby*

THE SCHOOL CHOIR

ADDRESS: THE RISK OF CULTURE

REV. CHARLES HENRY OLIPHANT

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

THE PRINCIPAL



PARTING HYMN

*S. M. Downs*

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

REV. CHARLES H. CUTLER

FREDERIC G. MOORE, Marshal

**Academic Senior Class**

Charlotte Mary Amsden	Windsor, Vt.
Enid Louise Baush	Springfield
Mary Helen Boyd	Indianapolis, Ind.
Cornelia Williams Crittenden	Lincoln, Neb.
Helen Mowry Danforth	Chicago, Ill.
Margaret Emily Day	Brunswick, Me.
Olga Marie Erickson	Dorchester
Mary Louise Erving	Andover
Marion Priscilla Gould	Lawrence
Edith Colwell Kendall	Andover
Marion Martin	Lowell
Jane Stinson Newton	Brookline
Marion Parshley	Winchester
Hazel Gertrude Smith	East Haverhill
Margaret Clara Wilkins	Chicago, Ill.

**College Preparatory Senior Class**

Louise Coe	Nebraska City, Neb.
Edna Mae Francis	Andover
Alice LeSueur Harsh	Nashville, Tenn.
Helen Witmarsh Hersey	Hingham
Margaret Gertrude Keane	Andover
Esther Elizabeth Pickels	Lawrence
Dorothy Caroline Perkins	Newark, N. J.
Mary Sophia Peters	Andover
Ethel Lettie Rand	Haverhill
Katherine Augusta Teye	Lawrence
Edith Lorna Wade	Andover

**Calendar****SEPTEMBER****September**

- 20 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Talk on School Regulations.
- 23 A. C. A. annual dance in Davis Hall.
- 24 Walking trip to Prospect Hill.
- 27 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Health, Purpose and Concentration.
- 28 Chapel. Professor Hincks.

## OCTOBER

## October

- 4 Hall Exercises. Miss Howey: Travel Talk.  
Chapel. Prof. Taylor: Perfection.
- 6 Walking trip to West Parish, and Hare and Hounds. Charades in the Recreation Room.
- 11 Founders' Day at Phillips. Mr. Taft.
- 12 Chapel. Miss Bailey: True Meaning of Life.  
Miss Kelsey: Helen Keller.
13. Lecture by Helen Keller and Mrs. Macy.
- 14 Laying of first brick of Antoinette Taylor Infirmary. Forty-fifth wedding anniversary of Prof. and Mrs. Taylor. The Taylors dine at the school.
- 15 Senior Straw-ride.
- 17 Hall Exercises. Prof. Ashton: The Symphony.  
Saturday evening. Mrs. Speer.
- 18 Chapel. Mr. Stearns: Ideals in Education.
- 20 Choir and Society of Inquiry party at Borden Gymnasium.
- 21 Andover-Cushing football game.
- 24 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: New schedule and marks system.  
Chapel. Mr. Barbour: Meaning of Eternal Life.
- 28 Baby Party in Recreation Room.

## NOVEMBER

## November

- 1 Yale Freshman football game.  
Chapel. Rev. Brewer Eddy: Situation in the Balkans.
- 4 Hallowe'en Party in Davis Hall.
- 5 Senior-Middle Picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 8 Hall Exercises. Draper Reading: Miss Helen Hanscom and Miss Sarah Cushing.  
Chapel. Dr. F. S. Luther of Trinity College, Hartford.
- 15 Abbot-Bradford hockey game at Bradford.
- 16 Chapel. Rev. Clark Carter: Lawrence Missionary Work.
- 17 Senior and Senior-Middler hockey game.
- 18 Chapel. Miss Spahr of Dennison House: College Settlement Work.
- 19 Second inter-class game.
- 20 Visit of the Alumnae Committee.  
Lecture by Professor William Lyon Phelps: The Modern Novel.
- 22 Hall Exercises. Draper Reading by Frances Dowd.  
Addresses by members of the Alumnae Committee.
- 29 November Club Plays.
- 30 Chapel. Mr. Shipman: Lessons from the Story of Caleb.

## DECEMBER

## December

- 2 Senior chafing-dish supper.
- 3 Fall Field Day.
- 4 Reading by Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin Riggs from "New Chronicles of Rebecca" and "Waitstill Baxter."
- 6 Faculty Hockey Game.  
Hall Exercises. Miss H. Isabella Williams: Experiences at a French Boarding School.
- 7 Chapel. Rev. Brewer Eddy: Modern Movements in Religion in the Orient.
- 8 Lecture by President Marion Burton of Smith College: The Educated Person.
- 9 Senior Vaudeville in recreation-room. Junior-Middler Party in Davis Hall.
- 13 First Concert. Eight members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.
- 14 Christmas Service in Davis Hall.
- 16 The school Christmas-tree.
- 17 Miss Bailey's birthday party.
- 18 Christmas carols by the Glee Club.

## JANUARY

## January

- 9 Lecture by Rev. Dan Crawford: The Idea of God among People of Africa.
- 10 Miss Kelsey's tea for the corridor.  
Lecture by Miss Anna Sturgis Duryea: International Peace.
- 17 Second Concert: Miss Ethel Leginska, pianist.
- 18 Miss Annie Beecher Scoville: Work of the Hampton Institute.
- 20 Junior sleigh-ride.  
Farmers' party.  
Hockey spread.
- 24 Lecture by Miss Elizabeth Gordon: International Institute for Girls in Spain.  
Senior Middle play: "A Rose o' Plymouth Town."

## Lectures

Probably none who were at Abbot on Monday, October 13, 1913, will ever forget what they saw and heard, for one does not see miracles in every-day life.

Helen Keller and Mrs. Macy visited the school. To a large and interested audience Mrs. Macy gave a detailed account of her life with Helen and explained how they had been able to accomplish the

amount of learning that the deaf and blind girl has attained to. The little anecdotes of Helen's life were very interesting and showed her love for learning and the quickness with which she grasped knowledge. In Mrs. Macy one sees the sweetness of a life lived for another.

Then Helen Keller, in unlifting darkness and unbroken silence, came with Mrs. Macy and spoke to us. We understood most of what she said.

Mrs. Macy asked her if she had been to Abbot before. Smiling brightly she replied that she had, and that she loved Andover very much.

Nor was the lesson that Helen Keller teaches lost upon her audience—the contrast between her life and ours; that girl who has so very little and who has accomplished such great things—we who have so much and —some of us, at least—who accomplish so very little.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, October 4, Miss Howey took the school "around the world." On the screen were flashed pictures that we may see every day, hanging on this wall or on that in the Abbot world. Perhaps some were sadly unfamiliar, yet all were interesting. Her talk taught us to look for the beauty in the life around us. We do not want to be like the man who searched through all the world for a four-leafed clover and who, coming home tired from the vain search, found, in his own back yard, nothing but four-leafed clovers.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, October 7, Mr. Ashton lectured, as last year, upon the Symphony Orchestra. He explained the meaning of the name and mentioned its leaders and management. He told us how to listen to such music and how to appreciate it. His talk was very interesting and instructive.

Professor Phelps of Yale University in his talk on November 20, on "The Modern Novel," emphasized the popularity of the novel today. The demands, he stated, have been continually changing from the demand for the drama in Shakeseare's time to the novel of today. He said that today everything assumes the form of a novel. Men put their views of medicine, religion, theology, science, and everything into novels. For by so doing they gain notoriety and popularity. Their works are read by the public and their points of view become widespread and are discussed by thousands. He considers the great novel writers to be the Russians, the English, and the French. The Americans have made discouragingly little progress in this art. The French have clearness, conciseness and keenness, all of which go to make up a good novel, which is, as Mr. Phelps defines it, a good story, well told. The Germans, he continues, can not write novels. They pay too much attention to small, sometimes unnecessary details. The mere fact that the hero has a cold may

take up three or four pages. Mr. Phelps spoke of one experience he had in reading a German novel. He said that he was bored with a long description so he skipped forty or fifty pages and went ahead reading with the plot just where he had left it.

He gave his opinion of a number of well-known books, and concluded by saying that everyone should read modern novels and read them with a three-fold purpose. First: that you should read a book with the idea of getting all the pleasure and enjoyment possible from it. Secondly: you should study it and recognize it as a work of art. Finally: you can find in a novel of any time a good, clear idea of the life and thoughts of the people of that time.

About the last of November we had a very pleasant surprise in the form of a visit from Mrs. Kate Douglass Wiggin Riggs. It is a long time since Mrs. Riggs has visited the school, and those who met her, and listened to her delightful readings, felt very fortunate. She entertained us first with some selections from "New Chronicles of Rebecca," and made Rebecca and her aunts seem twice as real as before. Next Mrs. Riggs read from her latest book, "Waitstill Baxter," and interspersed her selections with little stories of how she came to do this or that, until it seemed like being behind the scenes in a theatre. After the reading was finished, there was a reception in the McKeen rooms so that everyone had a chance to meet Mrs. Riggs, but we all felt that her visit was only too short.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, December 6, Miss Helen Isabelle Williams, Instructor in French at Smith College, lectured on "Old-fashioned French Boarding Schools." Since her talk was based upon her own experiences and not upon material gathered from books, we found the lecture exceedingly interesting. Twenty years ago, she told us, she had been sent to learn the French language as it is actually spoken in a little French boarding school five miles from Paris. In this school she spent several years as a "parlor boarder." She gave us a clear and interesting picture of the narrow, secluded life of the French girls of that time, of their studies, their pleasures, their sins and consequent punishments. While listening to a manner of life very different from our own, we learned to appreciate more fully our own liberty and freedom.

On Monday afternoon, December 8, President Burton of Smith College lectured to the school. From start to finish, the girls, faculty, and friends who were present were held in rapt attention. His subject was "The Educated Person," and he set forth in a manner that was at once interesting and absorbing, the various qualities that one must possess to be considered educated. Such a person, Mr. Burton said, must be interested in the world around him, he must have an insatiable desire for truth, he must not be subject to any kind of moods, he must always be and act like a perfectly normal



human being. Mr. Burton also said that, since the field of learning is so immense, it is impossible, in a certain sense, for anyone to become "educated." He also intimated that, when a person is satisfied with himself and his attainments, or when he considers himself educated, it is a most certain sign that the aforesaid person is not educated and has small chance of becoming so.

Mr. Burton gave us a clearer idea of the aims of education; he summed up conclusively and concisely ideas of the truth of which we had, up to this time, had only the faintest glimmering.

## Concerts

"My ears were never better fed with such delightful, pleasing harmony."

The first concert of the season was given by eight members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the Saturday afternoon before the Christmas recess. The program consisted of Beethoven's Septet in E flat major, a movement from Haydn's Kaiser Quartet, and Schubert's Octet in F major. Mr. Ashton purposely had the movement for the string quartet placed between the numbers scored for the larger group of instruments.

The combination of the strings with the three representative wood instruments was almost symphonic in suggestion. The performers played as one man, in perfect sympathy with one another, and the least musical member of the audience could not fail to realize the accuracy and delicacy employed by the true artist.

Miss Ethel Leginska, the English pianist who made her debut when six years old, came to Abbot on the afternoon of January 17th. Her program was historically arranged, beginning with Bach and ending with Debussy. Her playing was superb and, after thrilling the listener, overcame and bewildered him. Her personality, while not perhaps pleasing to all, was very charming to most of us, and her manner showed that she felt deeply the beauty of the music she played.

## Plays

The original playlets and charades given on different Tuesday evenings during the fall term were very amusing and were as much fun for the performers as for the audience.

The stage in Davis Hall became the home of Miles Standish on the evening of January 24th, when the Senior-Middlers gave a charming presentation of "A Rose o' Plymouth Town." The play had to do with the love affairs of Rose de la Noye and her brother Philippe. There was no one in the audience who could blame Philippe for his adoration of Miriam, and as for Rose—any one

of us would gladly have changed places with the favored Garrett.

About eighty girls, members of the two upper classes of Bradford, came over to enjoy the play with us, and we were very glad of an opportunity to meet them afterwards at an informal reception in Draper Hall.

The cast:

MILES STANDISH  
GARRETT FOSTER  
JOHN MARGESON  
PHILIPPE DE LA NOYE  
MIRIAM CHILLINGSLEY  
BARBARA STANDISH  
RESOLUTE STORY  
ROSE DE LA NOYE

RHEA KOONS  
ESTHER SHELDON  
ESTHER RUTTER  
MARTHA LAMBERTON  
BARBARA BROWN  
MURIEL BAKER  
WINIFRED WARREN  
SARAH CUSHING

## School Gifts

Three hundred and thirty dollars was given last year by the school for missionary work. The Sunday evening contributions have been much more regular this year than last, owing to the new envelope system.

Ninety-four dolls were sent here by the Clark Neighborhood House of New York to be dressed. The settlement workers distribute these dolls, at Christmas time, among the poor children of New York.

A large box of clothing, besides toys, candy, and other things that would please the hearts of girls and boys, was sent to the Hindman School in Kentucky, at Christmas time. Two very appreciative letters have been received from Miss Elizabeth Watts, a former Abbot girl, who is teaching there.

## Athletics

A great deal of enthusiasm has been shown so far this year in all kinds of athletics. Hockey, tennis, basketball, and archery have been all well entered into, and snow-shoeing, coasting, and skiing are now being enjoyed.

In order that exercise may be taken in the best part of the day, a new plan has been adopted this year. It is arranged so that every one can go out doors some one period during regular school hours. To make up for the loss of this period, a study hour from five to six o'clock has been established.

On Saturday, November 15, the annual hockey game with Bradford was played on the Bradford field, with the result five to one in Bradford's favor. The first half ended with the score of

four to one. Our girls showed their fighting spirit all through the game and it was clean and well played.

Since it had been decided that there should be no game with Bradford in the spring, Miss Bailey gave the entire school permission to go to the game. Even though we did lose, there was a wonderful display of school spirit, and every girl was proud of the team.

The first class game between the Seniors and Senior Middlers was played on Monday, November 17. The first half closed with a score of two to one in favor of the Seniors. There was hard playing the last half, and each team won two goals, making the final score four to three.

The second class game occurred on November 20. At the end of the first half the score stood two to one, with the Seniors leading. But the Middlers worked hard the second half, and the game ended as a tie—two to two.

The new Fall Field Day was celebrated this year on December 3. The events started with the Forty Yards' Dash. Agnes Grant, '16, won first place, and Frances Dowd, '14, and Barbara Brown, '15, followed in second and third, respectively. Next came the Crab Race, with Katharine Pinckney, '18, coming in first, and Ruth Allen, '16, and Ada Brewster, '16, following in second and third places. Then came the Dodge-Ball games. The first game was between the Seniors and Senior Middlers. The Seniors won with a score of two to one. Next the Junior Middlers played against the Seniors, and won from them, with a score of one to nothing. The last game was between the Senior Middlers and the Junior Middlers, and the latter were victorious, with a score of one to nothing.

The deciding class hockey game came next in order. The games stood then: Seniors, four; Middlers, three; in the first game, and the second, a tie—two to two. The first half ended with no goals for either side, but in the second half the Seniors made two points, which gave them the game. This left two games for the Seniors and one game tied, giving the victory to the Seniors for this year.

Last, but far from least, came the Obstacle Race. The entire circle was marked off at various distances, and in each space the racer had some obstacle to overcome. Ruth Lindsay came in first, Marion Selden was second, and Frances Jones third. The final class score was: Seniors, 27; Senior Middlers, 0; Junior Middlers, 43; and Juniors, 5.

The tennis finals were played on Tuesday, December 2, between Harriette Woolverton and Phyllis Brooks. Harriette Woolverton won the first set with a score of 8 to 6. Phyllis Brooks won the second, the games standing 7 to 5. Harriette Woolverton won the third, 6 to 3, giving her the championship for the year.



## Items of General Interest

On January 25, Mrs. Draper celebrated her ninetieth birthday. Although she has been suffering from rheumatism for several weeks, she felt very well on the birthday, and was able thoroughly to enjoy the many, many greetings that came to her from all parts of the country, even from other countries. The present school feels that Mrs. Draper belongs especially to them—as each year's school has felt for many years. Early in the morning the flag which she gave the school last year was hung out, and a hymn was sung by the Glee Club. Flowers and postcards were sent from all the girls, and a huge birthday cake was made, and there was also sent a little book of poems written for her by some of the girls, and printed and designed by Margaret Wylie and Mattie Larrabee.

Mrs. Draper's latest gift to the school fulfills a long-felt need. It is a new window-seat in the recreation room, built from the door around to the piano. It is cushioned in brown, and adds a great deal to the appearance and comfort of the room.

We were very sorry to hear last summer of the death of Miss Kelsey's father. Since her mother's death, nearly three years ago, Mr. Kelsey has been living in New Haven during the winter, but has spent the summer months with one of his sons at the old family homestead in Madison, where he died very suddenly on the 8th of August.

Old pupils coming back to school this fall were delighted with the new aspect of the Mason drawing-room, which was done over during the summer months in shades of rich brown, and made into a most charming room.

We have missed this fall the presence at the school of Mr. Stackpole, one of our most interested trustees. He has taken a year's leave of absence, and is living abroad with Mrs. Stackpole and the children. They spent the summer and early winter in England, where Mr. Stackpole did some interesting work at Oxford. Early in January they all left England for the continent and are now very comfortably settled in Rome.

There will be no basketball game with Bradford this year, as it has been decided to discontinue the spring game. The only contest between the two schools will be held in the fall, and hockey and basketball will be played alternately.

On November 20, we had a visit from the Alumnae Committee. They inspected the school thoroughly and ended by entertaining us in Hall Exercises with some very interesting reminiscences of old Abbot days.

The Glee Club has been revived, and under the energetic supervision of the leader, Helen Hanscom, has already become a flourishing institution.

Miss Means had a happy summer on her island in Maine, where she has already begun work on her new house. She is again spending the winter with her cousin, Mrs. Merriman, at 73 Bay State Road, Boston.

Several interesting relics of the past recently given to the academy, are hereby gratefully acknowledged. A quarterly report, of Phebe Almira Chandler's work, signed by S. G. Brown, principal, June 29, 1836, comes from Miss Emily J. Chandler, one of the earliest alumnae now living in Andover. Ten merits are recorded in this report, merits being given "for careful attention to composition and reading, for punctual attendance and good behaviour."

Mrs. William Marland (Jennie Abbott, 1863) has presented a letter written to Mr. Marland's aunts, "the Misses Marland," Andover girls, by "the Misses M. P. and L. I. Dodge" after leaving school. It bears the date of January 10, 1833, and is written in a copper-plate hand on pale yellow paper, ornamented with an exquisitely embossed border. The phrasing is elaborately formal and distant, but a slight hint of coquetry in referring to the brother of the girls makes it seem girlish and modern.

The third gift takes us back even further, to the girlhood of the founder, Madam Sarah Abbot. This is a narrow black band of bead-work, which she made herself when a child, with her name woven in gilt beads,—“S. Abbot.” This family treasure was sent by a relative, Mrs. Webster of Waltham, daughter of Lydia (Flint) Blackman, 1849.

The trustees of Abbot Academy have recently purchased from the trustees of the Andover Theological Seminary the property on School Street at present occupied by Prof. and Mrs. John Phelps Taylor.

A new system of banking has been introduced this year for the benefit of the boarding students. Money for personal allowance is deposited in the school bank and the student is furnished with a bank-book and check-book. Banking hours are observed once a week, at which time money may be drawn from the bank by check. The amount spent for personal allowance is limited to \$10 a month. The advantages of this system are that it teaches the student banking methods and the value of money, and also insures greater safety.

Work on the infirmary has been progressing merrily. The outside of the building is all finished, and work has begun on the interior.

On Saturday afternoons at the Christmas season there were many visitors at the John-Esther Gallery to see an exhibition, arranged by Miss Carpenter, of photographs of Madonnas and other paintings illustrating the Christmas story.

In June, just after Commencement, Miss Susan Jackson gave the

school two very fine charcoal portraits of her father and mother, Mr. Samuel C. Jackson and Mrs. Caroline T. Jackson. Mr. Jackson was the first and one of the most active and influential of the trustees of Abbot, and the Jackson Library has kept his name well known and loved by the present school. The portraits are hung above the book-cases of the Memorial Library in the reading-room.

About the last of November there was hung in Abbot Hall a large portrait of Miss Laura S. Watson, who was principal of Abbot Academy from 1892-1898. The picture was painted by Miss Angelica Patterson, who was formerly a teacher of art here at school. Miss Patterson has been very successful in her work, and those who know Miss Watson feel that the school has gained something very precious in such a perfect portrait.

In making up the alumnae notes, the editors found Miss Carpenter's new catalogue of inestimable value.

It seems very appropriate that Rev. Albert Parker Fitch, President of the Andover Theological Seminary, should have been elected a trustee of Abbot. Dr. Fitch spoke at the evening chapel on January 26.

Rev. E. Victor Bigelow of Lowell was called last fall to be pastor of the South Church. Some of us had already known and liked Mr. Bigelow when he was minister in charge, and we are all glad to welcome him now as our real pastor.

## Alumnae Notes

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### The Boston Abbot Club

At the November meeting of the Boston Abbot Club there was an interesting lecture on Weeds and Wild Flowers, by Mr. Fred H. C. Woolley. Miss Lucile Landern, a pupil of Leland T. Powers, gave miscellaneous readings at the December meeting. The January meeting was a musicale, in charge of Mrs. Harold D. Walker. Charming songs were sung by the Misses Turner and by Mrs. Walter Clarke Howe. The officers of the Boston Club are: President, Mrs. Joseph A. Cushman; Vice-Presidents, Miss E. Josephine Wilcox, Mrs. Henry V. Conant; Recording Secretary, Miss Maud Sprague; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Helen L. Buss; Treasurer, Miss Ethel N. Shumway; Auditor, Mrs. Arthur W. Blair; Directors (for one year): Miss Gladys R. Perry, Miss Mary Byers Smith, Miss Florence W. Swan; (for two years): Mrs. George Bradbury, Miss Mary Frances Merriam, Miss Maria S. Merrill.

### New York Abbot Club

The fall meeting of the New York Abbot Academy Club was held at the Gregorian Hotel, 42 West 35th Street, Saturday, November 8. After the luncheon, travelogues were given by several Abbot girls.

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1829-1836. With the death on January 11 of Mary Hooker Cornelius, the last slender thread of connection with the opening days of 1829 is broken. Though then only a little girl in the primary department, she kept always in memory the first day of school, perhaps because it was such a great event in the community. After her school life at Abbot and at the famous Mt. Vernon School in Boston, Miss Cornelius returned to teach at Abbot for about three years. Later she kept a family school in Newton Centre with marked success, and lived there afterwards her quiet, useful life to its end. She deeply appreciated the remembrances of the Alumnae Association, the Abbot Club, and the girls of the school, and after receiving the roses sent from the girls at Christmas time, she said to her cousin, Miss Agnes Park, "I am perfectly overwhelmed by their attentions—but I suppose I *am* the oldest one."

1845. A pleasant letter of reminiscence has been received from Elizabeth P. Russell of Grand Rapids, Mich. She came to school with her sisters, Mary and Jane, who died in young womanhood.



They lived in Andover while their father was teaching elocution in the Theological Seminary. He was the compiler of several well-known Readers of that time. Miss Elizabeth was for some years teacher of drawing and painting in the "normal institutes" where her father taught. She writes, "It is delightful to know that the dear old Andover of which I retain such happy memories in the all too short time I shared its privileges, is still so firmly grounded and still increasing in the noble work begun so long ago."

1851. Mrs. Thomas S. Child (Jane L. Perkins), of Chevy Chase, Md., sends a pamphlet containing an article written by her entitled "Who were they?" an interesting description of the Aztec relics and archaeological remains in New Mexico, many of which she saw in a trip with a government commission some years ago.

1853. A note from Emily (Stevens) Russell shows the fine spirit of our alumnae, who do not grow old because they keep pace in mind and heart with the new order. She says, "I shall be very glad to see the new catalogue. The old names will interest me most, of course, but the great changes in teaching and the wonderful advantages in the modern school are most interesting, and our young girls can now fit for splendid lives."

†1867. Mary (Jackson) Warren has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in the great sorrow that has come to her in the death of her husband, Rey. William H. Warren, at their home in Detroit, Mich., December 3, 1913.

†1872. Anna Fuller has changed her address to The Ludlow, Copley Square, Boston.

The class of 1873 celebrated its fortieth anniversary on August 2, with a luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue, in Boston. The class were the guests of one of their number, Mrs. Alice Barnard Davis, who came on from her home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to extend this hospitality.

Besides the hostess there were present of the class, her sister, Miss Mary Barnard, who was her able assistant in the courtesies of the day, Miss Ellen F. Chase of Haverhill, Mrs. Cleora Munson Judd of Holyoke, Miss Sarah A. Rood of New London, Conn., and Mrs. Delight Twichell Hall of Andover.

The arrangements were so perfectly made that the reunion was a genuine one, with plenty of merry reminiscence and quiet, familiar talk. The gray-haired Abbot girls who gathered around the table were a much less serious group than on that far-away June day, which they were celebrating.

All but three of the original twelve members are living. An especial pleasure was added to the occasion by the presence of Miss Carrie Lee, representing her mother, Mrs. Clara Hamlin Lee, held in most loving remembrance. Miss Lee was to sail in a few days for Constantinople, to teach music in the American College for Girls, where her mother was for several years Associate Principal.

†1874. Helen Bartlett, who has been living at her brother's home in Vermejo Park, N. M., for three years, has gone abroad for an indefinite period. Her address is Care American Express Company, Paris, France.

1874. Mrs. Alfred Noon (Jane L. Taylor) has recently moved to Lunenburg, as her husband has become pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church there.

†1881. Mrs. Edgar H. Loyhed (Frances Ames), whose home is in Faribault, Minn., is president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs.

1881. Mrs. William White Leete (Sarah Elizabeth Rockwell) has moved from New Haven to Newtonville. Her address is 365 Cabot Street. One of her sons, William Leete, is now a missionary in China.

1884. Miss Lily Dougall of Cumnor, near Oxford, England, has recently been the guest of Mrs. Harlow and Miss Merrill, in Woburn, on her way from Montreal to New York. She is to sail from New York for Naples the last of January, to spend the rest of the winter in Italy. Two or three years ago, Miss Dougall bought in Cumnor a picturesque cottage over three hundred years old, which a skilful architect has made, by additions and changes, into a commodious and beautiful home. The architect, by the way, is a near relative of the poet, Arthur Clough, who loved this region. For the past nine years, Miss Dougall has almost wholly given up novel-writing and has been devoting her time to works of a theological character. Her first book of this nature, "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," was published anonymously and was hailed as the work of an Oxford don. Two or three other books followed "by the author of Pro Christo et Ecclesia," and all had an immediate success with the limited circle they were intended to reach. MacMillans, London, expect to publish in February her latest book, "The Practice of Christianity."

†1885. Frances Marrett has recently resigned her position as teacher in the Perkins Institution for the Blind, which she had held since 1886. Her Boston address is now 102 Gainsborough Street.

1886. The address of Mrs. Frank R. Shipman (Mary A. Ripley) is 416 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

†1887. We are sorry to record the death of David Pearson, the baby son of Rev. and Mrs. John B. Lewis (Annie Pearson), of Huntington.

†1887. We were sorry to learn of the death in Concord, N. H., on December 8, of Mr. Leland A. Smith, father of Grace Pickering Smith.

1889. Georgie Robinson (Mrs. A. G. Almorth) has our sympathy in the loss of her little daughter, Catherine Weymouth, who died in New Haven, April 27, 1913, at the age of eight years.

1889. Flora L. Mason of Taunton is working actively in several clubs and organizations in her home city and has the distinction of being the only woman on the City Planning Board which has just been appointed by the mayor.

1892. Mrs. John A. Stephenson (Mary H. Beal) of Duluth, Minn., is this year president of The Matinée Musicale, one of the best musical clubs of the state. In Mrs. Stephenson's address at the opening of the year, she begged the members not to come and listen passively to good music, but to come and fight against music that is bad. She urged coöperation with the schools, and as a result a prize has been offered to the best school chorus, and individuals are interesting themselves in the musical education of children of unusual promise.

†1894. Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Millard (Winnie Barber) are spending the winter in Andover.

†1894. The friends of Mrs. Frank B. Dearborn (Annie W. Strout) of Limington, Maine, will sympathize deeply with her in the death of her only child, Frank, an unusually intelligent boy, far in advance of his years in his studies and proficient in music. This leaves her almost alone, as her husband died not long after their marriage.

†1894. After her year's rest, Mabel E. Bosher is back again at her beloved Kawaiahao Seminary in Honolulu, and writes that she is very happy to be at work again.

1894. Ellen C. Lombard has a position in the Home Education department of the Bureau of Education, Washington.

1895. Grace W. Dorr is teaching in Utica, N. Y., this year. Her permanent address is changed to 1259 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

1897. Mrs. George B. Allen (Agnes Coburn) has moved to Providence, R. I. Her address is 207 Indiana Avenue.

1897. By some mistake, the death of Susie Killam (Mrs. Charles C. Chase) was omitted from the last number of the *Courant*, which recorded the birth of her little son. She died February 3, 1913, when the baby was but two weeks old.

†C. P. 1901. Delight W. Hall took her bachelor's degree at Radcliffe last June. She received one of the greatest honors open to Radcliffe Seniors. She and another Radcliffe senior halved the Sohier Prize of \$250.00 for the best English thesis. This prize is open to both Harvard and Radcliffe students, and it has been awarded only three times before to a Radcliffe girl. She is teaching English this winter at Miss Hazard's School in Boston.

1901. Elizabeth Bacon (Mrs. Prescott M. Greene) has moved to Mulberry, Antanga County, Ala.

†1902. Honora Spalding is travelling with her mother and cousins in the Mediterranean lands. She spent some time in Algiers and in Egypt.

†1903. Helen L. Packard, after a course in Institutional Management at Simmons College, was manager last year of a students' boarding club in Storrs, Conn. She is now matron of Wolcott House, Milton Academy, and is thoroughly enjoying her work.

†C. P. 1904. Mrs. Lawrence Allen (Helen A. Abbott) has changed her address to 101 Alban Road, Waban.

†C. P. 1905. Frances W. Cutler is instructor in English at Simmons College in Boston. Her address is 12 Moffat Road, Waban.

1905. Katherine Woods has been spending some months in Switzerland. She has published several articles in recent magazines and is a regular contributor of book reviews and general articles to the *New York Times*. She gives as her permanent address 53 Washington Square, New York City.

†C. P. 1906. Sarah Hincks has been taking courses this winter at Ann Arbor University. She and her sister Anne are planning to spend the summer in Europe.

†1907. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Scott Taylor (Ri Pillsbury) will move to Trenton, N. J., in March.

†C. P. 1907. After some months in Italy and Switzerland, Clara J. Hukill has settled down for the winter in Vienna, where she is studying interior decoration.

†C. P. 1908. Helen Hulbert is instructor in gymnastics at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin.



1908. Ruth Tucker is teaching kindergarten in Masonic Home, Batesville, Arkansas.

†C. P. 1909. Carolyn de Windt graduated from Smith College in June, and was studying in the Law School of New York University up to the time of her marriage.

†C. P. 1909. Florence MacCreadie is instructor in Mathematics at the Southern Seminary, Buena Vista, Virginia. She is faculty chairman of the Y. W. C. A. and Missionary Association there, and was chosen as one of the delegates to represent that school at the Student Volunteer Convention held in Kansas City in October.

1909. Bertha Ewart graduated from the School of Civics and Philanthropy in Chicago last June, and has taken a position as director of an Episcopal Church Guild there.

1909. Mary Sweeney is taking courses at Radcliffe this winter.

†1910. Laura Jackson, who was married in June to Mr. Charles B. Austin, is living on a ranch in Idaho.

†C. P. 1910. Mira Wilson is a senior at Smith this year. She was sent as a delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention in Kansas City.

†C. P. 1910. Clarissa Hall is having a memorable experience in a trip with her parents to the far East. Her father, Dr. George A. Hall, was a member of the deputation to the Centennial of the Marathi Mission in India, in November, as grandson of one of the first missionaries to that country, Rev. Gordon Hall, whose name is recorded on the missionary boulder recently erected in Andover.

1910. Annie Blauvelt is studying at a dressmaking school in New York this winter.

†C. P. 1911. Edith Johnson is teaching this winter at the Osgood School in West Parish.

†1911. Frances M. Pray is teaching this winter at Tougaloo University, Tougaloo, Mississippi.

†1911. The address of Ruth Murray (Mrs. Arthur S. Moore) is 202 Spring Street, Brockton.

1911. Elizabeth Hincks is a Freshman at Vassar.

1912. Marion Bayley is at the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York.

1912. Frances Lincoln is a Freshman at Smith this year.

†C. P. 1913. Edith Wade is living at home this winter.

†C. P. 1913. Of last year's college seniors, Ethel Rand, Edna Francis and Helen Hersey are at Wellesley, Alice Harsh is at Smith, Esther Pickels at Mount Holyoke, Mary Peters at Simmons, Dorothy Perkins at Syracuse University, and Louise Coe at the University of Nebraska. Margaret Keane is studying at a business college in Boston, and Katherine Toye is at Boston University.

†1913. After Thanksgiving, Jane Newton went out to Hawaii to take a position in the Normal School at Honolulu in which Miss Helen Pratt has been teaching for two years. She writes most interestingly of the school, of the life in Honolulu, and of the joys of housekeeping, for she and Miss Pratt are living together in a little bungalow.

†1913. Olga Erickson is taking courses at the Garland School of Home-making in Boston.

†1913. Edith Kendall has a position in the Merrimack Insurance Co. office in Andover.

†1913. Charlotte Amsden is having a good time at home in Windsor, Vermont.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins was taking the kindergarten course in Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, during the fall months, but she will soon join her father, who is still stationed in Texas.

†1913. Helen Danforth is at home, in Chicago, where she is finding interesting work to do assisting in serving penny lunches to school children, and in doing some friendly visiting under the direction of the Associated Charities.

†1913. Marion Martin is studying along the lines of social economics at Simmons College, and is doing some social service work in Boston. She spent the summer traveling in Europe.

†1913. Cornelia Crittenden is taking courses this winter at the University of Nebraska.

†1913. Mary Erving is living at home in Andover and is working in the Phillips Academy Office.

†1913. Mary Helen Boyd "came out" in December, but she is finding work with a club of school children in Indianapolis most interesting.

†1913. Margaret Day enjoyed during the summer several mountain trips in the automobile which she received as a Commencement present. She has spent the winter at home in Brunswick.

†1913. Marion Parshley is taking the kindergarten course in the Leslie Normal School in Cambridge.

†1913. Marion Gould is living at home in Lawrence this winter and comes to Abbot for singing lessons twice a week.

†1913. Hazel Smith Rand has been keeping house in Haverhill since her marriage in July.

1913. Janet Nevius writes enthusiastically from the National Cathedral School in Washington. She confesses to some homesickness for Abbot.

1913. Katharine Gilbert is at the National Park Seminary in Washington.

1913. Beatrice and Madeline Fiske spent the summer traveling in Europe. Beatrice will be in Barcelona, Spain, this winter, while Madeline is in a French school at Lausanne.

1913. Clara Dore Robinson is studying at Laselle Seminary at Auburndale.

1913. Kathryn Powers is living with her grandmother in New York City and taking courses in Oratory.

1913. Emma Holt is studying at a business college in Lawrence.

1913. Ernestine Pitman has gone to California with her mother for the winter.

### Visitors

Mrs. John M. Harlow, Miss Merrill, Miss Titcomb, Mrs. Reynolds, Ri Pillsbury Taylor, †1907, Marguerite Hunt, 1913, Mildred Storm, 1913, Marion Bayley, 1912, Olga Erickson, †1913, Marion Martin, †1913, Jane Newton, †1913, Enid Baush, †1913, Marion Gould, †1913, Dorothy Perkins, †C. P. 1913, Edith Wade, †C. P. 1913, Gladys Folts, 1913, Ella Stohn, 1913, Mildred Bryant, 1913, Helene Symnes, 1913, Hazel Norcross, 1913, Betty Sawyer, 1913, Alice Hinckley Black, †1891, Mary Stuart, †C. P. 1908, Martha Hart Moore, †1889, Grace Carleton Dryden, †1886, Josephine Wilcox, †1881, Henrietta Learoyd Sperry, †1868, Alice Knox, 1913, Annis Genevieve Spencer Gilbert, †1889.

### Engagements

†1905. Fannie J. Erving to Mr. Henry B. Arundale of South Manchester, Conn.

†1907. Alice M. Webster to Mr. O. Lane Currier.

†1908. Thirza Huntington Gay to Mr. Charles Gardner Hunt.

†1908. Marion Emery Towle to Mr. William Abbott Sturgis of Westfield, N. J.

1912. Marion Willis to Mr. Albert R. Davidson of Medford.  
 1912. Frances Little to Mr. Lawrence Davis of Duluth.  
 1913. Hazel Norcross to Mr. Lynmont Trumbull.

## Marriages

SEYBOLT—TURNBULL.—In Staten Island, New York, December 29, 1913, Miss Ottilie Turnbull to Mr. Robert Francis Seybolt.

†1886. BROSNAN—LEWIS.—April 16, 1913, Harriet (Raymond) Lewis to Mr. John Burbank Brosnan. Address, 3 Fernwood Avenue, Bradford, Mass.

1896. GOULD—CHAPIN.—In Andover, January 28, 1913, Isabel Stillman Chapin to Mr. J. Avery Gould.

†1899. FLETCHER—EARLE.—In Cohasset, September 29, 1913, Grace Warren Earle to Mr. T. Sherman Fletcher.

1901. CUSHMAN—BILLINGS.—In Sharon, September 3, 1913, Frieda Gerlach Billings to Dr. Joseph A. Cushman. Address, Sharon, Mass.

1904. GIESE—STEARNS.—In Newton, November 15, 1913, Emily Williston Stearns to Mr. Henry William Giese. At home, 1408 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

†1905. MOORE—BLODGETT.—In Chicago, Ill., August 22, 1913, Amy Thayer Blodgett to Dr. Beveridge Harshaw Moore.

1906. MORSE—HOVEY.—In New York City, October 21, 1913, Margaret Hovey to Mr. Harold S. Morse.

†1906. COLE—STECKEL.—August 6, 1913, Anna Esther Steckel to Mr. Arthur Cole of Haverhill.

†C. P. 1907. COUTANT—LESLIE.—In Newburgh, N. Y., June 7, 1913, Alicia Gordon Leslie to Mr. Russel Stanley Coutant. At home after October 1, 5 Jackson Street, Bayside, Long Island.

1907. DOBLE—SPEAR.—In Marshfield Hills, June 12, 1913, Grace Frederick Spear to Mr. Charles F. Doble.

†1908. ALLEY—STICKNEY.—In Beverly, October 14, 1913, Esther Ware Stickney to Mr. Walter Leland Alley of Beverly.

1908. WHEATCROFT—SCHMIDT.—In Boyou La Batre, Alabama, December 20, 1913, Florence Elizabeth Schmidt to Mr. John Wheatcroft. At home after March 1, in Calgary, Canada.

†1909. KIMBALL—WRIGHT.—In Newark, Ohio, January 1, 1914, Frances Wright to Mr. Sherman Kimball.

†C. P. 1909. HAYS—DE WINDT.—In Garden City, N. Y., November 27, 1913, Caroline Adams de Windt to Mr. Harlan Bartlett Hays. At home after January 1, McClellan Avenue, Amsterdam, N. Y.

1909. THOMPSON—LEWIS.—In Andover, October 17, 1913, Beatrice Helena Lewis to Mr. George Thompson, Jr., of Fort Worth, Texas.

†1910. MORGAN—SILSBY.—In Newbury, Vermont, June 28, 1913, Emily Tenney Silsby to Mr. Owen Morgan.

†1910. AUSTIN—JACKSON.—At River Forest, Illinois, June 12, 1913, Laura Avis Jackson to Mr. Charles Bernard Austin.

†1912. GREEN—GUTTERSON.—In Marshfield Centre, July 18, 1913, Maude Caroline Gutterson to Mr. Thomas Samuel Green.

†1913. RAND—SMITH.—In Haverhill, July 23, 1913, Hazel Gertrude Rand to Mr. Howard Benjamin Smith. At home, Locust Street, Merrimac, Massachusetts.

## Births

1898. June 12, 1913, a daughter, Virginia Hunter, to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Peck (Lucy Hartwell), of Providence, R. I.

†1898. In Millbury, August 27, 1913, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Rev. and Mrs. Robert W. Dunbar (Selina Cook).

†C. P. 1899. November 5, 1913, a son, Abbott, to Dr. and Mrs. James R. Littleton, of Augusta, Ga.

1902. At Dodge, Georgia, October 15, 1913, a daughter, Isabel Herrick, to Captain and Mrs. Frank Porter Amos, U. S. A., (Katherine I. Herrick).

1903. June 26, 1913, a daughter, Olive Daniels, to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan G. Parke (Olive B. Williams), of Scranton, Pa.

1903. October 1, 1913, a daughter, Martha Bampton, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank How Clark (Bessie Edwards Bampton).

1905. In Belleville, Ill., March 17, 1913, a daughter, Edith, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Arthur Heinzelman (Cornelia Sattler).

1905. August 4, 1913, a son, Seymour, to Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Ballard (Elizabeth Williams), of Winnetka, Ill.

†1906. In Marlboro, October 3, 1913, a daughter, Helen Bullard, to Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Rice (Helen B. Ellis).

1907. June 4, 1913, a son, Gordon Gaylord, to Mr. and Mrs. David Bennett Sherwood (Olive L. Gordon).

1907. June 14, 1913, a son, Harold Hartshorn, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hartshorn Wilkins (Violet Bates), of Milford, N. H.



## Deaths

1829—1836. In Newton Centre, January 11, 1914, Mary Hooker Cornelius, aged 92 years.

1841. In Reading, May 31, 1913, Mary T. Fessenden, wife of the late Robert B. Jackson.

1842. In Plymouth, August 21, 1913, Sarah A. Colburn, wife of the late Francis C. Brown, aged 91 years, 11 months.

1846. In Andover, December 14, 1913, Sarah Low. In the time of the Civil War, she was a volunteer nurse in Washington for three years, and in her later life, often gave most interesting descriptions to her friends of her experiences.

1848. February, 1913, Abbie Symonds Daniels of Peabody.

1848. In Rockford, Ill., September 18, 1913, Julia E. Edwards, wife of the late Stillman A. Clemens, aged 86.

"She was one of the last of that rapidly diminishing group of pioneers from New England who gave to early Rockford a moral tone which the years have not effaced. . . . She loved the good old word 'neighbor' and beautifully illustrated it in her life."

1851. In Roxbury, October 19, 1913, Caroline Green Blanchard, wife of the late Henry Clay Hart.

1851. In Beverly, June 28, 1913, Sarah Heywood, wife of the late Charles P. Trumbull, a lover and teacher of music.

1856. In Boston, June 9, 1913, Sarah Helen Marland, wife of Hon. George H. Poor, formerly of Andover.

1856. In Maplewood, Mo., March 13, 1913, Martha Punchard Marland (Mrs. George D. Walker).

1859. In Haverhill, January 5, 1914, Maria Wardwell, wife of Frank G. Hunkins.

1859. In East Derry, N. H., July 20, 1913, Sarah A. M. Alexander, wife of William H. Jones.

1860. In Philadelphia, Pa., September 14, 1913, Mary Anna Colby, wife of Thomas S. Brown.

1867. In Auburndale, May 29, 1913, Sarah M. Barrows, wife of Edward Dummer. She was one of three daughters of Prof. Elijah P. Barrows, of Andover Seminary, who attended Abbot Academy.

1867. In Reading, January 2, 1914, Emma E. Bancroft, wife of Moses E. Nichols.

†1868. November 16, 1913, Henrietta M. Eaton, wife of Rev. John J. Blair, of Stonington, Conn., formerly of Andover.

1869. In Roxbury, December 19, 1913, Carrie Flagg Sheldon, wife of Jason L. Curtis. She was a daughter of Sarah (Flagg) Sheldon of the class of 1836.

1872. In Danvers, October 2, Annie Learoyd, a teacher for many years, and sister of Henrietta (Learoyd) Sperry.

1877. In Waterville, Me., January 19, 1913, Elizabeth Abbott, wife of the late Professor Walter Balentine.

She had been registrar of the University of Maine since the death of her husband. She was on her way to Boston to investigate methods of keeping in touch with alumni records, and died suddenly at the home of her brother. Her successor as registrar says: "We have no words to express the respect and esteem in which she was held by the students, alumni and faculty."

1879. August 13, 1913, Catherine Waldron Rollins of Dover, N. H.

1880. In Brookline, October 28, 1913, Jeanie E. Snow, wife of Joseph M. Cox.

1885. In Atchison, Kan., July, 1913, Harriet Crowell, wife of Frank C. Baker.

1885. In Camden, Maine, July 20, 1913, Katharine M. Abbott.

Miss Abbott was an author of much promise, her best known works being, "Old Paths and Legends of New England," and "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border."

1885. August 5, 1913, Elizabeth H. Pennell, for the last few years an interior decorator and furnisher in Boston.

1893. In Salem, December, 1913, Mabel Vinton, wife of Herbert H. Plummer.

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An exhibition is planned for Commencement week of the literary productions of Abbot Academy students. We shall be glad to receive copies of books, pamphlets, and important articles by alumnae from themselves or others. Please help us, you modest ones, to make our collection complete.

Copies of the alumnae catalogue—a book of 350 pages, issued last June—has been distributed to those who have sent payment. Out of 1100 who ordered, 300 have not yet responded to the three notices already sent out. Very likely some have not received these. As the number of books ordered determined the number printed, it is important that these orders should all be filled. Are there not others who would like to have the catalogue for the sake of class lists and addresses? Price, one dollar, postpaid.

JANE B. CARPENTER,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records.



## Abbot Academy Faculty

---

- BERTHA BAILEY, Sc. B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,  
Mathematics
- NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science
- REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,  
History and English
- MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.,  
Literature and History of Art
- OLIVE G. RUNNER, Lit. B.,  
Latin
- MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,  
English
- \*GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,  
French
- ELIZABETH S. TYLER, A. B.,  
French
- HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German
- RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,  
Latin. Secretary to the Principal
- NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,  
Science and Algebra. Librarian
- OTILIE TURNBULL SEYBOLT, A. B.,  
Elocution and Physical Education
- JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music
- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music
- HARRIET RICHARDS ASHTON,  
Violin
- EMILY SAWYER BOSLEY,  
Drawing and Painting
- CORINNE D' A LA BRECQUE,  
French Conversation

JESSIE L. BARBER, A. B.,  
Household Economics

GRACE A. JENKINS,  
Supervisor of day-scholars' room. Drawing

---

\*PHILANA McLEAN,  
In charge of Draper Hall

MARY E. CUTTING, A. B.,  
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,  
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records

\*On leave of absence, 1913-1914.

### Lecturers

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DR. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS  
PRESIDENT MARION BURTON  
KATE DOUGLASS WIGGIN RIGGS

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MRS. ROBERT E. SPEER  
DR. ALFRED E. STEARNS  
REV. FRANK R. SHIPMAN  
REV. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR  
MISS MARIE SPAHR  
REV. D. BREWER EDDY  
REV. CLARK CARTER  
MISS H. ISABELLE WILLIAMS  
REV. DAN CRAWFORD  
MISS ANNA STURGIS DURYEA  
MISS ANNIE BEECHER SCOVILLE  
MISS ELIZABETH GORDON  
REV. ALBERT PARKER FITCH  
DR. F. S. LUTHER  
REV. EDWARD Y. HINCKS

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MISS ETHEL LEGINSKA

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<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	LOIS ERICKSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	NORMA ALLEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON

## Student Council

HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON, <i>President</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
MILDRED HORNE	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
FRANCES JONES	.	ALICE FIDLER
HELEN BURK	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
HELEN HANSCOM	.	NORMA ALLEN

## Fidelio Society

<i>President</i>	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	.	ELEANOR BARTLETT

## Odeon

KATHARINE SELDEN, <i>President</i>	.	HELEN HANSCOM
MARION SELDEN	.	PHYLLIS BROOKS
HARRIETT BOWMAN	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
MARY HARSH	.	DOROTHY BENNETT
ESTHER PARKS	.	FRANCES DOWD
MATTIE LARRABEE		

## Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
<i>Secretary</i>	.	ESTHER SHELDON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	FRANCES JONES

## Basketball Team

<i>Captain</i>	.	FRANCES JONES
<i>Manager</i>	.	MILDRED HORNE

## Hockey Team

<i>Captain</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
<i>Manager</i>	.	ESTHER PARKS

## Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	.	HELEN HANSCOM
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	HELENE HARDY

# Class Organizations

---

## Senior, '14

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN HANSCOM
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	FRANCES DOWD
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MIRIAM BANCROFT
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Red and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Red Rose

## Senior Middle, '15

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARTHA LAMBERTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER KILTON
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Green and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	White Rose

## Junior Middle, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	LOIS ERICKSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARGARET PERRY
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GRANT
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Royal Blue and Gold
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	White Chrysanthemum

## Juniors, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HARRIET BALFE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	CORNELIA SARGENT
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	BERNICE BOUTWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN WARFIELD
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Purple and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Violet

## Alumnae Association

### *President*

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

### *Vice-Presidents*

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL	MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING
MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS BEAN	MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE	MISS MARIA S. MERRILL

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS AGNES PARK

### *Committee on Appropriations*

MISS BERTHA BAILEY	MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER
MISS AGNES PARK	

## Calendar

---

### 1913

September 17, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.  
September 18, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Fall term begins  
November 27, Thursday      Thanksgiving Day  
December 18, Thursday, 12 M.      Fall term ends

### Christmas Vacation

### 1914

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.  
January 8, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Winter term begins  
February 3, Tuesday      First semester ends  
February 5, Thursday      Second semester begins  
April 2, Thursday, 12 M.      Winter term ends

### Spring Vacation

April 15, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.  
April 16, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Spring term begins  
June 9, Tuesday      School year ends

### Summer Vacation

September 16, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.  
September 17, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Fall term begins



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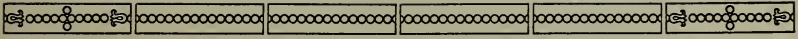
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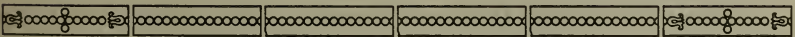


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And did the Virginia reel,  
And at a little after ten  
We did so sorry feel;

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But oh, the partings sad,  
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The company of a lad.

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The teachers grim arranged the girls,  
And marched off in the night;  
The Phillips boys looked on aghast  
For they were helpless quite.

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June, 1914

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1914



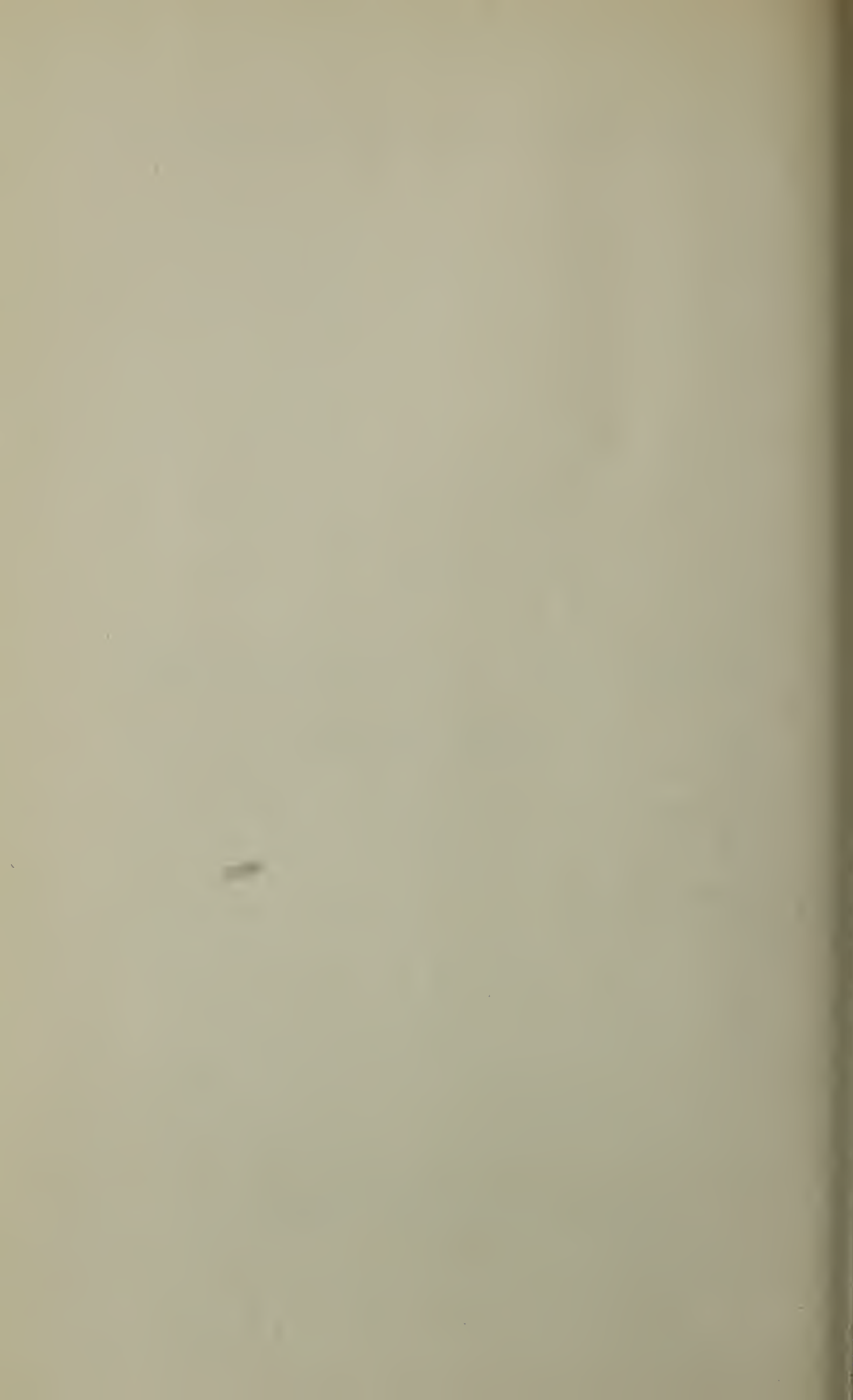
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XL., No. 2

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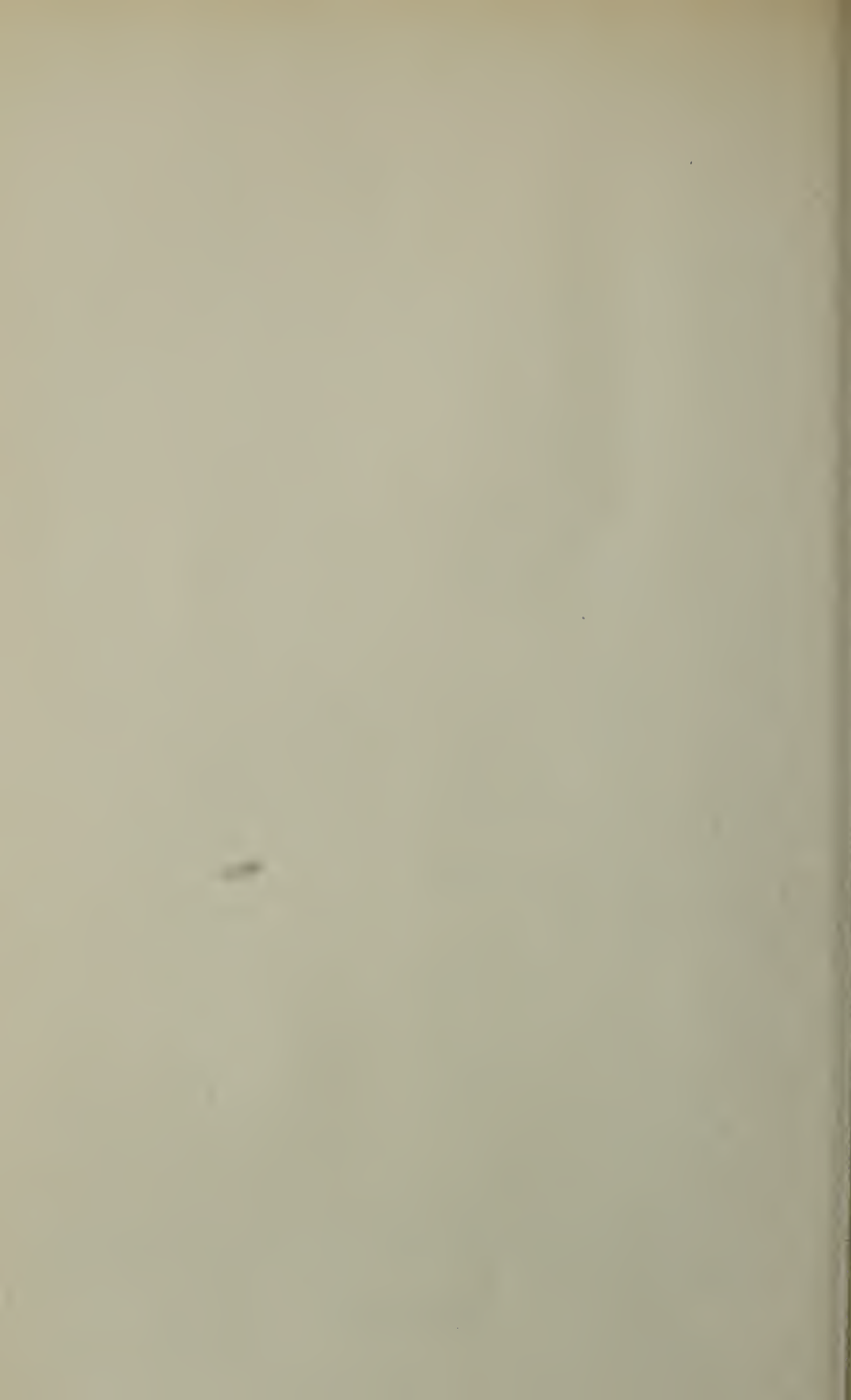
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The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents. All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.











MAY PAGEANT—DANCE OF THE CLOUDS



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## Literary Editors

ELISABETH BARTLETT, C.P., 1914

LUCRETIA LOWE, C.P., 1914

ALICE SWEENEY, C.P., 1914

MARTHA LAMBERTON, 1915

## Business Editors

MILDRED HORNE, C.P., 1914

ELSIE WHIPPLE, 1914

MARGARET PERRY, 1916

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**Vol. XL**

**JUNE, 1914**

**No. 2**

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## Sonnet

The world was never fairer than that day.  
Such wealth of beauty spring had spread around  
That through the quickening sense of light and sound,  
My weariness was carried all away.  
My heart within me sang; I longed to play.  
The sunshine had my frozen soul unbound,  
And ne'er before had I such comfort found.  
It seemed as if it would all pain allay.  
But when the silent hand of death came nigh,  
And took from me a friend, it seemed that then  
I felt within me all my spirits die.  
And though the sun still shone, and once again  
The birds broke forth in melody, yet I  
No other sense could feel but numbing pain.

*Alice Sweeney, C. P. 1914*

## The Story of Laddie

The scene was on the top floor of one of New York's tenements, a tiny attic room, lighted by a smoking, dirty, kerosene lamp, and heated only by an old stove which had seen many years of hard duty and was now doing its best to throw some heat into the room despite the insufficient supply of fuel.

Close by the stove sat an old man, and near him a collie dog. The man huddled in blankets was trying to warm his wrinkled, trembling hands before the scanty blaze. The fire-light shining on his face revealed features refined and aristocratic, but sunken and sharpened by pain and perhaps hunger. His eyes still clear and blue, and gentle, were fixed upon the dog beside him, and from time to time he drew a long sobbing breath. The dog, his head on his master's knee, was looking into his face with sad, beautiful eyes, which seemed to say, "What is it, my dear master? Can't I help?"

Finally the old man spoke: "It's no use, Laddie. You'll have to go too. First my wife, friends, wealth, my reputation as a musician, and now my dog — my last friend — and no man ever had a more faithful friend. You've stuck by me through thick and thin, Laddie, and I've got to give you up. I've worked hard to keep you, my Laddie, but I'm an old man and no one will give an old man work. There's nothing for you to eat and I can't bear to see you waste away and grow thin, so you'll have to go; and you'll be a faithful friend to your new master as you have been to me, and though at first it will be hard you will soon cease to grieve for me. And now goodbye, my only comfort." He took the dog's head between his trembling hands and looked long into the faithful pleading eyes.

There was a knock at the door, and presently a man entered bringing a sharp breath of wintry air into the room.

"Where's the dog? Oh, yes. Well, you're getting your money's worth for him. He's in poor condition." He grasped the dog's collar and started for the door.

"Oh, Sir, wait, wait!" stammered the old man. "You'll be gentle with my Laddie? He's never had a harsh word."

"Yes, yes, what do you take me for? I'm not much on petting, but my animals never suffer."

The old man sank back with a groan, and Laddie with one last pleading look, went out with his new master.

A few days after, a throng of dirty, shrieking children crowded about the door of the tenement house to see an old man, worn out with the struggle of life, being carried to his final resting place. Not one of them noticed, however, that out of the shadows came the only mourner, a beautiful collie dog, with sad, trustful eyes, who followed the pathetic procession to the grave.

In the next morning paper this notice appeared in the Lost and Found column:—

"Lost—between four and five Sunday afternoon, a collie dog answering to name of 'Laddie.' Return to 112 W. 18th Street, New York. Suitable reward offered."

But the advertisement was never answered.

*Harriette Woolverton, 1915*

## from My Windows

APRIL 5. I've decided to keep a diary. When a man gets to be sixty and is shut in all winter with rheumatism, and has only a man servant to keep him company, he gets pretty stale. I think it's getting warmer. Bates pulled my armchair up to the window today, and I noticed that a new family is moving into the house across the way. Must be a small one, judging from the furniture. One of the men took a baby carriage in, too. I must ask Bates about it.

APRIL 6. It's getting very warm indeed. Sat up nearly two hours by the open window this morning and almost imagined I was out doors again. When I remarked that the youngsters were already playing marbles again, Bates answered condescendingly:

"Oh, they's been playin' them games a week or two alridy, sir! Youse ain't noticed it, that's all. Beg pardon, sir, but it do seem good to see youse sittin' up an' takin' notice agin!'" Discerning man!

APRIL 8. Had one of my bad days, yesterday. Bates evidently knows all about the newcomers. It seems that the man and his wife have been married two years, and have a baby six months old — which fact explains the carriage.

APRIL 9. I saw the baby go out today. How absurdly young and pretty a woman looks tripping along behind a go-cart! I wonder if she knows how to wrap a baby up properly. These days are so treacherous at this time of the year. I mentioned it to Bates when he brought me my egg-nogg at noon, and I could swear the fellow was laughing behind my back. When she brought the baby home again it was noon, and there was a man with her. He had a great bundle of yellow jonquils in his hands, and was waving them up and down in front of the baby. All three looked so young and happy, that I forgot the old twinge in my back. When they turned to go in at their gate she looked up and saw me, (I had ordered Bates to pull the shade, but he didn't do it,) and then what did she do, but blow me a kiss! The husband turned then, grinned, and radiantly waved the

flowers. It must be the spring that's getting into my blood — for I should like to go out and buy some yellow jonquils, too.

APRIL 11. Its been raining since yesterday, not a disagreeable rain, but a nice, gentle one that seems to tease you to come out and play with it. At noon Bates brought me in a note. It was from the baby's mother, thanking me for the rubber cow I had sent over for him. She wrote: "Donald Junior has just dropped off to sleep in his crib, with your precious mooly cow held tight in his tiny hand. He is the best baby in the world, and looks so much like his father! Now, Mr. Kind-Old-Gentleman-Across-the-Way, may I bring the baby in to see you soon? Donald Senior is always at business during the morning, and when I get my work done, it's rather lonely." Old Gentleman, indeed!

APRIL 12. It's a heavenly day. The baby is taking a nap on the porch, and his mother has just come out to look at him. Of course she saw me — at the window as usual — and waved, eagerly I thought. Drat the woman! Does she think I'm going to ask her to bring the baby over now? Bates and I have other plans.

APRIL 13. Easter Sunday! I've had Bates pull my chair close to the window, so that I can see all the new millinery. Some of the hats are the queerest things I've ever seen, and I've laughed as I haven't laughed all winter. Bates has been across the way with my note, and it's all right. All three are coming over to dinner. I was a little puzzled about how to manage this party, but Bates has attended to everything. There is even a great bowl of yellow jonquils on the dining room table. Ah! I see them coming at last! He's locked the front door, and she's coming across the lawn with the Boy in her arms. I must call Bates to help me out to the door.

*Marian Barnard, 1915*



## Who's Who and Why

Bob Ainslee, asleep on the bunk, was awakened by a pillow hurled at his head.

"Go 'way!" He sat up and blinked at Tom Littlefield, who sat on his feet, serenely examining the handwriting on an envelope.

"Wake up, dearie," said the visitor, sweetly, "and tell mommer all about it. Is she pretty? I like her writing. It's very——"

"Is that letter for me? Hey, come here with it, you——" then as Bob caught sight of his sister's writing he grinned. "Oh! Take your time, of course. Open it if you like and read it to me. And incidentally shift your avoirdupwah off my feet."

Tom complied by moving up till all his one hundred and seventy-five pounds were on Bob's chest. The long-suffering victim groaned. "Worse and more of it!" He seized the opportunity, however, to snatch the letter. When he tore it open a picture fell out, which Tom immediately pounced upon. Bob opened the letter and read:

"Dear Bob,

Look at the photo I'm enclosing, and guess who it is before I tell you! [He didn't, but read on.] There, have you looked? and guessed? Stella's brother took them — or *it* — when I was over there last week. You know Ned's hobby is photography, and just now he is experimenting with composite photos. This turned out much better than we expected. I don't think Stella would thank me for sending it to you, but as it is as much mine as hers my conscience is clear. However, I advise you not to mention it to her when you write. But that is superfluous, as of course you never dreamed of writing to her (?). . . . "

The remainder of the letter consisted of home news, and when Bob finished reading, he reached hastily for the photo in question, which Tom was devouring with eager eyes.



"Say, Bob, she's a queen! Who is she? What's her name? Where does she live?"

"Well, give me a chance — haven't seen it myself yet." He examined the picture, then whistled softly.

"Stella!" he breathed.

"Oh ho! 'Stella,' is it? H'm. *Stella, stellae, stellae, stellam, stella* — or something like that, meaning, I believe, *a star, of a star, to or for a*——"

Bob sighed deeply. "From the sublime to the ridiculous as usual. Thomas, did you ever have a serious moment in all your gay and frivolous young life? Heigh-ho!" He dumped Tom upon the floor, and went over to the desk, where he began a hasty note to his sister.

"Bob!"

No answer.

"Bobbie!"

"Well, sonny?"

"Has she got brown eyes?"

No response. From the tail of his eye Bob could see Tom gazing at the picture, which he had placed upon the mantel.

"Don't wear it out," advised Bob, dryly.

Tom looked one last, long, lingering look, and left the room, reciting:

"Mica, mica parva *Stella*,  
Hey diddle dumplin, sis tam bella."

A week later Bob met Tom on the campus. "I'm going to have company this afternoon, Tom. How about that lecture you were going to?"

"Company? Who is she?"

"The mater." Bob thrust his hands in his pockets, looked heavenward, and whistled energetically.

"Oh! And who else?"

"My sister."

"Oh! Er — anyone else?"

"A friend of hers."

"Oh! Who?"

"Miss Carrington."

"Oh! Is her first name, Stella?"

"Yes. How *could* you guess?"

"Thanks!" grinned Tom joyously. "I'll be there with bells!" Promptly at three Tom knocked at Bob's door.

"Hello! Come in and meet my mother." He made the required introduction, but, in his embarrassment, failed to catch the names. He stammered something to the effect that he was glad to know them, but he couldn't have told you the next moment whether he had recited the German alphabet or said "*Parlez vous français?*" for Tom had made a discovery. Her eyes were brown, and such bright twinkling ones! *Stella* — of course, that was it. Like the picture too, only ten times prettier. But she was speaking.

"Er — I beg your pardon?"

"This is your first year here, isn't it, Mr. Littlefield?"

"Yes — my first. Have you ever been up here before?" asked Tom, recovering somewhat from his embarrassment.

"Oh, yes, a great many times last year," she replied. "Two or three games, a prom, and several other times. Bob is such a dear to ask me up here so much!"

Tom's spirits, which had been rising, fell with a thud, for he had awakened to a sudden realization. Stella thought Bob was a dear! Well, he wasn't so sure about that. Just then Bob came up, placed his arm about her affectionately, and whispered in her ear. She replied laughingly, and they left Tom standing there with a burning face and seized with the sudden desire to bolt from the room. Why hadn't Bob told him they were engaged he thought savagely.

He turned to the other girl — Bob's sister — whom he had scarcely seen, and forced himself to speak to her. His eyes suddenly fell on her face, and he stopped in astonishment. Why, who was she? Where had he seen her before? She was most familiar.

"What's the matter?" she asked laughing. "Am I such an apparition?"

"I'm trying to think where I've seen you before," he an-

swered, still perplexed. Suddenly he saw the photograph on the mantel.

"Why, that's you! No, it can't be! But it *looks* like you!" His companion followed his gaze and she too looked surprised.

"Why, how did Bob get that picture? *I* didn't send it to him. Nell must have done it," she said frowning.

"Nell?"

"Yes, Miss Ainslee, you know," she said, nodding to the owner of the brown eyes. "We had that picture taken together."

Bob's eyes opened wide with amazement. "Is *that* Bob's sister?"

"Why, yes, of course. Who did you think——" But Tom's mind was far away from what she was saying. He was thinking, "So she's Bob's sister, and her name *isn't* Stella — it *ought* to be, though — and Bob *isn't* engaged to her, and *she's* his sister, *she's* his sister!"

Meanwhile, Bob with his sister's help, was making tea.

"Well, Sis, how do you like him?" he was asking, when they were interrupted by peals of laughter from Stella Carrington. Tom came running over to Nell, extending his hand.

"Miss Ainslee, I am delighted to meet you!" and he fairly beamed. "I thought you were *Stella* all the time!"

Later that afternoon, when they were saying goodbye, Tom wrote down Nell's address in his little, red note-book. "And you *will* write to me?" he begged.

"I *might* — if you think you can recover from the disappointment that my name isn't Stella!" she replied, her brown eyes twinkling mischievously.

That evening, when Tom was buried deep in Euclid, he suddenly smiled foolishly and said "Nell." Then he blushed at himself, though he was alone, and dove into his book again. The door opened softly, and Bob's head was thrust in.

"Tommy, dear!"

"What do you want now?"

"Nuffin' — just wanted to say goodnight! It's — it's a

heavenly night, Tom, such a be-yewtiful moon, and so many stars——”

“Who’s *luny* now?” asked Tom grimly.

As Bob went out, Tom could hear him murmuring softly:  
“Mica, mica, parva Stella!”

*Mattie Larrabee, 1915*

### Nature’s Invitation

Birds are singing, buds are swelling,  
All the world it’s joy is telling,  
Come away from care and worry,  
Come away from rush and flurry,  
Come into the fields and meadows,  
Come and frolic in the shadows,  
Dance around among the flowers,  
Rest when weary in green bowers.  
Life is all too short for sorrow,  
Think **not** of the dread to-morrow,  
Think but of the joy of living  
In this world, of Nature’s giving.

*Esther Sheldon, C. P. 1915*

## The Rose-Colored Satin Gown

It was a new experience to Natalie. There was something mysterious, romantic even, about it. Nearly a week had passed since she had seen that alluring advertisement, "For Sale: An evening gown, rose-colored satin, brocaded in silver and gold. Original cost . . ." She could almost see it now. It had been so tempting that she could not resist it. But why was it so slow in coming? Surely, she had not been too late. The waiting was intolerable — and to-morrow night — but it must come before then. Not that her wardrobe did not contain many other lovely costumes, but she had promised herself she would wear the "rose-colored satin."

She moved her hands restlessly among the tea-cups. Her mind was far away, and the tea-table talk sailed above her head as she mechanically served lemon and cream. Her inattention was soon noticed by the young man standing by the table, into whose cup she dropped carefully five lumps of sugar and would have continued, but for his staying her hand. "What's the matter, Natalie?" he asked making a vain effort to draw her into a conversation.

"Why — er — er nothing, you wouldn't understand, Tom, perhaps I'll explain some other time," and Natalie lapsed again into silence. Suddenly, a bell sounded shrilly above the chatter and laughter, and a white-capped maid hurried up the stairs bearing a huge box in her arms.

Tom, smiling upon his fiancée, said softly, "Natalie, dear, to-morrow evening at eight? Is that right?" and pausing to make a light remark to a passing friend, he turned about to find, that unable to restrain her curiosity longer, the goddess of the tea-table had fled.

The next evening, Tom patiently waited in the reception room. Slowly the hands of the little gilt clock on the mantel moved around, and still Natalie did not appear. After a time, he got up, lit a cigarette and moved restlessly about, looking now at this, now at that. At length, just as the little clock was tinkling out the hour of nine, he heard the swish of satin, and



Natalie came down the stair-case. Never, never had she looked more radiantly beautiful, the satin fell in supple folds of deep rose color, and a rich tunic of gold and silver served as a gorgeous setting, and enhanced her beauty. Tom stood spell-bound for a moment, then springing to help her with her cloak, he said, "You look stunning to-night, Natalie. That gown is immense, you know. It rather reminds me—" but the rest of his remark was lost in his effort to button her glove.

Their entrance at the ball-room created quite a sensation, she more beautiful than ever, and he, so proud of her beauty and grace. But a little whispered murmur from two girls in the dressing-room had made her uneasy. She was vaguely conscious of the fact that something was wrong. Presently Edith Winters, a sister-debutante, came to her between dances and said, "What an adorable gown! Such wonderful coloring — and so becoming, my dear! It's awfully like the one—" but the music had recommenced, and Edith was whirled away.

By this time, Natalie was beginning to wonder. Tom had said "It reminds me—" and Edith, "It's awfully like the one—" Could it be? No, surely not. No one she knew had ever worn anything like it. Still, a definite sense of uneasiness now lurked in her mind, though she danced and chatted gaily.

After supper, as she and Tom were sitting in the conservatory, one of the season's brides came sauntering through. At sight of Natalie, she stopped short a moment, and then burst into peals of laughter, and her husband stood looking in open-mouthed astonishment at the vision in rose-colored satin.

"How perfectly screaming!" the little bride gasped between peals of laughter. "Where did you get it? Don't you love it? I do, though it never was becoming to me."

A smile of increasing intelligence spread over Tom's face. "Now, I know," he said. "I thought it looked familiar. It was at the Charity Ball, while you were south, Natalie. But — but — I don't quite understand — how — where—"

Natalie, her face crimson with astonishment and chagrin, tried to collect her scattered senses. "You sent it to me, then?" she cried to Marie, as the humor of the situation dawned upon her.



"I? No, indeed. I sent it back to Mme. Mae after the Charity Ball. It was so unbecoming, and she said if it was not satisfactory, she would buy it back. But how did you get it? Surely she wouldn't dare?"

"No, no, I didn't buy it of her — or at least, I don't think — but I shan't tell you curious people anything about it. It's going to be my secret."

That night, Natalie folded the beautiful gown carefully, swathed it in tissue-paper, and placed it in a box. Then, arrayed in a flowing white negligee, bearing a crystal candle-stick with a lighted candle in it in her hand, with the box tucked under her arm, she slowly mounted the attic stairs. Arriving at the top, she solemnly opened a huge cedar chest and placed the box within. She put down the cover slowly, lingeringly, as if loath to part with it. But at length, she shut it determinedly on this, her latest folly.

*Ada Wilkey, 1915*

## The Egg-Man

"Kere for any aigs today, ma'am?"

A gruff voice startled me and I jumped out of my comfortable chair where I had been reading, and went towards the back door from which the voice seemed to come.

On the threshold stood a tall, thin figure. The top of a small head was covered with sandy-colored hair, very long and unkempt. Below this hair was a long pale peaked face, with narrow, squinting eyes and a long nose. The almost colorless lips were parted in a broad grin and were all but covered by a long mustache, as sandy and as unkempt as the overhanging strands of hair.

A long black coat was buttoned loosely around his very thin neck. In his hands, which were not any too clean, he turned and twisted a worn felt hat, now very much out of shape. Beneath the long coat extended an expanse of frayed trousers and two very large muddy overshoes, upon which he alternately shifted his weight.

Suddenly I realized he had asked me a question so I answered "Yes, three dozen, please!"

He went out to get the eggs from his cart and while he was gone, I remembered hearing that he always prophesied rain when asked his opinion of the weather. As it was a fine clear day, I decided I would see what he thought about it.

He soon returned with the eggs, still wearing the broad grin on his thin face. He deposited the eggs on the table, and as he did so I remarked, "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered as he went out the door. "Yes, it is, but I reckon it's gwine to rain 'fore evening. It's too fine out."

*Mildred Akerley, 1915*

## Election Day

Tom strolled to the window and looked out at the stream of boys pouring into the Gym, with excited interest and a shade of a self-satisfied smile upon his handsome face. No one would know that his own vote had helped to form that great majority which was to elect him president of his class. "Don had no chance anyway," he defended himself. "Fellows don't like these quiet serious chaps even if they are a good sort."

The next morning, when the results were given out, Tom remained, with becoming modesty, in his room and waited eagerly for the first congratulations of his friends. At last! He threw himself upon the bunk and with assumed nonchalance looked up from "Life" as the boys entered. "Well?" His roommate heard the question in his remark and explained easily. "Oh, yes, Don got it. He couldn't help it, you know, with that great brain of his and so many good qualities to back it up. I'm sorry for you, old man, that you couldn't have had it too."

"Me? Good-night!" Tom covered his indignation with surprising ingenuity. "What would I want of a job like that? When I get to working fellows, I'm going to try for something that is enough of a honor to make it worth while. You know Sophomore president isn't much. Have you seen the latest 'Life'? It's great."

*Esther Kilton, C. P. 1915*

## Mother

"Last chance to see the auto show," quoted the Reverend Mr. Lovejoy from behind his paper.

Nobody responded immediately. The Lovejoy family were gathered about the large reading table in the parsonage living room. It was a much used, faded, yet comfortable room, which was dearly beloved by all the family. Although the walls needed papering, the floor a new carpet, and the furniture recovering, there was no lack of comfort or refinement. An open fire crackled on the hearth, the lamp on the table shed a soft glow from beneath its brass shade, and the beautiful plants in the bay window gave the air a faint fragrance.

"Last chance to see the auto show!" repeated Mr. Lovejoy firmly, and threw down his paper with emphasis.

His wife raised her head from the assortment of little and big stockings in her lap. She was a tiny woman, with hair that was just beginning to turn gray, and the face upturned to the light, showed eyes full of humor, and bespoke a heart that reached out to mother all mankind.

She was not given a chance to speak, however. Roberta, the impetuous, the only daughter, and oldest of the four children, as usual had the floor!

"Well," she began, throwing down her book, to perch her lengthy young body upon the arm of her father's chair. "Why not go, Daddykins? You know you're just dying to; all you need is someone who will convince you, first, that you're working too hard, look tired, and need a holiday; secondly, that the auto show is quite the most correct, fitting and estimable way in which you could possibly spend that holiday. Isn't that about it?" She bent and kissed the top of his head.

Mr. Lovejoy looked at his wife rather sheepishly. "Roberta reads her old father like a book, eh, Mary? Didn't take her long to catch my meaning! But what do *you* think about it, wife?"

Mrs. Lovejoy's eyes twinkled over her sewing. "When was it you last attended the auto show, Peter? Wasn't it last year, about this time, in April? Yes, you do need a holiday, dear. You've been working pretty hard in your study, lately, and I think it would do you good to get away for a day or so."

But Mr. Lovejoy was not yet satisfied. He appealed to his fourteen year old son, who was stretched out on the floor over a geography. "What do you say, Ralph?"

"Sure, I'd go, Dad. But, aw — why can't we all go? It'd be great sport!"

His father shouted with amusement. A minister taking a family of five to an auto show! Perhaps Bridget might like to go, or Mrs. Clemont, who beats our carpets! He laughed again. "Well, I guess not the *whole* family, Ralph."

Ralph looked chagrined. Then a bright thought came into his mind, and he exclaimed, "Take mother, Dad. She's just the one who ought to go. She needs a holiday as much as you do, and when you get home she can tell me and the twins all about it, after we're in bed!"

Mr. Lovejoy was satisfied.

"Yes, Mary, I've been thinking for some time that you needed a little change. There's no reason why you can't go. There's Bridget, and Roberta can manage the twins. We haven't been away together for years, and it's time we went."

Mrs. Lovejoy looked almost startled.

"Why, I'd love to go with you, dear, if you're sure it'd be right and the children could spare me. Tomorrow's sweeping day — do you suppose Mrs. Clemont could manage without me? I'm always here——"

"Certainly," said her husband, with finality. "She'll have to for once. Roberta can attend to her."

"Of course," responded Roberta with enthusiasm. "Leave it to me; I'll manage Mrs. Clemont!"

Mrs. Lovejoy soon went upstairs with an armful of mended clothes. When Roberta went up to bed a few minutes later, she found her mother sitting alone in the dark by the window.

"Why, mother!" she exclaimed in surprise. "I thought you



were with the twins." It was not a common thing to see Mrs. Lovejoy sitting idle in the dusk.

"Why, no, Rob dear," her mother answered a little guiltily. "I was just thinking about tomorrow and deciding what I should wear. To think that your father really wants me to go with him! Do you think my dark blue is the most becoming, or would you wear the gray?"

After her mother had left her, Roberta shut the door and stood a moment longer in the dark of her room.

"To think," she said slowly, "that all of us have been so blind."

*Marian Barnard, 1915*

### To An Antique Cello

Thou hollow shell, all warped and worn,  
Dost thou retain thy soul,  
The soul that into thee was breathed  
By him who wrought thee long ago?  
Should strings be stretched athwart thy bridge  
And bow across them drawn,  
Wouldst thou again the souls of men  
With strains of wondrous music charm?  
Within thy scarred and battered form,  
Thy sleeping soul doth wait,  
Until the master hand shall come  
And rouse it to eternal song.

*Lucretia Lowe, C. P. 1914*



## In The Spring

When the morning's bright and sunny,  
And the birds are singing loud,  
When the earth is full of fragrance,  
And the sky's without a cloud,

When the grass is growing greener,  
And the buds are on the trees,  
When the little twigs and branches,  
Blow gently in the breeze,

When so many weary mortals  
Then are sleeping peacefully,  
That's the time to study nature,  
If its beauties you would see.

Then the birds are singing loudest,  
And the sky is deepest blue;  
Then the earth's most full of fragrance,  
And all nature calls to you.

*Mildred Horne, C. P. 1914*

## Untidiness

It is well that only portions of any place are inhabited by untidy people. Also it is fortunate that a large number of people on this earth are blessed by being born neat. How very queer this world would be if everyone were untidy! We have visions of great cities with here and there unfinished buildings, or perhaps a pile of stones in the park that the workmen forgot to take away, barrels standing on street corners, newspapers in the gutters, wires coming off telegraph poles, knobs off doors, windows broken and unwashed, electric cars and buses unpainted, wheels squeaking, seats about to collapse, men, women and children, half-clad, with streaming hair and untied shoestrings, always late, always hurrying, unkempt and uncared for. What a terrible increase in accidents there would be! On the rail-roads men would forget to change the switches, forget their signals with horrible results. The roads would be lined with poor, broken-down automobiles, and on the sea the ships would go astray. Affairs of state would be disordered and confused, there would be no system of good government, the kings would forget, the statesmen would neglect their duties. Confusion and distraction would reign supreme throughout the land and there would be no quiet place for wearied man to rest.

But, happily, this is not the true state of affairs in the universe. All these terrible things are kept from happening by the people who are not untidy. There are hundreds of them, even millions of them, who are naturally neat, who keep their possessions and their clothes and their characters, in order, and who even help the untidy people to arrange their disordered state of being. These are the people who "are born" neat.

Then, there is a second class of people who have tidiness "thrust upon them." These are not quite so common, but they are interesting as types. They are those, who, in childhood had painfully neat mammas and nurses, those who were never allowed to play anywhere except in the nursery, no matter how much fun it might have been to play "lion" under the dining-room table or "old witch" in the parlor — that spooky place where everything, even to the "tidies" on the red plush chairs, was tidy.

This forced tidiness is not a good thing; it is apt to do away with all desire for neatness, and it is also very probable that those who have thus had tidiness thrust upon them, will, sooner or later, when separated from the thrusting influence, revolt entirely from their assumed neat ways and become extremely and joyfully untidy. Let us hope, however, that this is not the case.

The last class of people has the hardest lot of all. They are those whose ill fortune it is to have been born untidy, and whose duty therefore, is to "achieve" tidiness. This is very hard to do, for untidiness crops out upon all occasions. It is sure to be visible to the naked eye and most unperceiving sense, in all of its many forms. But, since it is a very pernicious quality to possess and since it seems quite impossible to live a well ordered life with it, the only thing — positively the only thing — to do is to get rid of it, to overcome it, to thrust it from one, or, in other words, "achieve" tidiness.

*Elisabeth Bartlett, C. P. 1914*

## The Way To Do It

In the first place, don't put on an apron. It doesn't pay to be too careful of any dress. Go into the pantry and discover that the grocer has not yet brought the new barrel of sugar. There's nothing for you to do except invert yourself in the old barrel and scrape the bottom. When you have about two cupfuls of very coarse, lumpy, yellowish sugar full of sticks and splinters, look for the blue enamel saucepan. Oh, yes, it is soaking in the sink. Never mind, take the frying pan instead.

Now you are ready for the milk. Use milk, however, only as a last resort, perhaps you can borrow a little cream from that set aside for tomorrow's coffee.

While the milk and sugar are heating, find the chocolate. You can't, for your young brother and two other boys carried it off this morning to use in the initiation ceremonies of a juvenile bandit club they belong to. You'll have to substitute cocoa. When you open the tin, cut your finger neatly on the cover, run for the peroxide, stop a minute, turn off the gas, the "fudge" is boiling over.

When your finger will allow you to resume operations, relight the gas. Give a nervous jump when it pops and be sure to let a little more of the sticky mixture run over, under the burner. The maid will be only too glad to clean the stove in the morning. It would be well to spatter your dress now, too.

Forget to butter your pan until you are ready to pour out the fudge. Then call your mother to help you. Watch her as you pour in the vanilla and half empty the bottle before you realize it. Don't remember to put in any butter at all. When finally you have set the candy out on the porch to cool, forget all about it.

Pretty soon the dog will begin to get uneasy and whine a little. Let him out. Continue to read the newspaper. It will be time enough for you to think of your fudge when you hear the growls and the yelps of a real dog fight going on out on the piazza. Rush to the door, behold the neighbor's collie retreating with tail between his legs and your own little bull dog greedily lapping out the corners of the now empty fudge pan. Count ten before you speak.

*Lucretia Lowe, C. P. 1914*

## The Education of Her Children

Everyone is interested in what is going on in this busy world and in order to find out and to know what is happening many books, papers, and magazines are read.

I once knew a woman who wished very much to be well informed, and as she said, "able to teach her children when they were a few years older." In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over, she would go into her library and read. Mary, the six year old daughter, was sent to take care of her four year old baby sister. It made little difference where they played, or with whom they came in contact, as long as they were not hurt. Much of the street language was picked up by them in going about "finding playmates," as they said.

In the afternoon, after a short nap, they again went to play while their mother read. At night, when they must be in the house, their mother was again too busy to talk to them. All day long these children roamed about and at night when they could no longer go about alone, they could not be amused because, "Mother is reading and hasn't time to talk or play now."

While their mother was gaining knowledge from day to day, these children were not idle, but were gaining their own ideas. When they were old enough to be taught those things which she had prepared to teach them she found they were not interested in them, but had outside acquaintances and interests, and mother was left to her reading.

*Rhea Koons, 1915*



## The Woman Of It

(OVERHEARD AT A BARGAIN COUNTER)

"Now, Nettie, I think we've bought everything. No, I guess not, I have twenty-nine cents left. Oh, see that ribbon! I really must — yes, I ought to buy a yard. Um, it's marked down to twenty-nine from thirty-three! Just think, what a bargain! I'll take one—— There — I knew I'd forget. Edward said unless I could find at least six uses for a thing, it wasn't worth buying. Fudge, and it's such a bargain, too."

"Oh, Bessie, I'm sorry — it really is lovely ribbon. Don't you suppose we could think of six ways to use it? It's only twenty-nine and marked down from thirty-three as you say. What were you going to use it for if you bought it?"

"Why, er — I wanted it to tie on the Christmas wreath in front of the window, of course."

"There, Bessie, that's one reason for wanting it. Second, couldn't you use it as a sash for Mary? Good, that's two, third——"

"I can trim a hat with it."

"And you could wear it as a neck tie. Oh, Bessie, that's four."

"Fifth — fifth — I could use it to tie baby in his carriage! Just one more. If——"

"I've got the sixth! Jane can wear it for a hair ribbon. We can spend that twenty-nine cents after all."

"Yes, and Nettie, we can send it to the missionaries after that. What do you say now? But — I wonder if I want — no, I don't believe I want it anyway. Thank you, clerk, we don't care for anything, we're only looking around. Come, Nettie."

"Oh, Bessie," wailed Nettie, following her companion, "after all our trouble!"

*Helen French, 1918*



## Pages from a School Girl's Diary

MONDAY, APRIL 1ST

Have been in raptures all day long. Sat next to Christine at luncheon, and went to walk with her this afternoon. She said she liked the way I do my hair. Think it was darling of her to notice. Asked her to make a date with me but for some reason she refused. Suppose she is so popular her dates are all taken.

TUESDAY, A. M.

Lay awake until twelve last night wondering if she'd come in to tuck me up. She didn't come. Tried to catch her eye at breakfast, but she wouldn't look. Feel sure she doesn't care for me. Felt so badly that my head ached all morning and I couldn't study. Miss Sutherland was quite put out. Very inconsiderate of her, I think.

WEDNESDAY, P. M.

Christine looked adorable tonight. She wore my flowers. When I thanked her for wearing them she said that she didn't mind a bit; she thought them rather pretty. She is *so* sweet.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH

Have decided to give up school and go home. One's family are the only ones in the world to be depended upon. Christine literally pushed me out of her room tonight when I was kissing her goodnight. She said: "Do run along, child, You'll smother me. I must have *some* time to myself." My heart is broken. I shall never be the same pleasure-loving girl again. She has blighted my life.

FRIDAY

Am in the wildest excitement. A new girl arrived today. She looked at me and smiled as she came in the door. I know that now I shall have a real friend — one who can understand my sensitive temperament. Am very happy.

*Harriette Woolverton, 1915*

## fashions

The old saying, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," may be true as far as I know, but I do not believe that it can be applied to any woman. I think there should be one for women something like this, "Woman wants everything she sees, and wants it just as long as it is in style." Of course she would not want anything very long for fashions change just about as quickly as one can say "Jack Robinson."

First we have the full skirts and women appear with yards and yards of goods gathered or plaited around them so that it makes it almost impossible to pass them safely in a narrow hall and to try to pass them on the stairs is to risk your life. Then before we know it, skirts are so narrow that it is next to impossible for women to walk at all, let alone to get up stairs or on trolley cars. To solve this problem they slit the skirts and then all goes well. And the waistline, well it comes anywhere and we can truthfully say—

"An imag'nary line is the waist,  
Which seldom stays long where it's placed,  
But ambles and skips  
'Twixt the shoulders and hips,  
According to popular taste."

And the line skips so fast that we have to watch the fashion magazines every day for fear of looking old-fashioned and ridiculous in the dress we bought last week. And we never can tell what is going to happen to our hair and hats. One week we must have our hair low, down on our necks, and accordingly our hats nearly conceal our faces. Then suddenly up goes the coiffure and our hats necessarily go up in some direction, front, side or back; it really makes no difference but when indicators say "tilt," up they all go. We have feathers of paradise, ostrich plumes or quills one month, and then we change to either a vegetable or a flower garden and women conscientiously follow these changes just as a devoted dog follows his master and obeys his commands.

Fashions almost follow current events and we may soon

expect to see Mexican fashions Americanized just as we got the Balkan dress during the Balkan wars. Then plain, fuller skirts, short jackets, boleros, or shawls, of striking colors and combinations, with heavy trimmings of gold and silver braid will take the place of our narrow skirts, full flaring coats and light flowered silks with their filmy ruffles, and every woman must buy an entirely new wardrobe for we must be "in fashion."

*Martha Lamberton, 1915*

### Sonnet

Oh April, with thy fleeting clouds, and showers  
That swiftly pass, thy ever glad'ning rays  
That pierce, like needles bright, the misty haze;  
Our winter-wearied world doth hope for hours  
To come which shall be gay with blossoming bowers!  
Thou art a promise sweet of better days,  
And, wand'ring up and down thy dampened ways,  
Beneath thy darksome skies, man hopes for flowers.  
Oh Life, like April too, thou bring'st both joy  
And flowing tears. Yet ever on ahead  
Man sees the guiding Pilot, Hope; and when  
Life's dark'ning sorrows come and oft destroy  
His faith and happiness, Hope shines ahead,  
And strengthens him; the world's made new again.

*Elisabeth Bartlett, C. P. 1914*

## Editorials

On the morning of May first there passed from this world the spirit of one who has been a valued teacher, trustee and friend of Abbot Academy.

In 1872 Miss Kimball began her work here as teacher of literature and history, and with but a slight interruption, continued it until 1888, when she was married to Dr. John Martyn Harlow, a distinguished physician of Woburn. Although she was only a young girl when she began her work here, she had already shown more than ordinary ability as a teacher. Possessed of a keen intellect, a fine discriminating taste, delicate sensibilities, a strong sense of humour, and an unwavering uprightness of character, she impressed strongly for good every girl who came under her influence.

In the few weeks since her death, many words of testimony to her worth and appreciation of her work and life have come from women who, after twenty-five years, are deeply conscious of their indebtedness to her.

In 1892 she was elected to the Board of Trustees, and in this capacity she served the school until 1904 when she felt it necessary to resign this work. After leaving the school, she frequently showed her loyalty to it by generous gifts made in such a quiet way that but few people knew of them. By her will the school will receive a sum of money, the exact amount of which is not yet determined. With characteristic wisdom and unselfishness she has given to the Trustees the right to apply this gift as they may think best.

Those who knew her realize that by far the greatest gift she she has made to the school is the strong, fine, beautiful life that she lived in it.

The short services held Wednesday afternoons in Abbot Hall during the Lenten season proved a very helpful innovation. Just at the twilight hour, they gave a sense of peace and quiet, inexpressibly comforting. Miss Bailey's talks, always inspiring, were just what we needed. It is hoped that this year's impressive



services will establish a precedent which will be followed in future years.

This has been the first year in which the school has had an honor roll. No girl can be on the honor roll whose average for the term is lower than eighty-eight per cent. This, of course, means the rating of her conduct and studies. As twenty-two names are now on the list, it is evident that the system is a success. The idea is not to increase competition, but to incite each girl to do her best, both for her own sake and for that of the school. There were many doubts at first whether the right spirit would be shown by the girls in carrying the plan out, but all fears have been allayed. What a pleasant glow of pride steals over the girl whose name is seen on the list! There is no limit to the space on this honor roll, and we hope that the number of names will steadily increase.

One of the most noticeable changes at Abbot this year is the institution of May Dancing in place of Field Day. The dancing, in which the whole school took part, consisted of a pageant, called "The Masque of the Flowers," which was presented before the May Queen and her court. It was given out on the basketball field, where the huge oak and pine trees formed a perfect background. The dancing itself was simple enough, but the coloring of the costumes, combined with the natural freedom of movement, produced an effect that was very lovely. Of course in a way we all feel sorry to lose Field Day, for it has formed a part of the school life for many years. But, at the same time, although we have lost the pleasant excitement of the contests, we have gained with the expenditure of a little more time and effort a pleasure far more real and lasting.

The school grounds never looked prettier than they do now just before Commencement time. The grass is a soft velvety green and the horse-chestnut tree in the circle is in blossom, while all the leaves are full and the vines on the different buildings are a mass of green. There is only one unsightly spot on the entire grounds and that is where the sod is being cut for the three new tennis courts. These are to be at the side and a little above

Abbot Hall and also just above the new Infirmary. When the place for the Infirmary was chosen, it necessitated the doing away with one of the courts. Tennis is a most popular game and the two courts are always in use. The place chosen for the new ones is an admirable location for them and there is no doubt but that they will add greatly to the attractiveness of the grounds. We are all looking forward to the pleasure which is in store for us when we shall find them completed and ready for our use next fall.

There is no one more pitiable than the girl who governs her actions by what she thinks people are going to say or think of her. There is a great deal of difference between respect for public opinion and fear of public opinion, and the girl who once allows herself to make a decision through fear of what other people may say has done herself a great deal of harm. In the first place, she wastes a lot of time wavering between newly acquired impressions and half-formed ideas; while, on the other hand, there is grave danger of her losing sight of true standards completely. It is perfectly possible to maintain definite principles without being aggressive; and the girl who makes an effort now to establish standards will find later on that they will serve as a basis for a more decisive personality.

Most of us would give a penny for the thoughts of the girl who sits in class and dreams. Where is she in mind? In some fairy-like land far away? It occurs to us that perhaps after all she is nowhere, that her thoughts, instead of wandering, have simply ceased to exist, and that her mind is in a state of vacuity. We are inclined to this conclusion by the fact that the dreamer when aroused never seems to have the remotest idea of what she has been thinking about. Truly it is strange that any girl can be willing absolutely to stop thinking and be nothing for even a minute.

Along with our common phrase "His bark is worse than his bite" may be classed the less frequent saying, "The lion is not so fierce as they paint him."

How terrible the picture of a lion always seems to a child!



He meets one perhaps while looking at the little pictures mixed in here and there among the unintelligible words of a dictionary, or while, armed with a pencil or crayons, he is making investigation among the leaves of some old story book. This particular lion haunts him long afterward, not in the day time, but at night, when it is dark and very lonesome.

Every new thing seems terrible and impossible to a child. He is in the school-room learning a multiplication table; the task seems tremendous but he decides to face it. He digs his elbows into his books and begins to learn—"1 x 2 is 2; 2 x 2 is 4; 3 x 2 is 6," and so on until the table is learned. He looks up and smiles; it wasn't so hard after all.

As it is with the child, so it is with all human beings. Tasks that seem mountain high grow small and dwindle into nothing when met with a bold front. The imagination paints a coming ordeal far worse than it is in reality. One must face all difficulties bravely, however, to discover that they are not so over-powering as they appear.

Watch a child going to the pasture to see his pony! He gets resolutely over the fence and approaches his pet with firm strides. The little beast turns tail at the sight of him and flees precipitatedly. See another child going to the pasture for the same reason. He gets hesitatingly over the same fence and approaches the pony with fear and trembling. When the little animal raises his head and takes a forward step, the child retreats. The pony follows and they have a race to see which one shall get to the fence first. All the while the child is in mortal fear of being eaten alive or stepped on. Thus, if one runs away from a task, it appears to grow in size; but if one faces it squarely it soon vanishes.

Our duties in life are not so hard as we imagine them; neither is the lion so fierce as they paint him. We have all seen pictures of lions. If painted in a cage they appear to be twice the size of their keeper and they are possessed of very large claws. If they are seen living in their native country they are usually seated at the doors of their caves eating lambs, while their wives and children look on. In all pictures the hair and mane of the lion are very well kept. It looks as if he had leisure for all

things,—for being very fierce and killing lambs, and then for making his wife comb his hair.

That athletics are a most essential part of the school life has been proved again and again. A school cannot thrive when it lacks school spirit, and sports help greatly to stir up enthusiasm. The girl who goes at her play with might and main is worth two of her indifferent companions. The atmosphere of enthusiasm which she creates arouses her friends to action, and they begin to feel for the school what more indifferent ones can never be conscious of — a devotion which makes them loyal to her forever.

Moreover, the girls are brought into closer touch with each other and the cliques are often broken up by the companionship found in games. Out in the field no favoritism is shown and it is by hard work that a position on the school team is won. There is no place for bringing out the character of a girl like a hockey or basketball field, for the traits of a girl will surely appear during the game — whether she is willing to shirk and to stoop to petty acts or to work and to play squarely. If she is willing to do the latter, she will be quickly noticed in a favorable manner, and if she has the right spirit, she will not think of playing to gain praise and honor for herself but for the school which she has grown to love.

Schools are generally recognized as a place to train the mind; they also develop the characters of girls, and athletics have a great share in helping to do this.

New shoes in a store window are very impersonal articles of merchandise. They all look alike in most respects and there is little beside cut and color to distinguish them. On the other hand, a row of shoes in a cobbler's waiting to be called for, or to be sold second-hand, is strangely suggestive of all sorts of people. The pump of the society swell stands polished beside the heavy stretched-out footwear of the laborer. The trim walking-boot of the school girl, that has clicked merrily along the sidewalk on many a bright, sunny morning, has seen hard usage, and the shapeless shoe of the woman who goes out scrubbing is a silent reminder that this is a work-a-day world.

Then, too, personality is often indicated by people's shoes.

This is true to some extent, of course, in the kind of a shoe a person chooses. A light, frivolous girl is not apt to wear a broad, low-heeled, square-toed boot, nor an athletic individual a pump with Cuban heels.

But especially by the care she takes of her shoes is a girl liable to be judged. What kind of a girl wears an unblackened shoe with a button missing? What do you think of a girl whose shoes are not neatly laced? And we all like to see shoes harmonizing with the costume. Perhaps a girl may not realize that people notice her shoes, but they can and do. Look out, then, girls, and be very sure that you do not give a wrong impression.

It might be good for a girl to dress once in a while without a mirror, just for practice. After a little she could tell by the feeling whether her hair was tidy and becoming or not. Wouldn't it be to her advantage for a girl to develop her sense of touch so that she could be practically independent of a mirror and without it really know she looked all right? Think of the time she could save at an Abbot "prom"!

For seven years the position of janitor in McKean Hall, Abbot Hall, and the John-Esther Gallery was very faithfully filled by Morris Williams, who died April 24. Few men ever serve so honestly, so whole-heartedly as he served Abbot during all the period of his employment. He had been married two years and leaves, besides his wife, a little son only a year old, in whose future he was very interested, and for whom he had the greatest hopes.

Morris was a Welchman, born in 1876. When he was very young he went to sea and spent eleven years there. Then he came to Abbot.

Those of us who have been at Abbot during those years remember how carefully he always washed the black-boards and how particular he was about the floors. One spot of ink on any one of them seemed to weigh upon his heart until it was removed. How many times we have seen him sweeping and scrubbing, and picking up stray rubbers, books and papers! He was a man who did his whole duty ungrudgingly, honestly and faithfully.

# School Journal

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## Calendar

### FEBRUARY

- 1 Miss Kelsey's talk on "The Spiritual Side of Life."
- 3 Candy-pull.
- 3-6 Senior trip to Intervale.
- 7 Abbot Alumnae Luncheon at the Vendome.
- 8 Sunday night chapel: Miss Bailey: Salvation through Work.
- 10 Coasting party.  
Barnstormers' Play.
- 11 Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet."
- 14 Rev. Nehemiah Boynton: Determination.
- 17 Concert by the Kitchen Orchestra of Miss Bancroft's corridor.
- 18 Miss McLean's tea to the faculty.
- 21-23 Holiday.
- 24 German II Class at "Faust."  
Three plays written by seniors given in Davis Hall.
- 28 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Seybolt: Hygiene.  
Chapel. Prof. Taylor: Temperance.

### MARCH

- 2 "A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles," presented by the French Department.
- 8 Miss Bailey: Power through Resistance.  
Organ Recital.
- 10 German party at Archaeology Building.  
Entertainment by the Preparatory class in the recreation room.
- 13 Third Concert: Mr. Francis Rogers.
- 14 Sunday night chapel. Rev. E. Victor Bigelow: Life of Samson.
- 20 Seniors go to see "Dombey and Son" by Bradford Seniors.
- 21 Hall Exercises: Trials for Draper Reading.  
Dr. Palmer: The Exile in Literature.  
Organ Recital by Mr. Ashton.
- 24 Senior Play: "The Winter's Tale."
- 28 Miss Wiggin: Consumers' League.
- 29 Sunday night chapel. Miss Bailey: Loyalty.  
Silver Bay Meeting.  
Concert by Mr. and Mrs. Ashton.

### APRIL

- 2-15 Vacation.
- 19 Sunday chapel. Rev. George H. Gutterson: The Importance of a Personality.

- 21 Miss Howey's party for the Academic Seniors.
- 22 Miss Bailey's tea.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Mr. John Alden: Coal Tar Products.
- 26 Chapel. Miss Kelsey: Abbot girls who have gone to the Mission Fields.
- 28 "Alt Heidelberg," presented by the German Department.

### MAY

- 2 Hall Exercises. Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart: Poetry in Relation to Life.  
Chapel. Rev. Asa Merrick Parker: Living in the Consciousness of the Greatness of God.
- 5 Senior Middle Banquet.  
Vaudeville for the A. A. A.
- 6 Seniors visit Art Museum.
- 9 Hall Exercises. Prof. John Mason Tyler: Conformity to Environment.
- 10 Chapel. Rev. Charles H. Oliphant: Omnipresence of God.
- 12 Senior Tea and Dance.  
Miss Runner's party at Bald Pate Inn.
- 15 Recital by pupils of Miss Bennett and Prof. Ashton.
- 17 Chapel. Mr. Speer: Strength that Comes from Disappointments.
- 19 Miss Mary E. Woolley's Lecture on "The Benefits of a Liberal Education."
- 20 May Dancing. The Masque of the Flowers.
- 23 Wanda Dean's tea to the Senior Class.
- 24 Chapel. Rev. Raymond Calkins: The Value of a Man's Soul.

### Lectures

At Hall Exercises on April 25, Mr. John Alden, one of our trustees, gave us a talk about coal tar products. He started with a lump of coal and told about the many different elements which may be got from it. Then he explained how many different colors, dyes, flavorings and scents are obtained from coal tar. His little table was loaded with bottles of substances that can all be found in a lump of coal. He showed, too, pieces of linen and cotton which had been dyed and stamped with various brilliant colors, and at the end of the lecture he himself dyed a piece of linen and a piece of cotton, by taking a small bit of dye out of one of his bottles and putting it in warm water. We learned a great many things, and, to use his own expression, we shall in the future "have more respect for a lump of coal" than heretofore.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, May 2, Miss Sophie Chantal Hart of Wellesley College lectured to the school. Her subject was poetry, and that form of poetry which finds the ideal in the actual. She said that this is the tendency of our modern poets, especially Walt Whitman. She also mentioned the poets of the past who took brave steps in this direction, often against



bitter opposition — Wordsworth and Burns, and, in a certain sense, Coleridge. As an example of poetry that treats very common-place and unromantic subjects, she read a poem by Mr. Gibson, written about a man who kept a grocery store. His little boy was sick, but when he was well enough to be sent away he went to Cornwall, and from there wrote letters to his father. Of all the things in Cornwall he liked the pigs the best. It was real poetry, too, and very different from any that we had heard before. All that she said had a personal application, for everyone may be a poet if he is in sympathy with the common things of life.

At Hall Exercises on Saturday, May 8, Professor Tyler of Amherst College lectured to the school. His subject dealt with man's relation to his environment. His view of the subject is an interesting one and what he said was a new thought to many. Man's exact relation to his environment is hard to explain, for the environment of each individual is different from that of every other man. Also each person helps to make his own environment, while it in turn has its effect upon his life and character. The greatest changes of a life or of feelings often hinge on some little twist of fate; a small event may change a person's entire view of the world. One feels that what Professor Tyler says is true because he proves all his points — and proves them conclusively by taking his illustrations from the real life of the people with whom he comes in contact. He is a man who lives in the world and is interested in it and its inhabitants.

On Tuesday evening, May 19, President Woolley spoke to the school. Her subject was "The Advantages of a Liberal Education." She began by saying that less than a century ago education for women was considered unnecessary; then she traced a little the growth of schools and colleges for girls. She said that the American colleges not only have a beautiful environment and atmosphere but they train the mind — they make sharp brains and teach the student to think. This kind of brain — one that is alert and keen — is the only sort that can solve the problems of the century ahead of us, a century in which the woman's influence is to be very large. She must be more than a good house-keeper, she must be a home-maker. She must be interested in the world; she must use her influence for the best. It is this kind of man and woman that the colleges of America are turning out; it is this that the life in them and their beautiful environment all make — better, stronger, straighter, truer people, such as will make the world better for having lived in it.

### Concerts

Among the many things for which we are grateful are the organ recitals which we have heard during the past year. Quite frequently we have had these recitals at the conclusion of the evening service in Davis Hall. On one rare occasion we heard the school choir who sang two beautiful anthems. Would that we might have such a pleasure oftener! Several times Mrs. Ashton has played solos which have added greatly to our enjoyment. We appreciate our exceptional opportunity in having two such accomplished musicians as Mr. and Mrs. Ashton on our faculty.



A song recital by Mr. Francis Rogers of New York on Saturday afternoon, March 14, ended the regular concert season at Abbot. The program was historically arranged and divided into three groups; old classics, great German lyrics, and songs by contemporary composers. Mr. Rogers' phrasing was most artistic, his enunciation very clear, and his fineness and delicacy of interpretation as good as his boldness and freedom. The audience was very enthusiastic and Mr. Rogers generously granted several encores.

Delightful songs of all kinds, lullabies and spring songs, French and German melodies, a Spanish dance on the piano and a Venetian boat song, all were included in the program presented in Davis Hall on Friday afternoon, May 15, by the pupils of Miss Bennett and Mr. Ashton. The girls sang very sweetly and prettily and quite without affectation. Their stage presence was perfect and their ease of manner charming. The two piano numbers, a kind of breathing spell, as it were, between the songs, were very pleasing in themselves and added much to the interest of the program.

## Plays

A very successful presentation of "The Winter's Tale" was given in Davis Hall on the evening of March 24, by the Senior Class. The play, familiar to all, acquired new and added interest through the skillful interpretation of "our Seniors." The dance of the shepherds and shepherdesses, the scenes between Autolycus and the Clown, the romantic courtship of Florizel and charming Perdita, the unwarranted jealousy of Leontes, and especially, the awakening of lovely Hermione, all these are memories which will last long. The setting of the play, and the lovely costumes in the court scenes created an atmosphere truly regal. Quite unusual was the fact that nearly the entire Senior Class was represented in the cast, which was as follows:

### CAST

LEONTES	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Louise Allaman</i>
MAMILIUS	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Edith Page</i>
CAMILLO	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Frances Dowd</i>
ANTIGONUS	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Marie Winsor</i>
CLEOMENES	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Elizabeth Johnson</i>
DION	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Laura Marland</i>
POLIXENES	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Harriett Bowman</i>
FLORIZEL	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Esther Parks</i>
MARINER	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Wanda Dean</i>
OLD SHEPHERD	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Hildegard Gutterson</i>
CLOWN	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Margaret Blake</i>
AUTOLYCUS (a rogue)	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Margaret Wylie</i>
SERVANT TO THE KING	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Margaret Blake</i>
SERVANT TO THE SHEPHERD	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Miriam Bancroft</i>
LORDS	.	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Helen Hamblet, Mary Hildreth, Alice Sweeney, Elisabeth Bartlett, Mildred Horne, Margaret Wylie, Marion Clark</i>

SHEPHERDS . . . . .	<i>Dorothy Bond, Mildred Horne, Marie Winsor</i>
HERMOINE . . . . .	<i>Helen Hanscom</i>
PERDITA . . . . .	<i>Elsie Whipple</i>
PAULINA . . . . .	<i>Helen Gilbert</i>
MOPSA . . . . .	<i>Lucretia Lowe</i>
DORCAS . . . . .	<i>Helen Burk</i>
LADIES OF THE COURT . . . . .	<i>Frances Jones, Helen Burk, Miriam Bancroft</i>
SHEPHERDESSES . . . . .	<i>Laura Marland, Gladys Higgins, Helen Moody</i>
GUARDS . . . . .	<i>Alice Sweeney, Katharine Selden, Elsie Gleason</i>
OFFICER TO THE COURT . . . . .	<i>Mrs. Seybolt</i>

Three clever playlets written by members of Miss Howey's class in senior literature were acted by girls of the lower classes on Tuesday evening, February 24. The audience was very appreciative, and applauded both the authors of the plays and Miss Howey. Music furnished by the Glee Club added to the pleasure of the evening, and money was obtained from the sale of candy and fancy programs for the Hindman School in Kentucky. The plays were as follows: "A Friend in Need," by Wanda Dean; "The Wooing of Mary Haskins," by Elsie Whipple; "Coming Events Cast Their Shadow," by Helen Hamblet.

When we study French irregular verbs and the peculiarities of the different conjugations, we almost forget that French is a most fascinating and musical language. The play given by the French department on the evening of March 3 entitled "A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles," by Alfred de Musset, was a reminder of the beauty and charm of finished French verse. The spirit of romance that filled the play was well brought out by the effective night scenes, the colored lights, and the soft, pretty costumes of the fair "jeunes filles."

#### PERSONNAGES

LE DUC LAERTE . . . . .	<i>Mary Harsh</i>
LE COMTE IRUS, son neveu . . . . .	<i>Charlotte Morris</i>
SILVIO . . . . .	<i>Marjorie Freeman</i>
NINON } jumelles, filles du duc Laerte. . . . .	<i>Josephine Walker</i>
NINETTE } . . . . .	<i>Marion Hamblet</i>
FLORA, servante . . . . .	<i>Ada Wilkey</i>
SPADILLE domestiques . . . . .	<i>Margaret Perry</i>
QUINOLA . . . . .	<i>Olga Sjöström</i>

On April 28 we had the pleasure of seeing some of the life of the Heidelberg students, through a play entitled "Alt Heidelberg." This play was written by Gladys Higgins, Lucretia Lowe and Muriel Baker, members of the third year German class, and successfully presented by the entire German department, under the direction of Frau Cramer. The play was well written and carried out, and proved to be most entertaining.

## CAST

WILHELM PFEFFERKORN . . . . .	<i>Muriel Baker</i>
FRITZ GEMUTLICHKEIT (Sohn) . . . . .	<i>Lucretia Lowe</i>
KARL FREUND . . . . .	<i>Agnes Grant</i>
HANS ZANKAPFEL . . . . .	<i>Eleanor Bartlett</i>
OTTO BRETZEL . . . . .	<i>Helen Moody</i>
GUSTAV FREISCHUTZ . . . . .	<i>Charlotte Eaton</i>
OTTO BRETZEL . . . . .	<i>Helen Moody</i>
FRAU GEMUTLICHKEIT (Mutter von Fritz und Dorothea)	
	<i>Elsie Gleason</i>
DOROTHEA GEMUTLICHKEIT (Tochter) . . . . .	<i>Gladys Higgins</i>
DOKTOR WUNDERLICH . . . . .	<i>Alice Sweeney</i>
GRETCHEN (Kellnerin) . . . . .	<i>Lillian Conroy</i>
LOTTE (Kellnerin) . . . . .	<i>Elsie Gleason</i>
ZITTERMADCHEN . . . . .	<i>Lillon Hamer</i>

The Abbot Christian Association presented a most successful vaudeville program on the evening of May 5th, in Davis Hall. Several very clever sketches were given as well as some charming dance numbers. A fascinating young "prima donna," assisted by a chorus of "kiddies," added greatly to the evening's pleasure with a song of local interest. An extemporaneous melodrama full of unusual situations concluded the performance. The Christian association surely deserves great credit for having given us such a delightful evening.

## The May Pageant

On Wednesday, May 20, a May Day Pageant under the name "A Masque of the Flowers" was presented by the students on the green behind Draper Hall. The day was perfect and the gay colored costumes made a beautiful picture against the green background. The May Queen took her place on the throne, while her pages, flower girls and court ladies sat on the throne steps. The flowers came in and opened the masque which was to be presented before the Queen. After their dance they fell asleep, for the moon appeared, bringing with her the moonbeams and stars. Then the elves came out to dance among the flowers. Dawn appeared and they all scampered away. The sun came up, and because the elves would not pay homage to him, called upon the sunbeams to wither the flowers, who were friends of the elves. The fairies found the withered flowers but could not help them. So they called their queen, who sent for the clouds to help. They brought the raindrops who revived the flowers. Amid great rejoicing the sun asked pardon of the fairy queen, and the sunbeams and raindrops ended the masque in a rainbow.

THE MAY QUEEN . . . . .	<i>Frances Jones</i>
THE MOON . . . . .	<i>Lillon Hamer</i>
THE SUN . . . . .	<i>Ruth Jackson</i>
THE FAIRY QUEEN . . . . .	<i>Mary Harsh</i>
THE DAWN . . . . .	<i>Muriel Baker</i>

The Masque was composed and entirely directed by Mrs. Seybolt, who deserves great credit for the graceful dancing, the effective costumes, and the poetic conception of the whole.

## Honor Roll

### First Quarter

SEPTEMBER — NOVEMBER, 1913

Lucretia Lowe	93%
Harriett Bowman	92
Elsie Whipple	91
Agnes Grant, Mary Harsh, Mary Hildreth	90
Bernice Boutwell, Helen Hanscom, Martha Lamberton	89
Dorothy Bond, Alice Fidler, Hildegard Gutterson, Catherine Leach, Esther Parks	88

### First Semester

1914

Harriett Bowman, Lucretia Lowe	94%
Agnes Grant, Mary Harsh, Elsie Whipple	92
Dorothy Bond, Charlotte Eaton, Hildegard Gutterson, Mary Hildreth	91
Bernice Boutwell, Helen French, Marion Hamblet, Helen Hanscom, Catherine Leach	90
Ada Wilkey	89
Frances Dowd, Alice Sweeney	88

### Third Quarter

MARCH 24, 1914

Harriett Bowman, Agnes Grant, Lucretia Lowe	93%
Alice Fidler, Ada Wilkey	92
Marion Barnard, Bernice Boutwell, Marion Hamblet, Mary Harsh, Mary Hildreth	91
Carita Bigelow, Catherine Leach, Elizabeth Leach	90
Muriel Baker, Dorothy Bond, Helen Cutting, Charlotte Eaton, Martha Lamberton, Elsie Whipple,	89
Frances Dowd, Hildegard Gutterson, Esther Sheldon	88

## Items of General Interest

The same far-sighted policy shown by Mrs. Harlow of giving money to the school for general purposes and not limiting its use, was seen in the will of Miss Margaret E. Gray who left to the school two-thirds of the residue of her estate for the establishment of a Samuel Gray Fund in memory of her father, the income to be used as the trustees may see fit.

Miss Merrill is continuing to stay for the present at Mrs. Harlow's house, 505 Main Street, Woburn.

In March, Rev. Charles H. Oliphant of Methuen was elected a member of the board of trustees. During the year when Miss Means was abroad, Mr. Oliphant conducted the Senior classes in Psychology and Ethics, so he is already well acquainted with the school and its interests.

The Downs' Memorial Fund has reached the sum of \$1437.50. It is hoped that all friends of the school who are interested in keeping up the high grade of the school concerts will make an effort to raise this to the amount desired—\$5000.

As a precaution in case of fire or accident, an underground iron conduit cable has been put in from Abbot Street, carrying all charged wires into Draper Hall.

Copper-bronze screens, made by the E. G. Burrowes Co., have been put into the windows of the east wing of Draper Hall, this being the part of the house where they seemed most needed.

As the gift of the class of 1914 the Senior parlor has been done over. The bookcases were taken to the Art room in Davis hall, and seats were put in their places at each side of the fireplace. A rug was given, the walls tinted, new draperies put at the door and windows, and the chairs re-upholstered in a rich shade of blue. Some pillows, a lamp shade, and a writing table set added the finishing touches to a very attractive room.

At the John-Esther Gallery, there has been a series of exhibitions which have proved of great interest to the students and the townspeople. In December, an exhibition of pictures illustrating the Christmas story — photographs and colored reproductions of works by the great masters; in February, a collection of Elson prints; in April, an exhibition of Joseph Pennell's beautiful lithographs of Greek temples; and in May, a large number of prints of Corot's works so arranged as to show his varying moods and types of compositions, together with two original Corot paintings.

At the May meeting Miss Kelsey was unanimously elected president of the November Club for the ensuing year.

On March 20, the Senior Class of Bradford Academy presented "Dombey and Son." Our Senior and Senior-Middle classes were invited to be their guests, but because of several other entertainments very few were able to go. Those who did spent a very entertaining evening.

Mr. and Mrs. William W. Rockwell are spending the summer in Göttingen. Mrs. Rockwell is planning to go to the Y. W. C. A. Convention in Stockholm in August.

Miss Schiefferdecker has been spending the winter in Berlin. She writes with great pleasure of having seen Jack Hukill during the latter's long stay in Berlin.

Miss Aldred is going to travel in Europe this summer at the invitation of her cousin.



## Alumnae Notes

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### The Boston Abbot Club

More than a hundred old girls and teachers gathered at the Vendome for the February luncheon of the Alumnae Association and Boston Abbot Club. the guests were received by Miss Ingalls, Miss Means and Miss Bailey. Miss Means presided. After a short but very interesting talk on the present life of the school by Miss Bailey, Rev. Samuel C. Bartlett told of the individual work of each of the four Abbot girls who have given up their lives to mission work in Japan — Mrs. Pettee, Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Stanford, and Mrs. Bartlett.

The March meeting was held at the Vendome on March 7. Rev. James H. Holden gave a very interesting lecture on Celia Thaxter. At the April meeting Miss Ingalls gave some "Flower Sketches," written by her aunt, Mrs. Downs. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. George W. W. Sears; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Arthur W. Blair, Mrs. Henry V. Conant; Recording Secretary, Miss Maud W. Sprague; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elizabeth S. Fuller; Treasurer, Miss Ethel N. Shumway; Auditor, Mrs. James A. Towle; Directors for two years: Mrs. Norwin S. Bean, Miss Edith L. Gutterson, Miss Helen L. Buss.

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The committee of the Alumnae Association "to enlarge the membership" has recently sent out circulars to all non-members whose addresses were available, urging upon them the advantages of joining the organization, and its need of them. The committee consisted of Miss Maria Merrill, Frieda (Billings) Cushman, 1901, and Delight Hall, †1901. In response to this appeal, nearly fifty have sent the fee of five dollars, which constitutes life membership without annual dues. The fees form a fund, the interest of which is used for various objects for the good of the school. It is hoped that still others may join at Commencement time.

1834. The senior alumna of Abbot Academy is now Miss Martha Ann Brown of Salem, ninety-four years old. Her health is good, considering her age, and her mind is clear. Last year a neighbor kindly wrote down some of her reminiscences of school days. "She remembers playing ball with the two daughters of Professor Stuart of Andover behind the pillars of Abbot Hall. These were Mary Ann and Abby Stuart; Elizabeth, the elder daughter, had finished at the Academy before she came. On the Sabbath question there were two classes then in Andover. One believed that the Sabbath began at sundown on Saturday, ending at sunset on Sunday, the other observed all of Sunday. One Sunday evening the Stuart girls came for her to play ball behind the pillars, but her mother forbade it, as against the Sabbath. . . She remembers a Miss Wardwell of Andover, a pupil. At the end of the year the girls



exchanged cards with verses on them, as keepsakes. Her card from Miss W. contained these lines (from her memory):

'My gentle friend, may thy kind heart  
A stranger be to sorrow's dart;  
May blessings heavenly never cease  
To crown thy days with radiant peace.'

Miss Martha was much animated in these recollections. She remembers good times at Andover, and recalls when the teacher and pupils took a ride to Indian Ridge."

A personal letter from an "old girl" gives an intimate glimpse of experiences which may find an echo in other hearts. It shows also that absence from Abbot meetings may sometimes mean not indifference but sacrifice. She writes: "For the more than thirty years since I was married, time and money have both been used for the things necessary to life, not the things of the body, but with the children I have felt that I must have the things for their right growth in other ways. My youngest boy is sixteen years old, almost six feet tall, and I feel now that I can take some time for myself. My husband has better health and we have some more money than is used for our needs. I thought that the meeting in Boston might be possible this winter, but there was need in our state for just about the amount of my expenses for our home missionary work, so we gave it and I'll take my trip some other year. I want you to tell the girls that I am trying to live up to the standards taught at Abbot Academy and it keeps me busy."

1845. Dr. E. E. Strong, husband of Elizabeth G. Mitchell, died in Auburndale, April 2, 1914, at the age of eighty-two years. His long service as editorial secretary of the American Board of Missions brought him into close and sympathetic relation with hundreds of mission workers in foreign lands. The May issue of the *Missionary Herald* devoted six pages to tributes to his beautiful and useful life, emphasizing his serenity, self-forgetfulness, devotion to truth, and wisdom in judgments. In their home at Auburndale, Dr. and Mrs. Strong have shown the beauty of hospitality, especially to missionaries on furlough and children of missionaries sent home to be educated.

†1855. Ellen E. Peabody, of Andover, one of the two original members of the first regular graduating class, while visiting her niece recently, slipped and fell, breaking her right wrist. She has now partially regained the use of her hand.

Rebecca (Merrill) Wilbur, the other member of the class, is still living on High Street in Andover. She is now in fairly good health, having recovered from a long and severe illness.

1861. Miss Anne Means returned to Andover in May after a five months' trip in Algiers, Italy, and Southern France. In the party with her were Mrs. George Spalding, †1868, and Honora Spalding †1902,

1861. Mrs. Sophie (Hastings) Clark, of Washington, D. C., expresses through her daughter her pleasure at receiving all the notices and invitations sent out by the Alumnae Association, although for several years she has been one of the "shut-ins."

1867. A good many of the alumnae have written of their pleasure in learning through the new catalogue of school friends long lost sight of. Lizzie Batchelder, now Mrs. J. S. Baker of Coalinga, Cal., writes: "I have spent many hours looking over the catalogue, with more interest than I can tell you. I have checked each name as I come to it and am surprised to find so many that I readily recall."

1867. The organ recital of March 25, in the Phillips Academy course, was given by Kenneth Shaw Usher, son of Mrs. Ella (Shaw) Usher.

1871. Mrs. Charles H. Masury (Evelyn A. Fellows), of Danvers, is president general of the Daughters of the Union and organizing regent for Massachusetts.

†1872. Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, husband of Lillian Waters, has resigned his position as professor of Modern Government and International Law at Amherst College, after twenty-two years of service. As an authority on such subjects his reputation is international, and he will now devote himself to literary work. His two-volume "Constantinople" is recognized as the standard work upon that city. Mrs. Grosvenor went as a bride to Constantinople, in 1873, when Mr. Grosvenor became professor in Robert College, a position which he retained until 1890.

†1874. Mrs. Charles Moore (Alice Williams Merriam) who died in Detroit last February, was one of the founders of the *Courant*. After leaving school, she wrote a number of hymns, and after her marriage she assisted her husband in newspaper work.

1874. One of the notable paintings at the Portrait Exhibition of the Copley Society, held in Boston in March, was a portrait by Edmund C. Tarbell of Mrs. John S. Lawrence, who is the daughter of Isabel (Ray) Atherton, formerly of Andover, and a student at Abbot. The picture will be especially remembered by those who saw it for the beautiful and harmonious coloring.

1874. Raymond W. Noon, son of Jane (Taylor) Noon, has lately gone to Meerut, India, where he will engage in missionary work under the Methodist Mission.

1884. In the March *Atlantic* there was an article on "The Wasted Years," by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm (1884), and a group of poems by Grace Fallow Norton (1894).

†1887. Mrs. W. W. Root (Anna Bronson) has changed her address to Slaterville Springs, N. Y.

1888. At the Means Prize Speaking at Phillips Academy on May 7, the first prize was awarded to Edward Barrows Greene, son of Sarah (Foster) Greene, 1888, and great grandson of Sarah (Welch) Barrows, 1832.

†1889. Frances Bancroft Long, who has not visited the school for ten years, is coming on for her twenty-fifth reunion this June. She will bring with her little Frances and Brian. Mabel Strong Gilbert is also expected.

†1893. In April, Ann Downs Ingalls was appointed by the Board of Education model teacher in the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers.

†1894. Mrs. Frank C. Bogart (Henrietta Calhoun) may be addressed at Tompkins, Saskatchewan. She writes "You see we are on the prairie, ranching, and in many ways I enjoy the life, though I regret the lack of many advantages the children would enjoy in the East. However, they are growing very sturdy, and really enjoy being Indians."

1894. "The Sister of the Wind," a collection of poems by Grace Fallow Norton, has recently been published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This is said to show remarkable poetic growth in technical facility, and in range and force of imagination.

1898. Mrs. William H. Wadhams (Caroline D. Reed) has changed her address to 126 East 80th Street, New York City.

1901. Mrs. Prescott M. Greene (Elizabeth Bacon) writes from Mulberry, Alabama, sending the fee for membership in the Alumnae Association. "Down herein the wilds of Alabama it is worth the money to feel in touch with civilization. I would give a good deal more to see some of the other members! We like it down here. It is a splendid country and picturesque and interesting as can be. But it is as different from home as if it were the other side of Panama! I've just saddled my big mare and galloped five miles through cotton fields and pine woods, and brought back in triumph a pound of butter! That is the way I have to get lots of our provisions."

1901. Ethel Fraser (Mrs. R. D. S. Putney) has removed to 12 Glover Place, Middletown, Conn.

1902. As a memorial to Isabel Burnham Jameson Walker, Mrs. Nathan C. Jameson and her family, and George Walker, presented the Presbyterian Society of Antrim, Pennsylvania, with a house and lot for use as a parsonage.

1902. Katharine Herrick Amos is coming north in June and will spend the summer with her mother and sister in Lawrence.

†1904. Helen Abbott Allen has had interesting letters from many of the class in response to her letters in regard to the class reunion this June.

†1904. Marion Cooper is making a two months' visit in Waban with Helen Abbott Allen.

†1904. Abbie Smith has been the school nurse for the Newton schools this year and lives in Newton with her mother. Her address is 26 Bowen Street.

†1904. Verta Smith was married in June, 1913, to Rev. Roger F. Etz, pastor of the White Memorial Universalist Church in Concord, N. H. "For a number of years Mr. Etz has been connected with the Y. P. C. U. work, and

for three years was national secretary." Mrs. Etz's address is 40 Rumford Street, Concord, N. H.

†1904. Julia Wallace is teaching sewing in a private school in Salem.

†1904. Laura Eddy is following her vocation as a nurse in a sanatorium at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

†C. P. 1904. Elizabeth Schneider has sailed recently for Italy. She will take her usual trips in Switzerland and Germany, and hopes to see something of Hungary and the Balkan Peninsula. She writes entertainingly of her profession of author's assistant. "It is really entertaining work, but hard to explain to other people. My employees have been busy professors who had accumulated a vast amount of material for their books but had not time to arrange their notes and do the actual writing. The books have dealt with parliamentary law, industrial microbiology, English grammar, and fascinating subjects of that description."

†1904. Mary Davis Lee writes in her reunion letter: "Sometimes I feel fearfully far away from home over here, but I'm getting to understand these people better and like my new friends. We have only been in Oxton since September and so are greatly interested in our new garden, and in watching unknown plants come up. It is a most charming garden, and the kitchen garden is very attractive with flowers and fruit trees and pretty winding paths with old-fashioned perennial borders. The house is the oldest in the neighborhood, having formerly been the shooting or hunting lodge of the Earl of Shrewsbury. He still owns the place. Our kiddies are Bill, aged three, Derek, two, and Priscilla, one. Give a hearty welcome to any who are coming to this side to come and see me. Give them my address and tell them please to let me know. We are only twenty minutes from the landing stage in Liverpool." Her address is Mrs. Humphrey Armitage Lee, Hope Lodge, Oxton, Cheshire.

1907. Mrs. Charles P. Cooper (Leonora Parsons) is now living at 198 Lorraine Avenue, Upper Montclair, N. J.

1907. Joan Marie de Silva was married in 1911 to James Overhalt Caton, and is living in New York. She has a little daughter, born in 1913.

1907. Mrs. Edward A. Bigelow (Molly Ball) has removed to 5 Stoneland Road, Worcester.

†1908. Marion Allchin is a senior this year at the Sargent School of Gymnastics.

†1908. Dorothy Taylor is teaching Sloyd at the Danforth School in Framingham.

†1909. Mary Bell Gilbert sailed in April for Europe, where she will spend the summer travelling.

1909. Persis C. McIntire has a position in the State Library at Sacramento, Cal.



†1909. Mary Bourne is assistant librarian in the Public Library at Kennebunk, Maine.

†C. P. 1909. Mrs. Henry Van Hovenberg (Albert Alexander Smith) who has been living during the past year in Boston, went back this spring to Texas where she will live for the present.

1909. Gertrude Swanberg, who was recently married to Mr. Joseph Cryan, has been living in Brookline this spring.

†1910. Ruth Newcomb will return in June from a five months' trip in the Orient. She has been to Egypt, Palestine, Constantinople, Greece and Italy.

†C. P. 1910. Mira Wilson has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Smith College.

†C. P. 1910. Clarissa Hall returned in April from her very interesting eight months' trip around the world. In Japan she saw Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Pettee and Mrs. Stanford, while in her twenty-four hours stop in Honolulu, she was able to visit Miss Boshier and her school.

†C. P. 1910. Lucy Porter has been at Barnard this year, and plans to return for another year. Her address is 40 Morningside Ave., New York City.

1910. The address of Emily Silsby, now Mrs. Owen Morgan, is 747 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

†1911. Rhoda Green has been teaching since Christmas in New Milford, Conn. She enjoys it very much, but "finds it hard to keep forty-eight little people in the first grade busy and quiet all day long and teach them besides."

†1911. At the exhibition in March of students' work at the School of Fine Arts, Crafts and Decorative Design in Boston, Mr. Tarbell awarded the first mention in drawing from life to Helen Copeland.

†C. P. 1911. Henrietta Wiest gave a piano recital, under the direction of her teacher, Mr. Hershey, at her home in York on May 26.

1911. Margaret Strong has had a design for a book-cover accepted by D. C. Heath & Co.

1912. Helen Bowman has been studying at her music this winter and has also done much work in the Y. W. C. A. in Muncie. She came in the end of May to visit her sister Harriett at the school.

1913. Rosamund Gens is taking the nurses' training course at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

1913. Ella Stohn spent February and March and part of April in Minneapolis, visiting Barbara Hadley, who finds the experience she gained on the *Courant* board helpful in the literary work she is now doing. She is coming on early in June for Commencement, and will spend the summer with Ella Stohn.

## Visitors

Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Titcomb, Margaret Day, †1913, Mildred Bryant, 1913, Frances Skolfield, 1912, Alice Knox, 1913, Mary Thompson, †1893, Constance Gutterson, †1900, Edith Gutterson, †1908, Helene Baldwin Burdick, †1897, Esther Parker, †1908, Winifred Ogden, †1908, Olga Erickson, †1913, Alice Harsh, †1913, Edna Francis, †1913, Elinor Barta, 1903, Marion Bayley, 1913, Hazel Eddy, 1908, He'en Thomas, †1909, Elizabeth Fuller, †1909, Lillian Franklin Carr. †1896, Elizabeth Nichols Bean, †1893, Nellie L. Campbe'l, †1896, Clarissa Hall, †1910, Margaret Strong, 1911. Helen Cram, †1912, Abbie Laton, †1912, Helen Marland Bradbury, †1896, Alice Gardner, 1898, Edith E. Ingall's, †1882, Maria Dyer Goodnough, 1882, Nellie Walkley, †1888, Ruth Loring Conant, †1896, Adeline Perry Wa'ker, †1890, Hannah Green Holt, †1894, Margaret Fowle Sears, †1881, Adelaide Greeley Phippen, 1881, Helen Hart, 1911, Elizabeth Gilbert Dale, †1903, Salome Abbott Marland, 1863, Florence M. True, 1895, Betty Sawyer, 1913, Hazel Norcross, 1913, Annis Spencer Gilbert, †1889, Elizabeth Scott, 1913, Doris Furber, 1913, Marguerite Huntt, 1913, Kathryn Powers, 1913, Ella Stohn, 1913, Charlotte Amsden, †1913, Margaret Day, †1913, Marion Gould, †1913, Ethel Rand, †1913, Esther Pickels, †1913, Hazel Smith Rand, †1913, Julia Perry Scudder, †1861, Helen E. Bowman, 1912, Helen Boyd, †1913, Margaret Wilkins, †1913, Helen Danforth, †1913.

## Engagements

- 1906. Margaret E. Sherman to Mr. Francis Neef of Hanover.
- 1910. Marjorie Kimball to Mr. John Stearns Abbott, a brother of Helen Abbott Allen.
- 1912. Catherine Stewart Vail to Mr. Morton Atwater of Poughkeepsie, a Yale graduate and a member of the New York Stock Exchange.
- 1913. Kathryn Powers to Mr. Thomas Scott of Montclair, New Jersey
- 1913. Helen M. Danforth to Mr. Halsey G. Prudden of Chicago.

## Marriages

DAWES—BARBER.—April 18, 1914, Miss Jessie L. Barber to Dr. Franklin Dawes of Boston.

1894. KELLEY—BECKLEY.—In Southington, Conn., November 26, 1912, Grace Elizabeth Beckley to Mr. Charles Kelley, M.D. Address, Plantsville, Conn.

1890. KROM—HUMES.—In Matawan, N. J., February 12, 1913, Jessica (Prindle) Humes to Mr. James Humphries Krom. Address, Gray Wing Hall, Jersey Shore, Pa.

1898. RAND—FLINT.—In Andover, April 14, 1914, Nellie Frances Flint to Joseph A. Rand. Address, Pittsfield, Mass.

†1904. ETZ—SMITH.—In Atkinson, N. H., June, 1913, Verta Atkinson Smith to Rev. Roger F. Etz.



†C. P. 1905. DUNLOP—MASON.—In Texas City, Texas, December 10, 1913, Ruth Ord Mason to Lieutenant Robert H. Dunlop, U. S. A.

†1905. ARUNDAL—ERVING.—In Andover, April 21, 1914, Fannie Joanna Erving to Mr. Henry Barnes Arundale of South Manchester, Conn.

†1909. CANTERBURY—McCARTY.—In Canton, Ohio, June 26, 1914, Beulah Hazel McCarty to Mr. Gilbert L. Canterbury. Address, 619 Twelfth Street, Canton, Ohio.

†C. P. 1909. MATSON—VAN HORN.—In Wellsboro, Pa., September 10, 1913, Edith Van Horn to Mr. Jesse Russell Matson. Address, North Woodstock, N. H.

1910. YOUNG—SECCOMB.—In North Islesboro, Me., August 19, 1913, Edith Beal Secomb to Mr. Alan Jewett Young.

†1911. INGALLS—BODWELL.—In Lynn, May 26, 1914, Persis Bodwell to Mr. John Palmer Ingalls.

### Births

1893. February 10, 1914, a son, Nelson Pierce, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Pierce Brown (Margaret Tucker).

1897. May 4, 1914, a daughter, Lillian Virginia, to Dr. and Mrs. John Z. Ray (Alice F. Morse) of Bradford.

†C. P. 1899. In Lawrence, March 20, 1914, a daughter, Clara Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd E. Smith (Lilian E. Mooers.)

†C. P. 1901. In East Windsor Hil' Conn., a daughter, Barbara Ellen, to Mr. and Mrs. George Ford Bancroft (Julia Rockwell).

1902. In Lawrence, February 28, 1914, a daughter, Barbara Lawry, to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher T. Barron (Viva M. Dearborn).

†1905. In New Haven, Conn., May 4, 1914, a son, Edward Blodgett, to Dr. and Mrs. Beveridge Harshaw Moore (Amy Thayer Blodgett).

†C. P. 1907. In Bayside, New York, May 28, 1914, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Russel Coutant (Alicia Leslie).

1907. In Belmont, October 21, 1913, a son, Frank Millett, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hollis Temple (Margaret B. Millett).

1912. In Montreal, September 1, 1913, a daughter, Elizabeth Preston, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick F. Wilkins (Elizabeth Preston).

### Deaths

In Woburn, May 1, 1914, Frances A. Kimball, wife of the late Dr. John M. Harlow.

1851. In Andover, April 4, 1914, Hannah Maria Richardson, teacher for nearly thirty years in the public schools of Andover.

1852. In St. Joseph, Mo., November 18, 1913, Lucy Isabelle Smith, wife of the late William C. Rogers.

1854. In Andover, March 13, 1914, Margaret Elizabeth Gray, teacher of drawing in Abbot Academy, 1855-56, and life-long student of art and literature.

1856. In Newburyport, December 14, 1913, Mary Elizabeth Tilton.

1857. In Santa Rosa, Cal., April, 1914. Lucy F. Marsh.

1859. In Methuen, May 24, 1914, Emma M. E. Sanborn, M.D., of Andover.

1870. In Fishkill, N. Y., February 8, 1914, Minnie T. Kittredge, for years an able and loved teacher of girls, a devoted church and social worker, founder and supporter of an Italian settlement in Fishkill. "She invested her money in human lives."

1870. In Bellingham, Wash., March 22, 1914, Helen Rockwood, wife of the late George C. Buell.

†1871. In Cleveland, Ohio, January 23, 1914, Mary Abby Wood, wife of the late Rev. Charles Terry Collins. She had written a good deal for publications, especially serial stories and other articles for periodicals.

1872. In New York City, March 27, 1914, Louise Crook, wife of Edward B. Patch.

†1874. In Detroit, Michigan, February 3, 1914, Mrs. Charles Moore (Alice Williams Merriam), since 1911 President of the Young Women's Christian Association in Detroit.

1883. In Jamaica Plain, February 5, 1914, Mary Elona Simmons of East Douglas.

†1887. In Brunswick, Me., March 27, 1914, Caroline Tillson Robinson, assistant curator of the Art Collections in Bowdoin College since 1901.

### Obituaries

1854. The grief felt by Andover people at the death last March of Miss Margaret Gray was shared by her many friends at Abbot Academy. Keen and alert, interested and interesting, her presence gave life and zest to every gathering at which she was present. She was always one of the most loyal of old girls, and left the school an evidence of her affection in her generous legacy in memory of her father, Samuel Gray, at one time a trustee of the school.

1859. By the death of Dr. Emma Mary Eastman Sanborn the school loses another old and valued friend. Living upon Morton Street, so near to the school, she often thought of little ways to show her love for it. Two of the years she spent in the Academy were under the principalship of Miss Emma Taylor, and it was the work of Dr. Sanborn a few years ago to secure the memorial to Miss Taylor which is now on the walls of Abbot Hall. Dr. Sanborn was one of the originators of the Home for Old People in Andover. Another of her great interests for many years has been the sending of Christmas presents to the men of the Life Saving Stations of the Eastern coast.

The class of 1887 suffers a heavy loss in the death of a much loved member, Caroline Tillson Robinson. She had been for many years the curator of the Bowdoin College Art Museum, and from the beautiful and just tribute paid to her life and her work by President Hyde, we quote a few lines.

"Caroline Robinson was of the rarer, non-aggressive type. . . . Modest to the point of shyness, she never asserted her own powers, or put herself forward. Only by those who sought her out could she be found. Yet once found, there was no limit to her faithfulness and devotion.

"She had a passionate fondness for literature. She knew the great books by heart; not merely in the ordinary sense, but with an intimate and affectionate appropriation, shown by frequent happy reference, and by such reproduction of their spirit as made her their living and loving interpreter. . . . The literature of humor was her specialty, yet this keen-edged blade was never drawn in unkindness. . . . Her crowning grace was an unselfish love which showed itself in an outgoing courtesy to all visitors in the Art Building; a readiness to subordinate herself to others' interests in the home; and a constancy of affection and service to those who were so fortunate as to be her friends."

To her classmates and friends Carrie Robinson was one of the rarest and sweetest characters they have ever known. The memory of her gracious and beautiful life will be a precious inheritance, not only to them, but to the school she loved so well.

## Abbot Academy Faculty

---

- BERTHA BAILEY, Sc. B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,  
Mathematics
- NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science
- REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,  
History and English
- MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.,  
Literature and History of Art
- OLIVE G. RUNNER, Lit., B.,  
Latin
- MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,  
English
- \*GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,  
French
- ELIZABETH S. TYLER, A. B.,  
French
- HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German
- RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,  
Latin. Secretary to the Principal
- NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,  
Science and Algebra. Librarian
- OTTILIE TURNBULL SEYBOLT, A. B.,  
Elocution and Physical Education
- JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music
- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music
- HARRIET RICHARDS ASHTON,  
Violin
- EMILY SOHIER BOSLEY,  
Drawing and Painting

\*On leave of absence, 1913-1914.

CORINNE D' A LA BRECQUE,  
French Conversation

JESSIE L. BARBER, A. B.,  
Household Economics

GRACE A. JENKINS,  
Supervisor of day-scholars' room. Drawing

---

\*PHILANA McLEAN,  
In charge of Draper Hall

MARY E. CUTTING, A. B.,  
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,  
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records

### Lecturers

PROF. SOPHIE CHANTAL HART

PROF. JOHN MASON TYLER

MISS MARY E. WOOLLEY

### Speakers

REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON

PROF. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR

REV. E. VICTOR BIGELOW

REV. FREDERIC PALMER

MISS MARY E. WIGGIN

REV. GEORGE H. GUTTERSON

MR. JOHN ALDEN

REV. ASA MERRICK PARKER

REV. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT

REV. ROBERT E. SPEER

REV. RAYMOND CALKINS

### Concert

MR. FRANCIS ROGERS

# School Organizations

---

## A. C. A.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MILDRED HORNE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	LOIS ERICKSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	NORMA ALLEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON

## Student Council

HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON, <i>President</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
MILDRED HORNE	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
FRANCES JONES	.	ALICE FIDLER
HELEN BURK	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
HELEN HANSCOM	.	NORMA ALLEN

## Fidelio Society

<i>President</i>	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	.	ELEANOR BARTLETT

## Odeon

KATHARINE SELDEN, <i>President</i>	.	HELEN HANSCOM
MARION SELDEN	.	PHYLLIS BROOKS
HARRIETT BOWMAN	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
MARY HARSH	.	DOROTHY BENNETT
ESTHER PARKS	.	FRANCES DOWD
		MATTIE LARRABEE

## Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
<i>Secretary</i>	.	ESTHER SHELDON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	FRANCES JONES

## Basketball Team

<i>Captain</i>	.	FRANCES JONES
<i>Manager</i>	.	MILDRED HORNE

## Hockey Team

<i>Captain</i>	.	MARGARET BLAKE
<i>Manager</i>	.	ESTHER PARKS

## Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	.	HELEN HANSCOM
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	HELENE HARDY



## Class Organizations

---

### Senior, '14

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HILDEGARDE GUTTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN HANSCOM
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	FRANCES DOWD
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MIRIAM BANCROFT
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Red and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Red Rose

### Senior Middle, '15

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HARRIETTE WOOLVERTON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARTHA LAMBERTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER KILTON
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Green and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	White Rose

### Junior Middle, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	LOIS ERICKSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARGARET PERRY
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GRANT
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Royal Blue and Gold
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	White Chrysanthemum

### Juniors, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HARRIET BALFE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	CORNELIA SARGENT
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	BERNICE BOUTWELL
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN WARFIELD
<i>Class Colors</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Purple and White
<i>Class Flower</i>	.	.	.	.	.	Violet

### Alumnae Association

#### *President*

MISS ANNA L. DAWES

#### *Vice-Presidents*

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL	MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING
MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS BEAN	MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE	MISS MARIA S. MERRILL

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

#### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS AGNES PARK

#### *Committee on Appropriations*

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER

MISS AGNES PARK

## Calendar

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1913

September 17, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

September 18, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Fall term begins

November 27, Thursday      Thanksgiving Day

December 18, Thursday, 12 M.      Fall term ends

### Christmas Vacation

1914

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

January 8, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Winter term begins

February 3, Tuesday      First semester ends

February 5, Thursday      Second semester begins

April 2, Thursday, 12 M.      Winter term ends

### Spring Vacation

April 15, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

April 16, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Spring term begins

June 9, Tuesday      School year ends

### Summer Vacation

September 16, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

September 17, Thursday, 9 A. M.      Fall term begins



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M. H.

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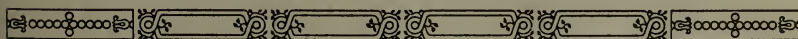


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# The Abbot Courant

January, 1915

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1915





JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLI., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1915

LAUNDRY AND TENNIS COURTS



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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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## Literary Editors

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ESTER KILTON, 1916

## Business Editors

MARGARET PERRY, 1916

DOROTHY DUNN, 1916

RUTH JACKSON, 1917

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Vol. XLI

JANUARY, 1915

No. I

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## A Sonnet

Ceres, thou autumn queen, who, half the year,  
Waiting from Pluto's realm thy child's return,  
See'st joyfully the radiant Spring appear,  
And know'st the time has passed in which to yearn,  
O thou, when Autumn sweeps across the plains,  
Lighting each lofty tree to crimson fire,  
— Such time thou mov'st among the waving grains,  
Red poppies dark against thy white attire —  
Fold thou Proserpine to thy mother's heart,  
For Pluto's horses paw the ground below,  
Their sullen master eager to depart.  
Pray, gentle Ceres, do not let her go;  
Check Pluto's advent; longer hold her here  
Without whose smile the world is strangely drear.

*Catherine Cushman Leach, C.P. 1915*

## The Two Derelicts

"Get out! Can't you understand plain talk? We've got no place here for floatin' der'licts like you!"

The foreman of a large construction gang was speaking. When he had finished, he shrugged his shoulders in final emphasis, and walked away, leaving a man twirling an old, felt hat and staring vacantly at one bare toe peeping out at the end of a heelless and almost soleless shoe. It was an old, familiar story for the "Derelict". Nobody wanted him. He was not skilled, he was not efficient.

He had never possessed either of these two qualities in any remarkable degree, but in other days he had had something which compensated for this deficiency. He had had youth and a certain buoyant hopefulness. With these as allies, he had managed to face life and look it squarely in the eye. He had tried his hand at odd jobs all over the country. There was scarcely any phase of work at which he had not taken a turn. Sometimes he had his small taste of success. But it was never permanent. For years he was absolutely contented with his life of shiftless drifting. Then he married. His love for his wife was the one positive thing in his negative existence. After two years of struggling against the too great odds of poverty and disillusion, she finally surrendered and died.

After that, the Derelict lived up to his nickname indeed. He took refuge in drink to drown his grief, and it was not long before he went to drink, not as solace for sorrow, but as the only thing in life worth living for. It had become his master.

Now, he was forty-eight years old. In looks, he might have been sixty — a shambling, hopeless figure. Yet, in spite of all, there was nothing repellant about him. In fact, there was something winning in the kindly expression of his blue eyes. And he possessed the remains of a once commanding physique. But now — no one wanted him. He seemed to have no place in the world. He had exactly fifty cents in his pocket — fifty cents between starvation, cold and — he shuddered, cringing from pursuing the train of his thoughts. Well, he might as well have just one more drink — in fact, he could have just five more and then — well, of course, there was always the river.



Having made up his mind, his feet carried him, without any specific volition of his own, down the street, across the bridge, and around the corner to the mirror-backed, swinging doors, in which he had so often leered at his haggard image. This time, however, his feet did not carry him quite all the way.

His progress was impeded by a large crowd which had gathered. He looked irritably around to see what had caused all these stupid people to collect, and so, to come between him and his beckoning goal. Ah, there was the trouble. In the street, a wagon was turned over on its side, its contents scattered abroad, and a red-faced man was alternately picking up fragments and spluttering invectives against the innocent cause of the disaster. Trembling in every fibre, from his recent shock, a black horse stood by the curbstone. The poor beast was starved, ill-kept, and full of sores. He had slipped on the wet tar bricks, and had fallen — overturning the wagon, but had escaped any serious injury himself, with the exception of some cuts and bruises. His owner continued to hurl a torrent of abuse:

“Why, you ———, blasted, ungrateful critter! Me tendin’ you all these years, and then to go and serve me a dirty trick like this! If I don’t flay the dirty hide off your carcass before I’m done! Say! Would any of you fellows like the old ‘derelict’? I’ll take anything I kin git, and be well rid o’ the old bag o’ bones!”

The human Derelict pricked up his ears. A chord vibrated somewhere in his being. He felt sympathy, and a kind of kinship for the dumb brute. Also, he had a definite feeling of resentment against the other brute. This was a good sign. It had been a long time since the “Derelict” had been alive enough to experience any emotion akin to resentment. Moved by a sudden, inexplicable impulse he slouched over to the horse’s owner.

“I’ll give you fifty cents for him,” he said briefly. The crowd jeered — but the owner looked at him a moment and then slapped him on the shoulder.

“Well, I’ll be blowed! If it ain’t old ‘Derelict’ the second!

Yew kin have the horse with my compliments! Keep the change."

The other threw the half-dollar on the ground and walked over to the curb. The two derelicts appraised one another. The crowd's sense of humor was tickled. They commenced to compound witticisms at the expense of the two on the curbstone.

"Well, what d' ye know about that? What d' ye 'spose the old sport'll do with his noo aqueesition? Hi, Bo, are you going to enter him in the Chauncey race?" This was a sample of their general tenor. Presently, a good-natured Irishman made himself heard — "Shure, and why do yez be aphter tasin' an' bullyin' a poor guy, what's down on his luck? Bejabbers, oi've jist had a thought. Can't yez collect a fund to kape this poor crater and his maister, till the race? Be gorry, think o' the fun in it! A-watchin' this yere livin' skeleton a-runnin' with all them blue-bloods!"

The Irishman's suggestion met with instant favor. The proposition accorded with the sporting blood which flowed in the veins of some members of the crowd. Also, it accorded with their sense of humor once more.

The hat was passed around and the fund was started by a liberal donation from Pat, who, after the rounds had been gone, solemnly presented the Derelict with "twilve" dollars.

Late that night — if one had chanced to peer through the window of a certain cheap livery stable, he would have been surprised with a glimpse of two transformed derelicts. The man had an air almost of animation. As for the horse, his coat brushed, his hoofs polished, and with a square meal of bran mash and oats inside of him, he seemed to fairly radiate satisfaction. The man was combing his mane with clumsy, yet gentle fingers. He threw the portion which he had already unsnarled, over the wrong side of the animal's shoulder, in order to get at the remaining portion more easily. In so doing, he revealed a long, jagged, oddly-shaped scar on the horse's neck. The man gave a gasp. He looked at the scar, then looked at the horse from head to tail, scratched his own head bewilderedly, and examined the scar once more. Then, he swore fervently

beneath his breath, and went around to the horse's head, took it between his hands and looked into the animal's eyes.

"Old Ironsides," he said softly and wonderingly. "Old pal, don't you remember Jerry? Jerry, who always loved you? Don't you remember the stable fire, in which you got that nasty scar — and old Jerry came in and got you? Sakes alive, you were a stubborn cuss in those days! But you took the cup away from Regent II, and no one was prouder than old Jerry. Why, old boy, what's happened to ye, in the last ten years? How did ye come to be in the hands of that big brute in the street? I recollect the day when nothing was too good for you. What's happened to ye, boy? Did ye lose yer friends and git down on yer uppers, same's the rest of us? Well, ye're all right now. We'll see what three weeks will do. I giss ye have a drap or so of Kentucky blood still, even if they did try to work, and squeeze, and starve it all out of ye!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks passed. The day of the big County race had come. Excitement was intense. An unusual number of new entries had been made, and no one seemed to have much "inside dope" — and the odds were about even in favor of two horses — Queenie and Clive.

The jockey race was over. Now, the participants were lining up for the trotting contest. The grandstand went wild as old favorites were successively led out. All of a sudden a ripple of astonished mirth ran through the crowd. The last entry to come out was the cause. An antiquated and bony horse trotted stiffly out, and ranged himself knowingly beside his sleek rivals. He was driven by a seedy-looking man in a still more antiquated surrey. The crowd began to jibe: —

"Who let them in? What ash-heap did they come from? Say, we didn't put up our money against a four-legged snail!"

But Jerry, the Derelict, and old Ironsides were alike oblivious to these remarks. Jerry's eyes shone. In former times, he had driven some of the best horses in the land. The racing fever was upon him. The blood tingled in his veins. He realized perfectly just how great the odds were against him, but then, he knew, and the crowd did not, just what sort of mettle

was in the horse before him. Indeed, old Ironsides was transfixed. He snorted with excitement. He was perfectly at home. His nostrils dilated, and he pawed the ground with eagerness to be off. He even attempted to imitate the prancings and cavortings of the impatient animals around him. But Jerry restrained him — no energy must be wasted; all would be needed in the coming struggle.

Up in the grandstand a big Irishman was anxiously watching the pair. He began to experience grave misgivings. Was he not wrong to have been the means of making old Jerry the laughing-stock of the countryside?

Suddenly, the gong sounded. The four surreys wheeled and crossed the line. Not together, however; old Ironsides was three yards behind. The gong clanged once more and the impatient horses were reined in and forced back to the starting-point. Some of the drivers were provoked. They accused Jerry of being in the wrong class. The Derelict tightened his lips but said nothing. Again the gong clanged. Again the line was crossed — but this time the horses were neck and neck. The race of the day was on. The grandstand rocked and quivered with excitement. The quarter-mile post was passed. Two horses were ahead, still even, straining every nerve — a brown and a white. A sorrel dropped behind a few paces, and in the rear toiled old Ironsides, still snorting from excitement. He was running awkwardly and stiffly. Where was his one-time famous stride? The grandstand began to urge on its favorites. "Go it, Queenie! Clive, old boy, you've got to win to-day"! And amid the racket, the thunder of a booming Irish voice sounded:

"Buck up there, 'bag o' bones'!" Amid the clamor, these words reached Jerry. He tightened his grip upon the reins. Softly, he began to urge and plead.

"Ironsides, you never failed me yet. Easy there, boy, we've got to beat that sorrel! Show them who you are, old pal. Steady there. Come on, come on ——"

The old horse responded gamely to the magic of that voice. Slowly but surely he slipped into his marvelous stride — slowly



but surely he began to creep up on the sorrel. Jerry began again:

"Softly there, boy. I knew you could, old pal. You're a bit rusty, but you'll limber up. Come on, keep it up. Steady, steady."

The sorrel and old black Ironsides were neck and neck now. The crowd began to take notice. Was it possible? Well, the old derelict couldn't possibly last. But old Ironsides did last. Inch by inch he pulled ahead of the sorrel. The half-mile lap was completed! Ironsides was making peculiar, rumbling noises and his nostrils were blood red. Ah! The white horse was ahead. The crowd was yelling frantically.

Still maintaining his wonderful stride, with the surrey rocking and swinging, old Ironsides crept up on the bay. The grandstand was beside itself with astonishment. Jerry held his breath while earth and sky whirled by. Then he began to praise and coax earnestly once more:—

"Good, good. I said you had it in you. Just a leetle more, a leetle more, and you'll come in second. Easy now, please, boy, just a leetle more."

The black horse was straining every nerve. His head was at the bay's shoulder. Jerry saw things in a mist. His head swam. "A leetle more," he kept urging. Now they were neck and neck. Jerry was inexorable. Now, he was ahead. The grandstand went mad. They began the last lap. Ironsides was weakening. His breath was coming in great sobs. Foam flecked his sides. But the white ahead was lagging. Ironsides' nose was in his dust. Jerry began to plead for more than life:—

"Steady. Let 'er loose, old fellow. Run now, as you never ran before. Softly, old boy, don't back down now. Keep it up — just a leetle more."

Ironsides threw what seemed his last ounce of energy into a final spurt. He gained the white's flank. The crowd was silent now. It held its breath. The white's driver looked over his shoulder. Then he laid on the whip. The white was stung into extra effort — she began to pull away. Ironsides was running well, but feebly. He was visibly weakening. Jerry's heart gave a great bound. Could he? Should he? Yes; it was the

only thing to do now. Determinedly, with white lips, he raised the whip, and brought it down smartly across old Ironsides' withers. The effect was instant and startling. Old Ironsides sprang forward, as if galvanized into action by a mine. His ears laid back, he took the bit in his teeth. He became a frenzied demon. Jerry could no longer control him. His "Steady, boy, softly, easy now," had no effect. The horses were shoulder to shoulder now. The goal-posts were in sight. Jerry forgot about the race. He sawed frantically on the reins. "Forgive me, boy, I never should have done it. Easy, now ——" Something white flashed by. Pandemonium was let loose. Jerry forgot everything but that he had whipped his poor, old pal.

"Boy, boy," he pleaded. "It's all over. Slow up, take it easy. Say you forgive me." But Ironsides tore madly on, puffing and panting like a locomotive, gathering in speed rather than decreasing. Earth and sky rocked. Twice he circled the track. No one dared to interfere; until suddenly, out of the chaos, a burly Irish figure loomed up in front, and as the horse flashed by, jumped for Ironsides' bridle. There was a terrific shock. It was all over. Ironsides dragged the Irishman a few paces from sheer momentum; then he stood still, trembling like a leaf, with dazed eyes instead of the frenzied glare of a moment since. Suddenly without warning, he collapsed, and pitched forward — a heap in the dust. The Irishman gave one look, then:

"I giss the old hero has run his last race. He's done for now, shure. But he went out in a big blaze o' glory. Who'd ha' thought the old raiscal could win the Chauncey race?"

Jerry could not speak. There was a weight on his chest, a lump in his throat, and a mist in his eyes. He knelt beside the fallen animal, but its eyes were glazing.

"Boy, boy, I knew ye could do it. But I didna think it wad cost yer life. You've taught me a lesson, old pal. Ye were only a 'derelict', but ye run yer race and beat 'em all. S' help me God, I'll win my race, too, old fellow, before I'm done for. It must feel good to 'go out in a blaze o' glory'!"

*Charlotte Morris, 1915*



## Beauty Versus Tempus

To me the most interesting section in the "Observer" is the column headed "Beauty Hints". This is interesting, not so much as a set of beauty recipes, but as an algebraic problem. Lest my meaning be vague to the reader, I had best explain the mathematical difficulties over which I have spent many a sleepless night.

There appear, in this worthy department, many and sundry suggestions, all of which, if faithfully carried out, would, I have no doubt, transform a toothless old hag into a ravishing beauty. On that score there cannot be the slightest question. What, then, is the problem? It is this: each helpful hint is followed by a remark such as, "Only twenty minutes a day spent in this simple but effective exercise will prove very beneficial"; or, "If these instructions are carried out faithfully for at least half an hour every day, astonishing results will soon be marked".

Now of these invaluable hints, there have been, during the last three weeks, over two hundred. If twenty minutes were set aside for each of these little "duties to one's self and family", a day would be required which should be at least sixty-six hours and forty minutes long. And that is not counting the twenty minutes one should stand after every meal, and also leaves no time for the proverbial beauty sleep. Therefore, if we rely on the beauty column advice, we cannot be beautiful unless we spend seventy-five hours a day on our personal appearance. And is there a person in the world who would be so self-sacrificing as to give up everything else in order to persevere in the beautification process?

If anyone is able to solve this algebraic problem by letting  $x$  stand for something (I don't know what!), I shall be most pleased to make his or her acquaintance,—for, really, I need the sleep.

*Mattie C. Larrabee, 1915*

## The Courage of the Cowardly

"Was Gran'pa a coward?"

Mrs. Mansfield, tucking in the blankets of the "baby's" crib, glanced up quickly at the unexpected question, and the fire dying on the nursery hearth revealed a sudden harshness in her sweet, plain face.

"Why, dear?" she asked, going to the head of the crib.

"Of course he wasn't!" snapped Walter, her eldest, sitting bolt upright in bed. "What put that into your head, 'baby'?"

"I don't want to be called 'baby' ——"

"Shsh, Walter — you musn't call him baby. Charlie, you know, doesn't like it."

"Anyway, he shouldn't call my grandfather a coward!" declared Susie, viciously shaking her rag doll in the baby's direction.

The baby began to cry.

"Oh, children, children, please don't quarrel when we have just had such a lovely time. Of course your grandfather wasn't a coward. He was a *very*, *VERY* brave man. There, there, baby, tell mother what put the idea into your little head."

"He didn't goo to waar and fight," sobbed the baby, burying his head on his pillow. "And — and Uncle Rob went to war — and rides in the procession and he said if gran'pa *was* alive he couldn't march with the other old men."

"Uncle Rob is a Spanish War veteran, bab — I mean Charlie. And if grandfather had gone he would have been a Civil War veteran, which is not the same thing at all. He *was* drafted, wasn't he, mother?"

"Yes, dear, but he couldn't go —— Oh! Rob, I'm in a quandary. Come here a minute, please."

Robert Shedden, tall, erect, and handsome, crossed the nursery floor in two strides, his spurs jangling as he moved to his sister. The four little Mansfields instantly alert at their beloved "soldier man's" appearance, followed him with adoring eyes.

"When?" asked the mother, rising from her seat beside the baby and aimlessly fingering her brother's epaulets, "When,

Oh when, Rob, can I let them know—or should I ever let them know?”

“What, sis?” Robert flung one arm about his sister’s shoulders and, as she relaxed against it, raised his sword in salute to the baby smiling up at him from the crib.

“The — the truth — about father,” whispered Mrs. Mansfield, then laid her head for a long moment against the medals on her brother’s coat.

“May I ask what it has to do with Memorial Day exercises and a picnic at Saunders Pond?”

“Everything in the world. The baby wanted to know if he were a coward ——”

“Father!”

“Because he didn’t fight in the Civil War, when you and I know that of all the heroes, he was the bravest, the bravest——”

“Don’t cry, little sister. I’ll fix the kiddies.”

“No, no, Rob ——”

“With a hypothetical case, of course, Sue, and point out the moral at the end. Want me to tell you a story, kiddies?”

A cry of delight went up at this unlookedfor proposal, and four waving hands beckoned to the much-desired narrator. But he eluded the several entreaties to “sit beside me, Uncle Rob,” and stood at one side of the fireplace, looking down at his sister as she leaned back in Walter’s miniature Morris chair.

“Once upon a time,” began the soldier — the children trembled with suppressed excitement — “there was a witch——”

“*Rob!*”

A faint smile played about Rob’s lips as he opened his cigarette case and glanced towards his sister for permission to smoke.

“Just one, Rob, I don’t want Walter to ——”

“Certainly, certainly. There was a witch, kiddies. Now, she was a very beautiful witch ——”

“I never knew witches were beautiful,” objected Susie.

“She really wasn’t beautiful. She was very ugly at heart,” the soldier looked meaningly at Mrs. Mansfield, “But she had changed herself into a beautiful woman.”

"Oh, I understand," said Susie, "You mean she had transformed herself into a beautiful woman."

"Transformed is the word. Jove! but she was beautiful! Wasn't she, Sis?"

"Cruelly beautiful."

"Well, one day as she was passing through the forest near her home, she came upon a young knight sitting under a tree. He was a simple youth, but strong and handsome, and the witch thought to herself, 'What fun it would be if I could get this poor, simple rustic in my power, and then watch him writhe under the torture I should inflict on him, day after day, month after month, year after year?' So she approached him, all beautiful in white, her black hair flowing and her big blue eyes—"

"Mother says grandma had black hair when she was young, and she has blue eyes, too," Rosamond remarked irrelevantly.

Mrs. Mansfield and her brother exchanged significant glances.

"Yes, Rosebud, and a very pretty woman she was too — and is now, for that matter. Well, the knight looked up and saw the witch coming towards him and he immediately fell in love with her. The witch laughed wickedly at his innocence. Then the knight running to her knelt before her and begged her to marry him. Poor, credulous knight! Heaven knows she seemed good to him.

"He even said that his heart would break if she did not marry him. But the witch thought it would be a pity if his heart should break before she had seen it mangled and distorted by the suffering it must undergo for a hundred merciless years. It was such a strong heart, and a brave heart, and a true heart—"

"Oh, Rob, don't!"

"Why, mother, of course this isn't true," said Walter, "Uncle Rob is only making this up. Aren't you?"

"Oh! Of course!" said Robert grimly.

"Go on, go on," implored Susie. "I know the witch got killed, mother dear, so don't look so sad."

"No, the witch didn't get killed, because her species of witch never does get killed, by a special decree of Providence."

"Oh, my!" gasped Susie, with a shudder.

"But, as I was going to say, the knight married the witch and they had fifteen children whom she hated because they were all like their father, and a miserable time of it she led them all.

One day there came a war between two neighboring countries, and the good knight said to his bad wife, 'I must go to war to help my friend and neighbor, the King of — of ——'

"Bavaria," suggested Mrs. Mansfield.

"Yes, Bavaria. The witch said nothing and only smiled at the knight's words, and he shuddered when he remembered the kiddies. Oh, how he cursed himself because it had ever occurred to him to leave them and go to war where a merciful lance-thrust might have put him out of his misery! Of course he did not go.

"Bye and bye, however, the king's army began to lose heavily and the king sent back to his domains ordering all able-bodied men to the front. This order said that all who remained behind must be forever branded cowards and laggards in war——"

"Did he go?" asked Walter.

"You'll see. And besides, they must pay a big sum of money to ——"

"Did he go?" cried the baby.

"Oh, but he wanted to go, how he wanted to go! And at first he thought there was no excuse for him to stay at home now. Then he thought of the kiddies and — well, he didn't go. But do you know that, although a few hot-headed daredevils and a few ignorant peasants called him a coward, the majority of the people round about, and even the witch herself (this last is for the sake of art, Sis,) considered him a hero. In fact, the witch admired him so for his genuine pluck that she left off plaguing him at once and they all lived happily ever after."

Susie drew a long breath, and sighed with relief. "Oh, I'm so glad she did," murmured the child.

"As for your grandfather, children," continued Robert, and he suddenly held himself "at attention", "your grandfather couldn't go to war for much the same reason."

"Do you mean that grandma is a witch?"

"Did I say so? I mean that your grandfather couldn't leave your mother and me at the time the war broke out, be-



cause we needed him then. And when he was drafted we needed him just as much ——”

“Why?”

Robert ignored the question.

“So, though he wished to go, more than words can tell, he sent a substitute instead, staying behind for our sake. No, he never deserted us, never, and he didn’t even die ’til the last gun was fired — our hero!”

The fire had smouldered out on the hearth, and Mrs. Mansfield sobbed unobserved in the darkness. The children were hushed, awed by the sudden tenseness of their surroundings. Robert toyed nervously with the sword-hilt.

“I like that story,” Walter ventured at length. “Does it have a name?”

“Yes, it has one, Walter. The people, you remember, who thought the knight was really afraid to go to war branded him a coward. So it’s called, ‘The Courage of the Cowardly’.”

*Catherine Cushman Leach, C.P. 1915*



## Was it a Dream

He stretched himself lazily on the warm sand; never before had his wayward spirit lured him to such unpremeditated leisure. But the dreamy lap of the waves on the shore, the sparkling calm of the bay, and the dull roar of breakers on the outer beach — all seemed to woo him. Fascinated, he lay there, only half seeing the white sails in the distance, about which the sun was making fantastic shadows. The shrill shriek of a seagull as it suddenly swooped down into the still water, startled him, but he was soon lulled into forgetfulness again by the music of the little dancing waves.

Suddenly — but was it suddenly? — a peal of girlish laughter rang through the hazy air. Gazing idly at the sparkling water, he saw, not one, but three glorious mermaids, true daughters of old Neptune, sporting about like young dolphins. One, a shimmering vision in green, gracefully glided down toward the harbor until her sister, crimson-clad, joined her, whereupon they raced each other back to the float. All the while, the dainty little golden-haired maiden sat idly dreaming on the side of the float. Throughout the long summer afternoon, their merry laughter filled the air, but as the sun sank slowly in the west, the green-clad mermaid dove gracefully beneath the crest of an incoming wave — and did not appear again! A few moments later she was followed by her crimson-clad sister. The laughing little maid in blue lingered a little while, watching the last flaming rays of the sun, which had turned the fleecy clouds to golden dream castles. Then she started slowly, as if almost loth to go. Her lithe young figure outlined against the sky, she hesitated a moment, poised for her dive, and chanced to see the lazy figure watching her from the beach. With a friendly little smile, she waved good-bye, and plunged into the darkening waters and was gone.

The little dancing waves began to assume larger and more ferocious proportions, the dull roar of the breakers became louder, and the lovely summer sky began to grow darker. The sun had almost set, and the early evening breezes caressed the watcher on the sands. He sat up — yes, there was the float. But — where? — how? Could he have been dreaming? Pshaw!

it was ridiculous! Three charming mermaids who took their leave so mysteriously! Of course, it was a dream — but what a dream! The face of the little golden-haired maid who had waved to him, haunted him strangely. What a pity she was only a creature of fancy! She would have made such a bully girl.

Almost regretfully, he rose and started homeward, still seeing the smiling blue eyes. At dinner that night, he was unusually preoccupied, and, to a question about the afternoon, he heard himself replying, to the amusement of his family, "What a smile — and those eyes!"

Several weeks later, he met her at the country club. She bowed coolly, with indifferent eyes. Was it? — Could it be she? He was at a loss to understand. He had several dances with her. Yes, she enjoyed bathing, but had been in very little this season. No, her bathing-suit was black — how odd of him to ask her! In vain, he searched the room for even a glimpse of her sister mermaids, they did not appear.

During the remainder of the summer, he saw a great deal of her, but never either her green or her crimson-clad companion of that memorable afternoon. Question as he might, not one whit of satisfaction could he draw from her. She seemed strangely reticent on the subject. He haunted the beach with a vain hope that some day they might reappear, but all to no avail.

And when their engagement was announced, he thought that then, perhaps, the truth might come out, but his hopes were never fulfilled. The little golden-haired girl kept her counsel (if she had any to keep) and to this day he's wondering — was it a dream?

*Ada F. Wilkey, 1915*

## Shadows

They are my real friends. Not every kind of shadow is my friend, only the shadows cast by trees along the river bank. Some people call them reflections, but I like to call them shadows. They are like friends to me because they always fill me with big, high thoughts. Somehow, I can't see the shadow of a big tree down under the water without thinking. Nothing makes me love nature more than these beautiful shadows. I can see the river now at about three in the afternoon, simply alive with trees all along its bank and in its water too. It is hard to say which is the more beautiful, those above, or those below. The trees on the bank are a beautiful green, and those below are a color indescribable, just a deep, rich greenish-black — a color suggesting depth and strength. The big trees have the big shadows, and the small trees, the tiny shadows. I really believe that the reason that the shadows impress me so is because I always compare them with human beings, or perhaps, the lives of human beings. If our lives are big, unselfish lives, our shadows cast on the world will be big, beautiful shadows — but if our lives are narrow and selfish, our shadows will be small and insignificant. We each have a chance to make a shadow. Why not make a big one, and help to beautify Life's River?

*Sarah Cushing, 1915*

## The Autobiography of a Doll

Although most of my beautiful relatives were born in Germany, I, very unfortunately, was born and brought up in America. I consider this fact extremely unfortunate, because the climate of America has made me so unlike my beautiful friends and relatives in Germany. I am really so homely that it has nearly broken my heart to be scorned on account of my looks. When only a tiny tot, my hair fell out, and no amount of treatment has been able to restore it. It's not until one is without a beautiful head of hair that one realizes how essential it is to one's beauty. If this were my only fault, I might forget it, but my hands are terribly misshapen. Most of my friends have pretty, shapely hands with fingers, but mine are so clumsy and deformed. Another grievance is that I've never been able to exercise very much, because my joints are not strong, and if I should carelessly swing by my arms, they might drop off. Please excuse me for telling you all my troubles, but it is so disappointing to be laughed at and scorned. I don't believe anybody in the world has ever been as forlorn as I.

One day, the most surprising thing happened to me. A very nice lady named Miss Mary E. Burfitt took me away from my family, packed me in a very horrid, dark box and sent me away on a train. This all happened so suddenly that I had no time to buy any nice clothes, so I went right along in my stiff calico dress and sunbonnet, and with very few underclothes. It was a very tiresome journey, and I was cold and forlorn. Suddenly I was shifted about, and I heard a man call out, "Andover, Andover." I was put on a wagon and taken for a short drive. If somebody had only told me where I was going, and why I was going, I wouldn't have worried so much. I knew that worry was a sin, and that it made homely lines in one's face, so I just smiled, as best I could, all the way. At last I was taken into a building, which I heard the driver call Draper Hall, placed in an elevator, and deposited in front of somebody's front door. All this while, there seemed to be a babble of girls' voices, and by little snatches of conversation that reached me I could guess the characters of the girls. Finally I was unpacked

by some of the girls, and shall I ever forget their exclamation of scorn at seeing me. I shall never forget my shame at hearing, "Did you ever see such a homely doll! She's not worth dressing." And then a sweet voice reached my ear, "But some little kiddie will just love her," and my spirits were revived for a moment.

After much discussion as to who would dress me, a girl took me carelessly by my feet and flung me in her bookcase. Wasn't that a queer place in which to let me stay? A bookcase! And such queer things were there, too — crackers, jam, books, shoe-blackening, and pictures. As the days went by, I grew more and more lonesome. One day a very nice lady said that my mistress must have me all dressed by the next day. My mistress hurried and made me such lovely clothes. Of course she had to hurry every minute, but my heart swelled with pride at my dainty garments. I really didn't think that I was worthy of them — the girl said that I wasn't, too, so you see the pride was followed by little heartaches. Finally, I was completely dressed in beautiful things, and was as happy as I could be.

Once again I was packed in my box, and I took a journey back to Miss Burfitt. I arrived there Christmas Eve, and was greeted with hearty enthusiasm. Miss Burfitt hustled me off into a dirty little district in the heart of the city. She knocked at a tottering old tenement house, and the knock was answered by a tired-looking mother who led us gently through a forlorn, dingy little room into a hot bedroom. A pale little girl lay asleep in the bed, but Miss Burfitt crept softly up to the bed, laid me gently down by the child and turned away. The child whimpered and tossed about, and then opened her large brown eyes and looked at me. I felt uncomfortable and unhappy, because I knew she would laugh at me. Everybody had always laughed at me. But no. She turned towards me, and clutching me wildly in her arms, looked at her mother, then at Miss Burfitt, and then at me. She called me "dear baby," "lovely dolly," and such things as I had never heard before in my life. She told me that she had been very sick, and that she wanted me to stay with her. Her excitement tired her and still clutching me closely, she dropped off into a



peaceful sleep. The mother sobbed for joy, and thanked the dear "Santa Claus Lady", while I, in my extreme delight at making some one happy, forgot my faults and was happy too.

*Marjorie Freeman, 1916*

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### Autumn

O thou Great Master of the Hidden Fire,  
May all the living green transformed by Thee  
To flaming crimson, burnished gold, now be  
A proof that Thou art near, and hearts inspire.  
For all the hungry minds of man desire  
Stands ready in the laden field and tree,  
That seek from their full harvest to be free.  
How can we but thy wondrous works admire?  
The golden sheaves lie gleaming in the sun,  
The bursting grapes their purple juices yield.  
So for the splendors that before us blaze,  
And all that Thou for us hast ever done,  
For nature, where Thou hast Thyself revealed,  
We lift our hearts in grateful love and praise.

*Muriel Baker, C. P. 1915*



## An Embarrassing Conversation

"Say, Mother, what did Father say to you when he proposed?" began the tactless little one when the entire Randall family were seated by the fireside.

"Yes, Father, did you get down on your knees?" asked another little one in fiendish glee.

"Run away, children. I want to read my newspaper," said Father gruffly. The rest of the family giggled, and the children, finding the subject entertaining to all but Father, pursued it relentlessly.

"Well, I bet he said, 'Darling little blue-eyed queen, be mine, for I cannot live without you,'" chanted the twelve-year-old, trying to quote from her first cheap magazine story.

"Oh, no; he said, 'If I'm willing to take the risk, you ought to be'," joked the mother, who wished to change the subject. The youngest member, who had been listening with mouth agape, now started to add a gem of thought, but the harassed father saw it coming and stuffed a penny into his hand, saying, "Run along to bed now, it's getting late," and the youngest ran joyfully away, remembering the conversation for another time when his funds should be low.

*Mary Bartlett, 1918*

## Her Greatest Talent

It was twilight. The two who were sitting on the porch of the little white cottage were silent, except for the soft, appealing tones of the violin which the girl was playing. The father seemed quite happy. He watched her as she played, but it was another of whom he was thinking — another so nearly like her that he seemed to be living in the past.

Many years ago he had brought his young bride to this very cottage. She was of Italian birth, as her olive skin and raven hair testified. She had married him, as she honestly thought, because she loved him, and their first two years together had been serenely happy. But she was younger than he, and she was born to another life. Her violin was dearer to her than all else — dearer even than her husband and her child — and she left them one day, taking with her only her violin, and went into the wide, wide world. After the first agony of realization, the husband accepted his lot and forgave her. Since then, he had never heard of her, and he never attempted to learn of her whereabouts. When his daughter first showed a love for the violin, his heart faltered, but he never opposed her, and now he loved to hear her play.

"Father." Paula had stopped playing, and had come over to his side unobserved. "Father, I have something to tell you — some good news."

"Yes? What is it, Daughter?"

Paula hesitated a moment. How was he going to take it? She dreaded to tell him the news which had filled her with ecstasy.

"You know Mrs. Barron who lives in the big house on the hill?"

"Ah, yes, she is a good woman. Yes, I know her."

"Father, she had a daughter once, who died when she was just my age. The daughter had a beautiful voice, and they were always planning to go abroad, that she might study with the best masters. And then — she died. Mrs. Barron was heart-broken. She had no other children. That is why she has become so fond of me. Father — she wants me to go abroad with her!"

Her father shot a startled, questioning glance at her, but said nothing.

"She wants to do the things for me which she could not do for her own daughter. I am to study with the best violinists in the world! Think, Father, what a wonderful chance!"

"You — you love your violin a great deal, Daughter, don't you?" His voice trembled a little, but she did not notice.

"Love it, Father? You know that. Father,— what shall I tell Mrs. Barron?" She placed her hand on his head and stroked the thin gray hair gently as she awaited anxiously his reply.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he looked at her with a smile.

"Why — tell her — tell her you will go, of course, my child. It is — good of her." He rose from his chair and started to enter the house, when he met Agnes at the door. She was the buxom, middle-aged woman who had been their housekeeper since Paula was a baby.

"Ah, Agnes, that is you? Agnes, we shall be left alone for a while, I'm afraid. Miss Paula is going to leave us ——" and as he said that his voice broke, and he went hurriedly inside.

Passage was engaged for an early date, and Paula spent the next few weeks in preparing her unpretentious wardrobe and making plans for departure. She was like a little sunbeam in her great happiness. She wore a radiant smile, and her violin sang of the joy in her heart. During this time, her father said even less than usual, but whenever the great event was mentioned, he forced a smile and told Paula how glad he was of her good fortune.

On the evening before her departure, they were sitting on the porch just as they had been that night three weeks ago when Paula had told the glorious news to her father. Now she was in a simple, white gown, with a deep red rose in her dark hair. She was playing to him for the last time. What were his thoughts as he listened to those sweet strains? She began very softly with a favorite air of her father's. It was a simple Italian melody which her mother used to play, and it brought a pang to the

man's heart. How beautifully she played it! With what deep feeling! Truly she had genius.

"You are going to be a great violinist some day, Daughter," he said suddenly. "You will be famous. You are very like your mother. *She* was a genius,— Paula, child ——" and then he seemed to forget her presence. So she played on.

"Paula," he spoke again.

"Yes, father dear."

"When you see your mother, ——"

At this Paula turned pale. What was he saying? But she did not interrupt him.

"Tell her, Paula, that there is always an open door here for her — and this is a home for her, even after I am gone." He was staring into space, and speaking in a queer, strained voice. Paula was trembling with fear and she laid her hand gently on his arm. He looked up in a confused way.

"What do you mean, Father? What are you saying about my mother?"

Utterly bewildered, he bent his head, and almost sobbed out, "I forgot, oh I forgot! Paula — Paula"?

"There, there, Father, that's all right. Don't, please. Do you want to go in, now? It is getting late." Half-leading him, she entered the house, and when she had got him safely in bed, she went to find Agnes.

"Tell me about my mother, Agnes, please, all that you know." Her face was white as chalk, and her voice was shaking. "She is dead, is she not?"

"Oh, my poor child!" exclaimed Agnes. "Has your father been talking to you? What did he say?"

Paula could control herself no longer, and she burst into tears, to be comforted by the motherly Agnes. Presently she stopped and said bravely, "Tell me all about it now, Agnes. Don't keep anything from me." So Agnes told her everything, as gently as she could, and when she finished, Paula straightened up and smiled through her tears.

"Thank you, Agnes. Will you please take a note up to Mrs. Barron's for me right away? There is no answer. I will

go up there myself early in the morning. I am going to Father now."

Agnes said nothing, but there was approval in her eyes. Paula went up to her father, who was sleeping peacefully, and knelt by his bedside.

"Father, dear," she murmured softly, "To think that I never knew." He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Father, I'm going to stay with you always. I'm not going away from you. No, Father, never!"

He smiled happily but uncomprehendingly, and stroked her dark head.

"You are a good girl, Paula. God bless you!"

*Mattie C. Larrabee, 1915*



## Editorials

During the month of January there was shown in the John-Esther Gallery a notable collection of oil paintings by contemporary artists who stand very high in the world of American art. The exhibit is varied, but on the whole conservative in tone, and thoroughly delightful. It includes the work of such representative men as Robert Henri, Hermann D. Murphy, Robert Vonnoh, Fred Wagner, Irving Wiles, Philip L. Hale, Birge Harrison, C. W. Hawthorne, and others — forty-two artists in all.

The bringing of these pictures to Abbot Academy was made possible by the generosity of Miss McKeen, who left a fund to be devoted to developing interest in the fine arts in the school, and the cooperation of the National Federation of Arts in Washington, whose committee assembled the pictures. It has been a great thing for the school and the community to have pictures of such significance at hand, where they can be seen again and again; and it is hoped that the success of this exhibit may prove it to be but the fore-runner of others as worth while.

The hearts of all Abbot girls have been made glad by the new improvements in our home. A complete change in the dining-room, a change which we had long desired, was made possible by the generous gift of one hundred and sixty-five dollars from the class of 1889. The new draperies and carpet were purchased with this money. The trustees used the income of the alumnae fund and supplementary gifts, to complete the transformation. The small tables give one a sense of intimacy and close relationship which makes the time spent about them an enjoyable part of our daily life. The change also produces a more subdued tone in our dining-room conversation. Since the length of the old tables is gone, it is quite possible to keep even general conversation down to an agreeable pitch. The summer has also brought another change, the re-decoration of the entrance hall. To all who recall the incongruity between the drawing-room and hall last year, this will doubtless prove welcome news. We are always grateful for all the many proofs of the care and consideration which is, and has been, ours for so many years.



At last the Antoinette Hall Taylor Infirmary, the gift of many generous friends, has been completed.

What an attractive picture it makes as it stands there in the sunlight with the grove behind it! The red brick with its white trimmings is in close harmony with the surroundings, and the little gravel path bordered by a barberry hedge, leads one to anticipate a pleasant interior.

Visitors were not generally welcomed until October 20, when a house-warming was given for the intimate friends of the school. Everyone was charmed with the inside. Here a little kitchenette seemed to invite you to begin cooking immediately, and there a sunshiny bedroom bade you come in and rest. The reception-room, with its delicately-tinted walls and gay curtains, needs no hostess to give the invitation, but itself invites one in. On the west side of the house is a large porch. Here are all sorts of comfortable couches and chairs where one can rest, rest, rest, without being disturbed by the frequent clang of the bells in Draper Hall.

Although an infirmary naturally suggests illness, there has been none this fall, and the infirmary seems to have warded off rather than encouraged sickness. So at present it serves as a place for repose, and each one of us owes grateful thanks to the generous givers.

Although still in the experimental stage, the domestic science course instituted this year seems to be a great success, if one may judge from the enthusiastic comments of the students. Its object is to help the girls to realize the importance of the home as the unit of national life, and the influence of a scientifically conducted house upon the welfare of the state.

With two lectures a week on household management and the chemistry of foods, and two periods of laboratory work, the course is very comprehensive, giving the academic seniors and senior-middlers who elected it a good foundation in the subject, which will be a great help, whether they intend to study it more fully or merely to make use of it at home.

The old Arts and Crafts room has been supplied with the necessary equipment, and makes a bright, pleasant laboratory to work in.

Be prompt! Does that sound familiar? It most probably does, for I suppose we all, ever since we were little children, have had that drilled into us. Maybe we realized the value of that motto long ago, but it is quite likely that we never thought very much about it, unless we were seriously inconvenienced by the thoughtlessness of some one else when we ourselves were in a hurry. Then probably we said harsh things about that friend, yet maybe we resolved that we would forever after be prompt ourselves. Perhaps we kept to the resolve, but very likely we forgot it in a few days. But surely, if we did remember, we never realized how very important it is to be on time until we came away to school, and then we saw what an absolutely indispensable motto it was going to be all our lives.

In school, where by a little thoughtlessness we delay not only ourselves but very many other people who are just as busy as we are, and whose minutes count for just as much, we begin to realize the significance of that short command. If this is such a very important motto for everyone all the time, we should begin to accept and use it right away. Soon it will become a habit for us always to be prompt, and I think we shall find that it is a good habit — the very best.

In the busy life of to-day, so much stress is being laid upon "efficiency" that it seems to me it behooves us all to try to appear efficient in one line of work or another.

Go around with stooped shoulders. It gives you the appearance of willingness for work and suggests efficiency in — shoe-making or something equally important. Wear tortoise-shell spectacles and look scholarly. Fly around the house in a "rushed to death" manner. You may fool yourself and others into thinking that here at last is a pair of capable hands filled to overflowing with mighty labors. Sitting in class, chew the end of your pencil and gaze abstractedly out of the window. It proves the efficient work of the pencil manufacturer and surrounds you with an air of deep thought.

With careful investigation you may find many little mannerisms to adopt which will undoubtedly bring your efficiency

to the notice of your formerly unseeing and unappreciative friends.

Some of us are far too anxious to be "seen but not heard at the table." If we can't take part in the discussion of the new income tax or the latest phase of the European war, we sit there in moody silence. Now, not all of us can be strictly ornamental, and those few of us who can, would add greatly to our own attractiveness and the general pleasure of the table by taking at least some small part in the conversation. It is surprising how many of us do confine our remarks to "Good-morning! Yes, please. No, thank you. May I be excused?"

Still, in order to be an agreeable companion, it is not necessary gaily to monopolize the entire conversation, nor is it pleasant to air one's family grievances there. Your best friend may be much interested in your latest attack of appendicitis, but take her aside and tell her of it privately.

What a cheerful, happy place this world would be if more people possessed well-oiled "forgettories"! The unintentional slight, the thoughtless speech or deed of a friend, would not rankle in our minds, or cause a coolness to arise, and that stinging, sarcastic remark would be forgotten before it reached our lips. We should cease to remember the bit of "spice" which we had intended to pass on; we should even forget to listen when some one mentioned a bit of scandal in our presence.

Blessed is he that hath a good memory, but thrice blessed he whose "forgettory" never faileth him!

Have you ever realized how few people there are who always say what is in their minds and give their own opinions? One reason for their being scarce is that people rarely wish to be laughed at or to seem peculiar. A new idea usually excites criticism and the speaker is ridiculed. Unless she has a strong mind, she will not long continue this frankness. Again, it is much easier for most of us to agree with people than to combat their ideas. Your thoughts on a certain subject may not coincide with some others at first, but after considering their side

of the question you are soon convinced. Surely this is a very lazy way. Yet it is one adopted by many people.

The habit of flattery is also easy to acquire. You see your best friend coming down the stairs in a new dress, and, before you really think, you are telling her how pretty it is, when perhaps that is not your true opinion.

If you wish to make pleasant remarks and yet have the reputation of being sincere, why not make an effort to say only those things which you really feel, instead of something which you know is expected?

There is a popular malady about — have you succumbed to it? No, you say? Ah, but you must be careful, my friend. It is subtle. Many people have been known to have it without realizing it. In fact, even if it is plainly discernible, they persistently try to ignore to others its existence. It usually manifests itself by a marked devotion to one object, and in extreme cases, it has been noted that this devotion excludes all other interests. The object of devotion is very likely to change from time to time, with the unfortunate result that former objects are continuously and systematically ignored. No doubt the result of this ignoring may prove extremely beneficial to the objects of devotion in the long run, but in the process it is extremely disagreeable and humiliating. This malady is by no means confined to boarding-schools, but there it is apt to be especially prevalent. It has been termed by many learned people "crushitis." Have you got it? Watch out!

The school was glad to welcome back this fall Miss Sherman and Miss McLean after their year's leave of absence. It is good to have our old friends with us again, though we miss the kind faces and ways of Miss Tyler and Miss Cutting, who so ably substituted for them last year. Miss Cutting is matron at the Westover School in Middlebury, Connecticut, a school of which Miss Hillard, an old Abbot girl, is principal. Miss Tyler is living at home in Amherst and is taking courses in Old French at Smith College. Mrs. Seybolt writes of her happy, pleasant life in Madison, Wisconsin. She is taking courses in literature and

public speaking in the University of Wisconsin, in which institution Mr. Seybolt is professor of Pedagogy. Her place at Abbot is taken by Miss Alice Dean Spalding of Lowell, a graduate of the Boston School of Expression. Miss Spalding puts much spirit and energy into her elocution and gymnasium work and has already won a firm place in the esteem of the girls. The new department in household economics is in charge of Miss Natalie B. Thompson, a graduate of the School of Household Economics at Cornell University, and the interest shown by her two classes attests the good quality of her teaching. This year there is a resident art teacher, Miss Florence H. Ramsay, a graduate of Radcliffe College and of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. The older girls may choose art or elocution, and good results of this elective method are to be seen. Miss Dowd is taking some of the Latin classes this year, and her secretarial work is being done by Miss Harriet Bixby of North Andover, who has made herself indispensable to all the school by her quiet, business-like ways.



# School Journal

## Commencement

On Sunday, June 7, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by Rev. Samuel H. Dana, D.D., of Exeter, New Hampshire.

The Commencement exercises began Monday morning, June 8, with the annual Draper Reading. The program:

ORGAN PRELUDE: Entrée	<i>Rousseau</i>
THE LAND OF THE BLUE FLOWER	<i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>
Muriel Baker, Cambridge, Massachusetts	
THE BARREL ORGAN	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>
Marion Mather Brooks, Brookline, Massachusetts	
THE LITTLE VIOLINIST	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i>
Marion Adelaide Selden, Andover, Massachusetts	
ORGAN INTERLUDE: Minuetto	<i>Gigout</i>
IN THE WAKE OF WILLIAM TELL	<i>Marion Hill</i>
Martha Lamberton, Franklin, Pennsylvania	
THE VAIN KING	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>
Agnes Campbell Grant, Andover, Massachusetts	
SELECTIONS FROM "THE BLUE BIRD"	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i>
Marion Clark Hamblet, Lawrence, Massachusetts	

On Monday afternoon, June 8, the Seniors gave their lawn party on Davis Green.

On Monday evening, came the musical by the pupils of Professor Ashton and Miss Bennett. The program:

### PART FIRST

CHORUS: Springtide	<i>Bargiel</i>
The Fidelio Society	
TWO MOVEMENTS FROM SUITE	<i>Debussy</i>
a) En Bateau      b) Finale	
Miss Warren and Miss Wilkey	
SONG: The Lord is my Light	<i>Allitsen</i>
Miss Dowd	
VARIATIONS FOR TWO PIANOS (Op. 64)	<i>Von Wilm</i>
Theme	
Con moto	
Scherzo	
Allegretto	
Energico	
Miss Emma Stohn and Miss Leslie	



SONGS: a) Long Ago *MacDowell*  
           b) Liebesfeier *Weingartner*

Miss Jones

SONGS: a) In the Garden *Salter*  
           b) The Year's at the Spring *Beach*  
                                 Miss Koons

PIANO SOLOS: a) Hunting Song  
                   b) Romanze *MacDowell*  
                   c) Tarantelle  
                                 Miss Leslie

## PART SECOND

ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO FROM SECOND CONCERTO *Saint-Saëns*  
                                 Miss Lowe and Miss Sjöström

SONGS: a) Chanson de Neige *Chaminade*  
           b) June *Beach*  
                                 Miss Cushing

PIANO SOLOS: a) Reverie *Schuett*  
                   b) Lolo Habanera *Granado*  
                                 Miss Sjöström

ARIA: My Heart at thy Sweet Voice *Saint-Saëns*  
        (Samson and Delilah)  
                                 Miss Fidler

PIANO SOLOS: a) Venice, Gondoliera *Liszt*  
                   b) Humoresque (Miniature Suite) *Bowen*  
                                 Miss Lowe

CHORUS: Gypsy Life *Schumann*  
                                 The Fidelio Society

Miss Wilkey and Miss Warren at the piano.

Tuesday morning, June 9, the school assembled for the Tree exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church. The program:

The Reverend Charles H. Cutler, D.D., of the Board of Trustees  
        presiding in the absence of the Acting President

### PRELUDE AND MARCH

"O COME BEFORE HIS PRESENCE WITH SINGING" *Martin*  
                                 The School Choir

### INVOCATION

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" *Goetschius*  
                                 The School Choir

### ADDRESS: Sufficient Ideals

President John Martin Thomas, D.D., LL.D.,  
        of Middlebury College

## PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

The Principal

## PARTING HYMN

The School

*Samuel M. Downs*

## PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

The Reverend Charles Henry Oliphant

FREDERIC G. MOORE, *Marshal*

## ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Mildred Louise Allaman	Dayton, Ohio
Miriam Bancroft	Concord, N. H.
Dorothy Bennett	Beverly
Margaret Ingham Blake	Ivoryton, Conn.
Harriett Bowman	Muncie, Ind.
Helen Darlington Burk	Philadelphia, Pa.
Marion Clark	Andover
Olive Wanda Dean	Andover
Frances Miner Dowd	Madison, Conn.
Helen Elizabeth Gilbert	Bolton
Hildegard Emma Wilder Gutterson	Winchester
Helen Elizabeth Hamblet	Lawrence
Helen Doris Hanscom	Lawrence
Elizabeth Margaret Johnson	Andover
Laura Northey Marland	Ballardvale
Bertha Wessel	Lawrence
Elsie Whipple	Andover
Marie Estelle Winsor	Asbury Park, N. J.
Margaret Wylie	Walla Walla, Wash.

## COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Elisabeth Poole Bartlett	Andover
Lillian Frances Conroy	Andover
Elsie Grosvenor Gleason	Andover
Mary Rutherford Harsh	Nashville, Tenn.
Gladys Abbot Walker Higgins	Andover
Mary Alice Hildreth	Bethlehem, N. H.
Mildred Amy Horne	Honolulu, Hawaii
Frances Laura Jones	Portland, Oregon
Lucretia Lowe	Andover
Esther Margaret Parks	Cleveland, Ohio
Katharine Elizabeth Selden	Andover
Alice Curtiss Sweeney	Lawrence

# Calendar

## SEPTEMBER

### September

- 19 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: School Regulations.
- 20 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Living Rightly.
- 22 A. C. A. Annual Dance to New Girls.
- 26 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: The Girl of Integrity.
- 27 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Yoke of Jesus.
- 29 A. C. A. Baby Party.

## OCTOBER

### October

- 3 Chapel. Miss Mabel E. Haywood: International Institute of Madrid.
- 9 Chapel. Miss Olive May Wilson: The Santa Claus Lady.
- 10 Hall Exercises. Miss Spalding: Hygiene.  
Chapel. Rev. Mr. Barbour: Power.
- 13 A. C. A. Entertainment by corridors in Davis Hall.
- 17 Hall Exercises. Mr. Ashton: Symphony.
- 18 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: The Sacredness of Promises.  
Organ Recital: Mr. Ashton.
- 20 Opening of Infirmary to Mrs. Taylor's guests.
- 21 Opening to the girls.
- 23 First game between the Chippewas and Iroquois.
- 24 Hall Exercises. Miss Annie Cannon: Familiar Stars. Stereopticon  
lecture.  
Finals of Tennis Tournament.
- 25 Chapel. Mr. Oliphant: The Glory of Unattained Perfection.
- 27 A. C. A. Hallowe'en Party in Davis Hall.
- 28 Junior-Mid Picnic.
- 31 Senior-Mid Picnic.

## NOVEMBER

### November

- 1 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Ryder: Motives for Good and Evil.  
Visit of Miss Merrill.
- 3 Senior Picnic and Straw-ride.
- 6 Chapel. Miss Ruth Huntington: Work of the Hindman School.
- 7 Annual Bradford Game.
- 8 Chapel. Miss Annie Beecher Scoville: Work of Hampton.
- 9 Stereopticon Lecture. Miss Scoville: When Shakespeare Came to  
London.
- 10 Entertainment in Davis Hall by first-year students for Red Cross  
Fund.
- 15 Chapel. Mrs. Tyer: William Duncan, missionary.
- 17 Banquet for Basketball Squad.
- 18 Annual-Fall Field Day.  
Second game between Chippewas and Iroquois.

- 19 Visit of Alumnae Advisory Board.
- 22 Chapel. Rev. Clark Carter: Work of Lawrence City Mission.
- 24 Thanksgiving Service.
- 28 Lecture. President Slocum of Colorado College: The Larger Life.
- 29 Chapel. Rev. Frederic Palmer: Story of David.
- 30 Visit of Miss Means.

## DECEMBER

### December

- 1 Chapel. Miss Means.  
Packing Hindman boxes.
- 2 Household Science classes visit Simmons College and National Biscuit Company.
- 5 Concert. Zoellner Quartette.
- 6 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Bigelow: The Joy and Privilege of Personality.
- 9 Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason at home to seniors.
- 11 John Kendrick Bangs. Reading from his Christmas Stories.
- 13 Christmas Service. Miss Bailey: The Christmas Spirit of To-day.
- 14 Seniors meet Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks.
- 15 Christmas Tree.
- 16 Miss Bailey's Birthday Party.
- 17 Christmas Carols by Glee Club.

## JANUARY

### January

- 9 Hall Exercises. Miss Loring: Red Cross Work.
- 10 Chapel. Robert A. Woods: South End House, Boston.
- 12 A. C. A. Party in recreation room.
- 13 Mrs. Henry's Tea to the girls of the Episcopal Church.  
Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason at home to their corridor.
- 16 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead: The European War and America's Duty.  
Chapel. Dr. Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School.
- 21 Concert. Miss Ethel Leginska.

## Lectures

On Saturday, September 26, we had the first hall exercise of the year. Miss Bailey talked to us about a subject which ought to be in the mind of every girl all the time, and which should be the aim of her life: Integrity. Miss Bailey told us about the girl of integrity, just how she would act and what she would or would not do. I think each of us realized how very far we fell short of being such a girl, and that we each resolved to strive toward that end.

On Saturday, October 24, we had the pleasure of hearing a lecture on "Familiar Stars", given by Miss Annie Cannon of the Harvard Observatory. Miss Cannon is among the foremost astronomers of the world and is the only woman who is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society. Her talk, which

was illustrated by many interesting plates of the great stellar bodies, added materially to our rather meager knowledge of the heavens. The many interesting facts which she brought us will prove food for thought on these gloriously clear winter nights, and we realize anew that the "heavens do indeed declare the glory of God".

A great pleasure was afforded us by two interesting talks given by Miss Annie Beecher Scoville. On Sunday evening, November 9, she spoke about the work of Hampton Institute, where she has spent much time in the work among the negroes and the Indians.

The following evening, she gave a most uncommon and interesting lecture upon the subject "When Shakespeare Came to London". The life and customs of that enthusiastic and progressive age were given new interest, and a rare and valuable collection of old prints, the envy of the librarian of the British Museum, with which she illustrated her talk, made very real to us the beauty, as well as the oddity, of the life of the people of Elizabeth's day.

On Saturday, November 28, President Slocum of Colorado College spoke to the school. He is a man of large personality, and his address gave us much food for thought and consideration. His subject was "The Larger Life". He said there was one thing he liked every person in this world to have, and that was individuality. He wanted each person to be different from everyone else, to live his own life, and to live it in the fullest way. He emphasized the fact that we could find our lives by giving. We shall give, he went on to say, just what we have to give, and for that reason we should aim to get the best always; physically, morally, and intellectually. In return for the good we give to friends, we are sure to get the best from them. He concluded by saying, "Be your best that you may give your best to a world that needs you."

On the evening of December 11 we had a delightful treat in hearing Mr. John Kendrick Bangs read from his own Christmas stories. The introduction with which he prefaced his readings was of the deliciously humorous type which, from long acquaintance with him, we have learned to seek in everything he touches. He read three stories: "The Conversion of Hetherington", "A Glance Ahead", and "The House of the Seven Santas". Each story was introduced to us by an account of the actual circumstance of its writing. Mr. Bangs's delightful personality was reflected in his reading.

Just at this time we have a great interest in the Red Cross Society because of the important and wonderful work it is now doing. It was a great privilege for us to have Miss Loring, on January 9, come and tell us about it. In 1854 Florence Nightingale went out into the battlefields of the Crimean War and aided the wounded soldiers. This was the first time soldiers had ever received help from anyone besides their fellow-comrades. A few years later, by the diligent effort of a Swiss gentleman, the Red Cross was founded. Country after country joined until it became a world-wide society. In peace they aid in natural calamities; in war they care for the wounded and sick. Miss Loring told many interesting facts about the hospitals of the present war. One fact was about the hospital unit of which we hear so much. This, she said, is



composed of three surgeons, twelve nurses, and the supplies necessary to found a hospital. These units have been sent to many countries.

On January 16, we had the great privilege of hearing Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead of The World's Peace Foundation, speak about the present European War and our duty in relation to it. Mrs. Mead has spent some months in Europe studying the question, and is an authority on the subject. She said that now it is impossible to say just what really caused the war, but that she considered we were all to blame. We believe in the false philosophy that if we want peace we must be armed; if safe, we must be protected. Men have been urging for a larger navy, for more armaments, and yet all the time they have been preaching peace. China never was armed and is the only nation of antiquity which has survived. War has been defined as organized insanity. It is an enormous expense and leaves a debt for future generations to pay. It is not only brutal, but fiendish.

Mrs. Mead believes that every nation should sign a treaty with every other nation, as we have done with thirty, saying that they will not fight or go into war before a year of hostility passes by. This would do away with the frantic haste which, she believes, has caused a great deal of the trouble in Europe now, and would give the nations time to consider the cost. She decidedly does not believe in armies and navies, but does believe in an international police force which should overcome force, violence and dissension by court judgment and not by explosives.

## Concert

On Saturday, December 5, the Zoellner Quartet of stringed instruments gave the first of our annual series of concerts. The fact that they were members of the same family, Mr. Zoellner playing with his daughter and two sons, added to our interest.

The program consisted of a composition by Beethoven, one by Dvorak, and two quartets by modern Russian composers. The musicians played with perfect unity and a great deal of feeling, carrying us, too, into the spirit of the music.

## Plays

Although no large plays were produced during the fall term of 1914, several small entertainments which showed much originality were given.

On October 13, each corridor furnished one "stunt" for a vaudeville performance. Although almost impromptu, the "track meet", tableaux, "wax-works", and plays showed much cleverness.

That the younger girls are not lacking in talent was shown on November 10, when a vaudeville show was given. This, too, had little preparation, and was managed by the girls, with the help of Miss Wilkins. There was great variety to the performance; the shadow picture, the dances of the goblins, and the pantomimic skit all being most unique and amusing, while the bird dance was very graceful and pretty. About thirty dollars was made for the benefit of the Red Cross.



## School Gifts

As the result of a small entertainment, given by the first year girls, to which only the girls in school were invited, approximately \$30.00 was raised for the Red Cross. Later a few evenings were spent in sewing baby dresses, making pillowcases, and rolling bandages.

At Thanksgiving, the girls were delighted at being able to send \$80.00 to Rev. Clark Carter for his work in Lawrence.

The window-seat of the recreation room had its usual display of daintily-dressed dolls during the two days before packing time. The war had so limited the supply of dolls that the Clark Neighborhood House, from which the dolls are sent, was obliged to send rag dolls, which made the problem of dressing them more difficult although no less interesting. The results were very good, however, and the dolls were shipped back to New York in plenty of time for Christmas.

Our talk this year on the International Institute for Girls in Spain was extremely interesting, and \$25.00 was raised and sent there.

The Hindman School barrels were of the greatest interest to all concerned this year. The committee returned from their shopping trip in Lawrence laden with all manner of useful articles, such as small dresses, caps, and gloves. Candy and playthings were sent in large bundles by parcel post, and two barrels were filled with the clothes and other articles.

## Athletics

The school this year has been divided into two classes, the Iroquois and the Chippewas. The rivalry between the two is of a very friendly kind and greatly adds to the enthusiasm in athletics.

Basketball teams from both sides were chosen and the first game was played October 23. The supporters of each team were lined up on either side of the field and they cheered with a will. The Iroquois won by a score of 15 to 4.

The second game was played on Field Day, November 18. Here again the Iroquois were victorious; by 13 to 4.

The three new tennis courts north of the new infirmary, which were begun last summer, were completed this fall. Their situation is admirable. Since there were but two courts last spring, few girls could play, but now with these splendid new ones every girl has a chance.

During the early fall a tennis tournament was in progress. On October 24, the finals were played between Marion Brooks and Ruth Ottman. The latter won both sets, the scores being 6-1, 6-2.

On November 7, excitement reigned supreme in the school, for it was the day of the Abbot-Bradford basketball game and it was to be played at Abbot. Both schools were there, with a few uninvited guests from Phillips.

At the end of the first half, the score was 9 to 4 in favor of Bradford. Since there were still fifteen more minutes of play, Abbot did not lose hope.

But the heavier and quicker team was sure to win, so when the final whistle blew, the score was 13 to 9, our visitors being victorious.

Although Abbot was defeated, the spirit in which the loss was taken made one realize that victory, though much to be desired, is not so important as a good game.

The second Fall Field Day took place November 18. It began with the Obstacle Race, Marion Selden coming in first and Hilda Temple second. The 40-yard dash was won by Grace Merrill, with Agnes Grant coming in second. Much merriment was caused by the three-legged and wheelbarrow races, Elsa Wade with Alice Prescott winning the former, and Alice Prescott with Agnes Grant the latter. Yet again the Iroquois carried off the honors in the relay race. The Chippewas were victorious in dodge-ball, and though it is sad it is true, this was their only victory.

The last event proved the most exciting, being the basket ball game. The Iroquois were again most fortunate, winning with a score of 13 to 4.

The final score of the entire meet was: Iroquois 48; Chippewas 16.

## Honor Roll

### SECOND SEMESTER

JUNE, 1914

Lucretia Lowe	94%
Harriett Bowman, Mary Hildreth	93
Alice Fidler, Agnes Grant, Marion Hamblet, Elsie Whipple	92
Carita Bigelow, Ada Wilkey	91
Muriel Baker, Marion Barnard, Bernice Boutwell, Charlotte Eaton, Mary Harsh	90
Agnes Leslie, Esther Sheldon	89
Dorothy Bond, Hildegard Gutterson	88

### FIRST QUARTER

NOVEMBER, 1914

Agnes Grant	92%
Marion Barnard	91
Carita Bigelow, Marion Hamblet	89
Muriel Baker, Bernice Boutwell, Agnes Leslie	88

## Items of General Interest

A week before school began in September, we were much saddened by hearing the news of the death of Miss Mason's mother. Mrs. Mason was a woman of a strong and rarely sweet character. Many of the old girls will remember her with affection, for until the last few years she made frequent visits to Andover, and at Commencement time she was almost always here. To the very end she showed a keen interest in everything that was happening here.

Just after Thanksgiving, Miss Means made a visit of several days at Abbot. It was stimulating to have her with us again, and we were delighted to see the photographs of the lovely new house she is building on her island. Her summer was saddened by anxiety over the sickness and death of her sister Lilla, and the dangerous journey of her sister Kate from southern Germany to Helsingfors and from Helsingfors home to New York. Early in December Miss Means and Miss Davis started for California, where they are planning to spend the winter.

Mrs. Draper has received many postcards, letters, and newspapers during the fall from Miss Schiefferdecker. In her last letter she speaks of sending Christmas packages to the soldiers at the front and of visiting the wounded soldiers at the hospitals. Her address is Joachim-Friedrichstr. 54, Berlin-Halensee.

It was good to have a few days' visit from Miss Merrill early in November, and we were very grateful to her for coming to us. She spent the summer with her father and sister at their summer home at Cumberland Foreside, and is now in Portland. Her address is 276 Spring Street.

On the side of the library door opposite Mr. Draper's picture hangs a new picture done in oil. It is a portrait of our dear friend Mrs. Draper and is a continual delight to us all. It was painted by Mr. H. Winthrop Peirce through the interest of some who for many years were in close touch with Mr. Draper and the school.

On July 4, 1914, Mrs. Taylor completed the endowment of \$3000 for the fellowship which she has given in memory of her brother-in-law, Mr. Stephen M. Knevals of New York.

The class of 1884, largely through the efforts of Dr. Greely, have given a very generous gift, which has been very much appreciated by the teachers — that of \$90.00 for the faculty sitting-room.

Guests coming into the Mason drawing-room notice at once the very beautifully embroidered table cover — an old Chinese temple drapery — the gift of the Boston Abbot Club.

A very interesting present which came to the school this fall is a piece of petrified wood which was found by Miss Helene Abbot near Fort Mead in South Dakota, and which was sent to the school in her name by her father, Captain Stephen Abbot of the United States Army.

The trustees have bought the Morrill property on the corner of School and Abbot Streets, opposite the McKeen Building.

As an extra precaution in case of fire, gas has been substituted for kerosene for the exit lights in Draper Hall. During last year gas lamps had been put into the teachers' rooms.

An extension clock, connected with the clock in the office at Draper Hall, has been put into the Infirmary, in order that there may be uniform time in the two buildings.

Five new flexible flyers and a newly-discovered coasting place have given the girls many recreation periods of good times. The coast starts by

the fence directly behind Professor Taylor's house, and, passing through a series of quick turns and questionable corners, ends at the farther end of the hockey field. The sleds are long, narrow, five-passenger "flexes", built for speed and the slide is covered in record time. At the same time, ice covered the new tennis courts and skaters enjoyed that sport.

Those interested in the flooding of the hockey field for skating may wonder why the plan is so long in fulfillment. Owing to pipes near the surface of the field and to the fact that much grading would have to be done, it was found that \$800 would be needed for the carrying out of the plan, and so the project was necessarily abandoned. The trustees now think it better to use the field directly behind the Lawrie house. In this case \$2200 would be required.

By the efforts of the Faculty, a new schedule has been devised, by which it is hoped that the girls may enjoy more exercise and sunshine during the winter months. Lessons have been re-arranged, giving us a recreation period before lunch, and the hour just before dinner is then spent as a study period. This plan seems to be meeting with the greatest success.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rockwell returned in October from a four months' visit in Europe, most of the time being spent at Göttingen. Mrs. Rockwell went to the International Conference of the Y. W. C. A. at Stockholm, and is now working on the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.

We were very sorry to learn this summer of the death of Mr. Root, the father of Dr. Root and Mrs. Patton (Charlotte Root). We hear, however, good news of the very happy home life of Mrs. Patton with her husband and two little girls. In the spring they are hoping to move from Canada back to Detroit.

In November, Mrs. Biscoe (Miss Agnes Slocum) spent one night of a very short visit east at Abbot. She showed us charming photographs of her four lovely, sturdy children.

Miss Edith Metcalf is to spend the greater part of the winter in California.

## Alumnae Notes

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### The Boston Abbot Club

CALENDAR FOR 1914-1915

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|----------|---|---|
| November | 7 | Stereopticon Lecture: Treasures of the Art Museum — Mr. Morris Carter.        |
| December | 5 | Ideals of Abbot Academy carried into Practical Life — Mrs. Milton P. Higgins. |
| January  | 2 | Reception to Club members. Tea; Music.  |
| February | 6 | Midyear Luncheon.   |
| March    | 6 | Stereopticon Lecture on the Philippines — Mr. Lewis Whittemore.               |
| April    | 3 | Annual Meeting: Work among the Girls at Tewksbury — Miss Mary Byers Smith.    |
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1832. Dr. William H. Baker, the eminent Boston surgeon, founder of the Free Hospital for Women, whose death occurred in December, was a son of Harriet (Woods) Baker.

1834. Martha Ann Brown, whose name has been at the head of our alumnae list for about a year, died in Salem, November 7, at the age of ninety-four, retaining her faculties to the last. Some reminiscences of her school days were published in the last issue of the *Courant*. In accordance with her wish, there has been presented to the school a map of the United States, drawn by her with infinite pains at the age of twelve, just before coming to Abbot Academy. She said that when the teachers saw it, they decided to introduce map-drawing into the course of study. It is a most interesting piece of work, for many reasons. The minute lettering, which is exquisitely clear, must have been done with a quill pen. The map is kept at the John-Esther Gallery and will be shown to any who would like to see it.

1835. The senior alumna of Abbot Academy is now Mrs. Louisa Packard Willis of Lawrence, who was in school with her two sisters from North Bridgewater. In a precious little box of shiny, old-fashioned cards, treasured by Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins Butterfield because gathered by her older sister Mary, when in school, is one bearing the name of Louisa Packard. Some are decorated with scrolls and flowers and some have sentiments in neat script,— quaint mementoes of a past that seems a little nearer when we are brought thus to realize that it is not a lifetime away from to-day.

1858. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Boutwell (Jennie Trull) of West Andover quietly observed their golden wedding anniversary on January 12.

1867. Louise J. White of Washington, D. C. is recovering from an illness caused by an injury to her head in a fall. Sorrow has recently come to her in the death of her youngest brother.



1873. Miss Elizabeth S. P. Rollins, teacher in the Garland School of Homemaking in Boston, recently gave a talk before the Rockland Woman's Club on "Our Relations to the New Standard of Living".

†1877. It is pleasant to record what we call a double Abbot Academy marriage. Miriam Richards Gile, daughter of Josephine Richards, †1877, was married, September 2, to Dr. John Bryant Hartwell, son of Jane Mowry, 1874. Their home is at 8 Dwight Street, Brookline.

†1878. In the *Congregationalist* of December 17, 1914, we read of the death in Bridgeport, Conn., November 22, 1914, of Sarah Franklin Ripley Blodget, in her ninety-third year. She was the wife of the late Rev. Henry Blodget, a pioneer missionary to China, the mother of Mrs. William R. Richards (Charlotte B. Blodget †1878) and grandmother of Anna May Richards †1907.

†1880. The friends of Helen R. Heywood will be sorry to hear of the death of her beloved mother, on December 28, 1914. Mrs. Heywood had not been well for a year or two, but, always public-spirited and generous, she had retained her interest in public affairs, especially in Gardner, her home city, and in the Henry Heywood Memorial Hospital which she and her daughter were instrumental in founding as a memorial to her husband, and which she has been greatly interested to keep up to the high standard that has already given the hospital an enviable reputation. In all her good works, she has been ably seconded by her only daughter, who has over and over again shown her helpful and loyal interest in Abbot Academy. We sorrow with Miss Heywood in her loss.

†1883. Mrs. Henry L. Rowell (Nellie L. Hadley) writes of their new house she and Mr. Rowell are enjoying in La Jolla, California—"poinsettias and other flowers in profusion, the house flooded with sunshine, and the kitchen garden growing apace."

1883. Clara T. Foss is spending the winter in Portland, Maine, engaged in a pleasant enterprise.

1883. Abbot Academy friends as well as the general public learned with great regret of the recent death from heart trouble of Dr. James G. Mumford, husband of Helen Ford. He had achieved a country-wide reputation both as a surgeon and a writer of important medical works. His recent work as director of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium was extraordinarily successful, and is said to have been done in the face of physical incapacitation that signified great heroism.

†1883. Martha O. Coffin is living this year at the Westover School in Middlebury, Ct., of which Mary Hillard †1883 is principal, and is carrying on neighborhood work and teaching in a small community nearby where the farmers are mostly foreigners.

1884. Lily Dougall's latest book is "The Practice of Christianity", published by Macmillan. In a review in the *Congregationalist* it is called "a stimulating and suggestive discussion, worthy of careful reading". Themes taken up are "the repentance demanded by Jesus, the divine method, the new



ear h, the penal system, warfare, thrift and poverty, material welfare". She is now writing a series of "Short Bible Studies for Wartime" for *The Challenge*, a London newspaper.

1885. Mary (Schauffler) Labaree has written "The Child in the Midst", describing child life in other lands, as a textbook for the united study of foreign missions, published by an interdenominational committee. Mrs. Labaree's missionary experience in Persia and in the New Britain City Mission give her special fitness for such work. She is also addressing church organizations on topics bearing on the same subject.

†1886. Our sympathy is extended to Grace (Carleton) Dryden, and Clara L. Carleton, assistant to Professor Downs in the Music Department for several years, in the loss that has recently come to them in the death of their mother at the old home in Bradford. She was a woman whose unselfish and kindly ways and cheerful outlook upon life made her a delightful and helpful companion and friend.

†1887. In memory of Caroline T. Robinson, for thirteen years assistant curator of the Bowdoin College art collections, two casts from the Greek have been given to the art building, the low relief of Hyeso, and the relief of Orpheus and Eurydice at Naples.

†1887. Jeanie Carter Prall's busy sphere is her home, and it is always good to hear the home news she gives, but we know she is a power in the community in which she lives also.

†1887. Catherine Foxcroft Crocker is teaching French in the High School at Norwich, Conn. She and her assistant in French are reported as living in the cosiest of apartments, taking pleasure in dispensing hospitality in the intervals of teaching.

†1887. A great sorrow has come to Harriet Thwing in the death of her father, Deacon Joseph P. Thwing, a long-time resident of Farmington, Me. She is spending the winter with one of her brothers. Her present address is 2028 Kenwood Parkway, Minneapolis, Minn.

†1888. Emily J. Smith reports herself as happy in her work, the care of little children, in a home in Norwich, Conn.

†1888. Ellen O. Walkley, while rejoicing in the new East Boston Branch of the Public Library, says that during rush hours, the fine large rooms are crowded.

1888. Susie (Davis) Landon of Indianapolis is recovering from a severe illness which has lasted about two years.

†1889. Alice H. Joy (Mrs. Richard H. Arms), one of the "89-ers" not able to be present at the reunion in June, writes from her far-away home, "Long Acres", Grand Junction, Colorado, "It is a very happy life we lead, although it is different from anything I have ever known before. We have a lovely ranch, full of fruit and flowers and good things to eat, but lots of hard work and little profit. We have a lovely home life; we are so closely dependent upon each other."

1889. Flora L. Mason writes that she is having a busy winter at home this year. She is president of the Woman's Club, secretary of the City Planning Board and of the Academy of Science, president of a Foreign Missionary Society and chairman of the Social Service committee in her church.

1892. Mrs. S. C. Bartlett (Fannie Gordon) has moved from Brookline to Colrain. Mr. Bartlett is acting pastor of the church there.

†1894. A Christmas greeting in the form of the Kawaiahaeo Seminary Semi-Centennial number of *The Friend*, published in Honolulu, H. I., has been received by friends of Mabel E. Boshier, principal of the flourishing seminary above mentioned. The various addresses made at the semi-centennial celebration are of great interest, notably that of the venerable Lydia Brigham Coan, the first principal, widow of one of Hawaii's first and best missionaries, the Rev. Dr. Titus Monson Coan, and that of the present principal, our Miss Boshier.

†1894. Mrs. Allen E. Cross (Ethelyn Marshall) has changed her home to Milford, Mass., where her husband has been installed as pastor of the Congregational Church.

Among those who were overtaken in Europe by the war were May (Churchill) Talcott †1895, Rose Churchill and Emily Richards 1895, Anne Hincks 1896, and Sarah Hincks †1906 C.P. Anna (Wells) Bigelow 1890, and Miriam Carpenter 1902 (special) met in a steamship office in Milan on the third day of August, waiting anxiously to secure passage home. Fortunately, however, none of these met with real hardship.

†1896. We are very sorry to learn of the death in July of Mr. Ernest L. Carr, of Melrose, husband of Lillian Franklin.

†1897. Mrs. Marlborough Churchill's husband is now stationed at Washington. Their address is the Woodward, Connecticut Avenue.

1897. Martha Flag Emerson, who is now in her second year as librarian at Atlanta University, Georgia, finds her work among the colored people intensely interesting, and she speaks with great praise of Gertrude Ware, †'97, who is the head of the kindergarten department there, and whose brother is the President of the University.

1897. Our sympathy is expressed to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius J. Mahoney (Katherine Regan) as we learn of the death of their baby daughter, who lived only two days.

1897. The new Governor of New Hampshire, Mr. Rolland Spaulding, is a brother of Marion L. Spaulding. The family lived in Andover for a number of years.

†1898. Ann (Gilchrist) Strong made a call at the Academy in August, and was interested to see the improvements in equipment, and to hear of the addition to the curriculum of courses in household management. She has recently been made full professor of Household Arts in the University of Cincinnati. She spoke with enthusiasm of the practical nature of her work,

explaining that the students carried out their theories in dietetics by practice work in the City Hospital under her direction.

†1899. The class of 1899 celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on Saturday, June 20, with a luncheon at the Hotel Lenox in Boston. The nine present out of the fourteen graduated were: Mrs. Maboth Wolfenden Hill, Mrs. Elizabeth Paine Collins, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson Thomas, Mrs. Alice Case Colgrove, Mrs. Agnes Fogg Worthington, Miss Mary Kenniston, Miss Mary Ryder, Miss May Young, Miss Catherine Sandford. It was the first time that some had seen each other since leaving school, and it was greatly regretted that the president, Mrs. Georgia Whitney Drake, was detained from her annual summer trip east, from Kansas, on account of the sudden illness of her children. Mrs. Thomas and Miss Young went to Andover for Commencement.

†1900. Constance Gutterson is becoming well known as an advocate of dress reform. She recently gave a lecture on the subject at the Woman's City Club in Boston.

†1900. Winona Algie is teaching in Dedham this winter.

†1901. Evelyn Carter has been teaching in the South during the fall, but she expects to be in New York with Honora Spalding for the latter part of the winter.

1906. Elizabeth Deeble writes that she and Gladys Perry (†1909 C.P.) were bridesmaids at Ruth Van Vliet's wedding.

†1906. Vennette (Herron) Wagner has written a serial in *Women's Stories* called "The Torch", which will be published in book form. She is engaged in writing on subjects connected with Panama and South America. She has traveled a great deal in the last few years.

†1907. Ethel Arms Tyng is working with her husband, the Rev. Walworth Tyng, in Changsha, China. Besides her mission work, she has the care of her baby. Her address is Care American Church Missions, Changsha, China.

†1907. Mabel Rhodes is again living in Taunton, Massachusetts, in a little cottage next to her father's house. Her address is 53 Cedar Street.

†1907. Louise Richards's husband, Mr. Dillwyn Sidney Rollins, has been appointed to serve on the staff of Governor Spaulding of New Hampshire.

†1907. Mrs. Harold S. Taylor's (Maria Pillsbury's) new address is 1320 West State Street, Trenton, New Jersey.

†1908. Esther Parker is visiting this winter in Boulder, Colorado.

1908. Katharine Butler has had a poem and a story accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*.

1909. Elizabeth Wyer, who recently made a flying visit to the school, is now Mrs. J. Avery French, and gives her address as Fort McKinley, Me.

1909. Gertrude (Swanberg) Cryan is now living at 629 Watertown Street, Newtonville, and says they hope to be settled there for a long time.

†1910. Mira Bigelow Wilson is teaching History and English at the Curtis and Peabody School in Boston and is living at 91 Pinckney Street.

1910. Dora E. Heys of Lynn spent all the summer in Europe with her family, and after a delightful sojourn in Switzerland and France was forced to hurry out of Paris to England on account of the war. She saw much of the mobilization of French and English troops, but after a month's waiting in England to return to America, she was most fortunate to sail home on the steamer she originally intended to. She has eleven or more cousins in the war and has heard that one has been killed in action. In October she was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Marion Bemis and Mr. Frank Schlesinger in Springfield, Mass. She is now at home interested in charity work in Lynn, being treasurer of the Junior Aid Society, composed of girls who do good work for the poor children of Lynn.

1910. Marjorie Kimball's husband, Mr. John Stearns Abbott, died suddenly of meningitis on December 30, six weeks from the day of their marriage. To her and to Mr. Abbott's sister, Helen Abbott Allen (C.P. 1904), all hearts will go out in sympathy.

†1910. The address of Laura Jackson, now Mrs. Charles B. Austin, is Kuna, Idaho.

†1910. Mrs. Owen Morgan (Emily Silsby) has changed her address in Hartford, Conn., to 6 Atwood Street.

†1911. The new address of Persis Bodwell (Mrs. John P. Ingalls) is 958 Humphrey Street, Swampscott.

†1911. Having graduated from Miss Fisher's Kindergarten Training School in Boston, Katharine Ordway is teaching kindergarten among little foreigners in the Henry Barnard public school of Hartford, Conn. Her address there is 10 Atwood Street.

†1911. Frances M. Pray is still teaching colored children in Tougaloo University in Mississippi. She writes of the great need of money in order that promising pupils may continue their studies at the school. She spent a few days of the Christmas vacation at Vicksburg.

†1912. Frances Sheldon is a Freshman at Smith this year.

†1912. Ruth Draper is taking courses in Economics and Landscape Gardening at the University of Vermont.

†1912. Dorothy Simpson is studying music at the Boston Conservatory this winter.

1912. Helen E. Bowman is working hard at her music this winter and is doing much church and charity work.

1912. Emily L. Prue, who has been studying at the Normal School of Gymnastics in New Haven since leaving Abbot, is now teacher of Gymnastics in the Institution for the Feeble-minded in Columbus, Ohio.

1912. Marion Bayley is a senior at the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y. She expects to enter Smith next autumn.



†1913. Edna Francis was sub-counsellor last summer at Camp Wyonegonic for girls, Denmark, Me.

†1913. Helen Boyd is very busy doing social service work this winter. "She has several clubs of the girls and boys of one of the city's public schools, and these claim most of her afternoons."

1913. Barbara Paine is studying this year at Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.

1913. Irene Henderson is at the Weston School for Girls in Roxbury.

†1914. Of last year's college seniors, Elisabeth Bartlett, Mary Harsh, Katharine Selden and Frances Jones are at Smith; Mary Hildreth and Esther Parks are at Wellesley; Lillian Conroy, Elsie Gleason and Lucretia Lowe at Radcliffe, and Alice Sweeney and Dorothy Bond at Vassar.

†1914. Mildred Horne is teaching kindergarten in North Yakima, Washington. Her address is 16 North Naches Avenue.

†1914. Marion Clark is taking a course in domestic science at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

†1914. Margaret Wylie writes most enthusiastically of her work among the colored children in Calhoun, Alabama.

†1914. Dorothy Bennett has been living this fall with her mother and little brother in Richmond, Virginia, where she has been taking courses in a business school.

†1914. Helen Hamblet is at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics at 1452 Chapel Street.

†1914. Frances Dowd is at home this winter in Madison, Conn. She has joined a German conversation class and also is teaching a private class of children in primary work.

†1914. Elsie Whipple is staying at the Puritan Hotel, Boston, and is continuing her music.

†1914. Harriett Bowman is having a busy, useful winter at home in Muncie. Besides doing the family marketing and housekeeping, she has charge of a group of "Blue Birds", a sort of Junior Camp Fire Group, at the Y. W. C. A.

†1914. Helen Burk is taking the two-year course in Normal Physical Education at the Temple University, Philadelphia.

†1914. Helen Hanscom is attending Miss Farmer's cooking school. She is Superintendent of the Primary Department in the Sunday School in the Universalist church in Lawrence.

†1914. Wanda Dean is to spend the winter in Florida.

1914. Anna Burke is taking the one-year course at Simmons College this winter.

1914. Harriet Shaw was disappointed at not being able to return to Abbot, but she is enjoying her work in the high school at Cripple Creek, Colorado.

### Visitors

Miss Means, Miss Merrill, Mrs. Agnes Slocum Biscoe, Miss Titcomb, Miss Tyler, Helen Weber Mitchell †1909, Frances Pray †1911, Charlotte Odell Baker †1892, Hildegard Gutterson †1914, Edna Francis †1913, Abbie Laton †1912, Olga Erickson †1913, Marion Martin †1913, Helen Gilbert †1914, Helen Hanscom †1914, Ruth Gillilan 1909, Persis Bodwell Ingalls †1911, Alice Conant Wadleigh 1889, Honora Spalding †1902, Ella Stohn 1913, Dorothy Bigelow †1911, Helen Whitten †1909, Anne Blauvelt 1910, Nora Sweeney 1909, Mary Sweeney 1909, Alice Sweeney †1914, Louise Sweeney †1908, Louise Albrecht 1914, Marguerite Albrecht 1914, Jessie Lumsden 1914, May Young Duffy †1896, Mabel Wheaton Barney †1876, Elizabeth Nichols Bean †1893, Katharine Gilbert 1913, Frances Jones †1914, Mary Hildreth †1914, Gertrude Greening Weadock †1904, Elinor Barta 1903, Oena May Whyte †1907, Gertrude Hendricks 1910, Elisabeth Bartlett †1914, Katharine Selden †1914, Mary Beal Stephenson 1892, Pauline Whittlesey Patton 1884, Elsie Whipple †1914.

### Engagements

1891. Harriet Cutter Morse of Newtonville to Mr. Nicholas Richardson of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

†1899. May Emery Young to Mr. Channing Harris Cox of Manchester, New Hampshire.

†1904. Julia F. Wallace to Mr. Edwin Stanton Tage of Nashua, N. H.

†1907. Anna May Richards to Mr. H. Lloyd Folsom of Orange, New Jersey, a Yale graduate.

†1908. Winifred Ogden to Mr. John Marshall Lindley of Baltimore, Md.

1909. Edwina Walden Jarvis to Prof. Joseph Rayburn Keithley of Washington, D. C.

†1910. Lillie Richardson Johnson to Mr. Ralph Smith.

†1910. Lydia C. Skolfield to Mr. Wallace Emery Parsons.

1913. Marion Middlebrook to Mr. Robert Kemble Smith.

### Marriages

1891. COWAN—STORRS.—In Hanover, N. H., June 26, 1913, May Louise Storrs to Mr. George Parker Cowan. Address, 915 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1902. CORBELL—WRIGHT.—In Lynchburg, Va., May 6, 1914, Edna Belle Wright to Mr. Richard Thruston Corbell. Address, 1603 Hanover Avenue, Richmond, Va.



1906. NEEF—SHERMAN.—In Hanover, New Hampshire, September 9, 1914, Margaret Lucy Sherman to Mr. Francis J. A. Neef. At home in Norwich, Vermont.

1907. BRADBURY—CUSHMAN.—In Newport, Vermont, November 22, 1914, Cornelia M. Cushman to Mr. Edward Bradbury.

1907. RUSSELL—FULLER.—In Danvers, October 8, 1913, Lila Evelyn Fuller to Mr. George Loring Russell. Address, 3 Everett Street, Lynn.

†1908. HUNT—GAY.—In Newton, September 16, 1914, Thirza Huntington Gay to Mr. Charles Gardner Hunt. At home, 35 Woodcliff Road, Newton Highlands.

†1908. ANDREWS—RAYMOND.—In New York City, September 19, 1914, Katharine Bradford Raymond to Mr. Bert Fay Andrews.

†1908. STURGIS—TOWLE.—In Boston, November 7, 1914, Marion Emery Towle to Mr. William Abbott Sturgis. Address, 644 Boulevard, Westfield, New Jersey.

1908. CABRERA—JIMENO.—In Querétaro, Mexico, January 8, 1915, Paula Jimeno de la Cortina, to Senor Heraclio Cabrera.

1908. FAWCETT—VAN VLIET.—In Plainfield, N. J., October 29, 1914, Ruth Gray Van Vliet to Mr. Martin Cathcart Fawcett.

†1909. MITCHELL—WEBER.—In Canton, Ohio, June 24, 1914, Helen Morris Weber to Mr. Ray Verne Mitchell. Address, 517 12th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.

1910. ABBOTT—KIMBALL.—In Lynn, November 18, 1914, Marjorie Kimball to Mr. John Stearns Abbott.

## Births

July 1, 1914, a daughter, Ruth Griswold, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Charlotte L. Root) of Windsor, Ontario.

†1902. In December, 1914, a daughter to Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Newell (Harriett L. Chase).

1902. In February, 1914, a daughter, Marion Agnes, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mulry (Marion Eaton), now of Brattleboro, Vt.

†1904. In Concord, N. H., a daughter, Dorothy, to Rev. and Mrs. Roger F. Etz (Verta A. Smith).

†1904. January 10, 1915, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Allen (Helen A. Abbott).

†1906. September 18, 1914, a daughter, Mary Fletcher, to Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Chipman (Constance Parker) of Winchester, Mass.

†1907. February 14, 1913, a daughter, Edith Haskans, to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wilbur Manter (Mabel Rhodes).

1907. August 9, 1913, a daughter, Emily, to Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson Campbell (Margaret Hutt), of Mulberry, Fla.

1908. December 7, 1914, a son, Bradford Lewis, to Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg Boynton (Marion Lewis).

†1909. December 17, 1914, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Kimball (Frances Wright).

†1910. In Hartford, January 19, 1915, a son, Richard, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen Morgan (Emily T. Silsby).

†1911. At Fairhaven, Mass., July 18, 1914, a son, Thomas Samuel, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Samuel Green (Maud Gutterson).

†1911. In Worcester, December 2, 1914, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Dr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bushnell (Miriam Howard).

1912. In November, 1914, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Albert R. Davidson (Marion Willis) of Medford, Mass.

## Deaths

1834. In Salem, November 7, 1914, Martha Ann Brown, aged 94 years, 5 months.

1847. In Honesdale, Pa., Emily A. Putnam, wife of the late Rev. Richard T. Searle, in her 89th year.

1849. In Pasadena, Cal., October 31, 1914, Elizabeth Rogers, wife of the late Nathan Weston.

1852. In Fitchburg, October 2, 1914, Susanna E. Jackson.

1852. In Ballardvale, June 11, 1914, Abbie Augusta Greene, wife of the late William H. B. Woodlin. She was a sister of Laura (Greene) Jaquith of Andover.

1855. In Salem, November, 1914, Harriet P. Emery, wife of the late William A. Herrick.

1856. In Randolph, August 31, 1914, Clara Ambrose, wife of the late George W. Wales.

1859. In Helsingfors, Finland, August 8, 1914, Elizabeth Buck Means, sister of Emily Adams Means. She was a very talented woman, especially gifted as a musician and linguist.

1864. In Franconia, N. H., August 10, 1914, Hannah Frances Osborne, of Salem, an artist of acknowledged ability, especially in portraiture. A likeness of Nathaniel Hawthorne, painted from a little-known photograph, has been recently reproduced in a biography of the author.

1865. In Methuen, September 14, 1913, Elizabeth Harris, wife of the late Philo R. Gutterson.

1872. In Boston, August 14, 1914, Mary Wheaton, wife of the late Francis W. Kittredge, and sister of Mabel (Wheaton) Barney (†1876).

†1873. In Brunswick, Me., March, 1914, Fanny R. Skolfield.

A new typewritten card list of alumnae is being prepared for the Academy by the Keeper of Alumnae Records. This will be in two parts, one with the names arranged alphabetically, the other giving the places of residence alphabetically under the states. This geographical index will, it is hoped, prove of use to the school and to the alumnae in various ways. It is important that changes of address, marriages, deaths and other items regarding former students should be reported, either to the *Courant* editors or to the Keeper of Records. The help already given in this way is much appreciated.

The names of all Abbot girls who have attended colleges or technical or professional schools of any kind have recently been gathered in a card list, arranged by colleges, and special work by general subjects. The list is much longer than would be supposed, beginning long before the introduction of the college preparatory, though increasing in numbers rapidly after that time. The colleges having the largest representation are Wellesley, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe and Vassar, and there are forty-five others. The cards contain a brief record of later work done by the students. This list may be of interest to alumnae visiting the school and may be found in the office.

---

### Alumnae Advisory Board

Mrs. Mabel Wheaton Barney,	†1876	Mrs. Cleora Munson Judd,	†1873
Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols Bean,	†1893	Miss Agnes Park,	1858
Mrs. Grace Carleton Dryden	†1886	Mrs. Maria Pillsbury Taylor,	†1907
Miss Hildegard Gutterson,	†1914	Mrs. Ruth Loring Conant	†1896
		Substitute	

## Obituary

---

### SUSANNA E. JACKSON

Miss Susanna E. Jackson, who died on October 2 in Fitchburg at the home of her niece, Mrs. Sarah Jackson Smith, was one of the most beloved of Abbot's alumnae — loved for her strong and gentle character and for the loyalty and affection she always showed for her old school.

The girls of the last few years have thought of her chiefly as the friend who occasionally on a Saturday afternoon would give them charming glimpses of the school in the days gone by, and as the generous giver of the Jackson Memorial Library. But her connection with Abbot began many years ago when — a child of fourteen — she first came from the parsonage at West Parish to the school of which her father was a trustee — one of the first trustees. For twelve years she was a pupil and teacher here, and after she left Andover, first to teach at Bradford and then to be principal of the Girls' High School in Providence, she never lost her interest in her own school.

After thirteen years of happy and successful teaching in Providence, she gave up her position because of the declining health of her father and mother, and returned to care for them in Andover. In her busy life, for, besides her home duties she was very active in missionary work, she always had time and thought for the interests of Abbot Academy, and it seemed especially fitting that she should be the first president of our Alumnae Association.

She was a woman of unusual breadth and depth of sympathy, and her useful, unselfish life was one which every Abbot girl would like to follow.

## Abbot Academy Faculty

---

BERTHA BAILEY, Sc. B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL  
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,  
History and English

MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.,  
Literature and History of Art

OLIVE G. RUNNER, Lit. B.,  
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,  
English

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,  
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German

RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,  
Latin

NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,  
Mathematics. Librarian

NATALIE BROOKES THOMPSON, B. S.,  
Household Economics

ALICE DEAN SPALDING,  
Elocution and Physical Education

JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music

MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music

HARRIET RICHARDS ASHTON,  
Violin

# Class Organizations

## Senior, '15

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION HAMBLET
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLOTTE MORRIS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ADA WILKEY
<i>Class Colors</i> — Green and White					<i>Class Flower</i> — White Rose			
<i>Class Motto</i> — Be your best that you may give your best to a world that needs you.								

## Senior Middle, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	LOIS ERICKSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	KATHERINE ADAMS
<i>Class Colors</i> — King's Blue and Gold					<i>Class Flower</i> — Cornflower				
<i>Class Motto</i> — Do noble things, not dream them.									

## Junior Middle, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER DAVIS
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HARRIET BALFE
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	RACHEL OLMSTEAD
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CORNELIA SARGENT
<i>Class Colors</i> — Purple and White								<i>Class Flower</i> — Violet
<i>Class Motto</i> — Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the King.								

## Juniors, '18

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	JULIE SHERMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARIETTE GOODRICH
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY WILLIAMS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARGARET MITCHELL
<i>Class Colors</i> — Yellow and White					<i>Class Flower</i> — Yellow Rose				

## Alumnae Association

### *President*

MRS. HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY

### *Vice-Presidents*

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL	MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING
MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS BEAN	MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE	MISS MARIA S. MERRILL

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS AGNES PARK

### *Committee on Appropriations*

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER

MISS AGNES PARK



# Calendar

---

## 1914-1915

1914

April 15,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
April 16,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Spring term begins
June 9,	Tuesday	School year ends

### Summer Vacation

September 16,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
September 17,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Fall term begins
November 26,	Thursday	Thanksgiving Day
December 17,	Thursday, 12 M.	Fall term ends

### Christmas Vacation

1915

January 6,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
January 7,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Winter term begins
February 2,	Tuesday	First semester ends
February 4,	Thursday	Second semester begins
March 25,	Thursday, 12 M.	Winter term ends

### Spring Vacation

April 7,	Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
April 8,	Thursday, 9 A.M.	Spring term begins
June 8,	Tuesday	School year ends

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The sculpture out?" asked Si.  
"The Sculptors did that long ago,"  
The teacher did reply.

M. L.

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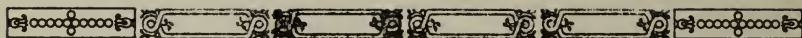
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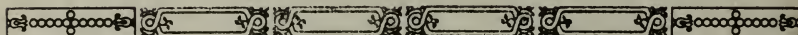


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# The Abbot Courant

June, 1915

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1915





JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLI., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1915



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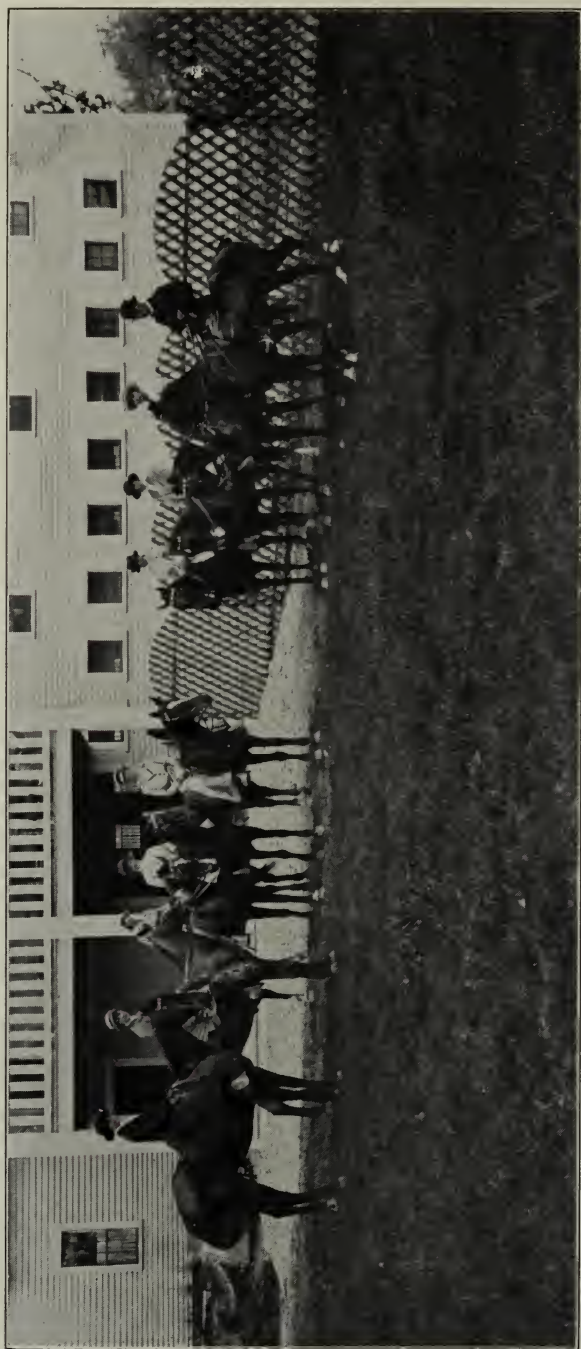
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STARTING FOR THE RIDE



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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MARGARET PERRY, 1916

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## Within the Trenches

Ah, God, the courage of it! !

Not when men die with laughter on their lips,

Not when swift bullets fell them singing,

Not when they charge victoriously,

But when they wait.

Ah, God, the courage of it!

When men wait, day dragging after day,

Night following night, now dark, now bomb-illuminated,

Men sunk waist-deep in mire,

Men drawing merciless fire,

Waiting and ever waiting!

Great God, the courage of it!

*Catherine C. Leach, C. P. 1915*

## The Age Makes the Girl

Every century is distinctive from the following or the preceding century in its customs, manners, and education; and, as these differ, so the people whom they affect differ. Could anyone confuse a 20th century girl with one of the 11th, he must indeed be very unobserving.

We know that the Spartan girl thought little of acquiring knowledge, but a great deal of acquiring physical health and beauty. She loved athletics, played ball, and spent most of her time in out-door exercise. She had no luxuries, for the early Greeks believed that anything which tended to make life comfortable had a weakening influence. Such was the Greek girl of the 5th or 6th century before Christ.

Then, passing over several hundred years, we come to the Italian femina of Julius Caesar's time. She was very different from the Greek girl. She read Latin poetry, spent many hours embroidering elaborate borders for her robes, lay upon soft couches, and feasted upon choice viands. She was vain of her beauty, she painted her lips and her eyebrows, and used Arabian perfumes. Her faith played an important part in her existence, for although it was but a decadent form of religion and for the most part sham, yet she must keep up its traditions. How different from her the early Christian maiden of the 1st century A. D., a girl who, moved by the Christian faith which came through the disciples, dared to suffer death because of her great belief!

If we make a transition from the early Christian to the early inhabitant of Britain, it is but a small one in regard to years, but is otherwise very great. The Celtic girl seemed more like some wild deer of the plain than a human creature. How could she have an education when there were no means of having one! A half-barbaric queen like Boadicea held her position as queen not through any political or educational supremacy that was hers, but through her strong band of retainers.

After several revolutions of Time's wheel came the medieval princess in the feudal castle. And what was the part she played in life? She was "a thing of beauty and a joy" as long as she

kept her beauty. She liked to hawk in the dark forests with a company of gay companions and watch the tournaments where knight met knight in deadly combat.

Then sliding over several hundred years, one comes to the time when good Queen Bess was England's sovereign. The girls of her time were cultured and accomplished. They played upon the virginals, they danced well, they also sang. They enjoyed play-reading, took pleasure in clever conversation and quick repartee.

But many of their daughters were far otherwise. Many of them became Puritans; for Puritanism became very powerful under James I. From this class of girls came our New England Priscilla, who led a quiet, even existence in the colonial settlement, busy with her distaff and her sampler.

This generation passed, and the colonists saw bepowdered dames filling the places left by their demure mothers; misses who dared to dance despite the admonitions of their elders, misses who read novels. Yes, truly their world was a different one from that of the Puritan maidens!

They went their way and girls of the 18th century came into being — girls who played at grace-hoops, and archery, who read books upon melancholy and theology, who painted mourning pieces on velvet, and sang sad songs. Their children's children became the girls of 1850; interesting, merry girls in their pantalettes and hoop-skirts. Then came our mothers' turn, and then ours, and we are different from all the rest. It wouldn't be modest to say that we are better than all the rest, and it would be most disheartening to say that we are worse.

What we are is this: either enterprising, business-like, practical, bent upon doing some great thing, or just the contrary. We are chasing the ballot and the poor settlement lodger, or we are tangoing and hesitating until the early hours of the morn.

"What are little girls made of? Sugar (which equals the sunny, loving side of girlhood), spice (which equals the worthwhile side), and everything nice (which covers a multitude of sins). That is what little girls are made of."

Now to what does this long disquisition all tend? Merely this: if you are born in the middle ages, you cannot be a Puritan,

because you will be about seven hundred years behindhand; if today, you cannot be a semi-barbaric queen, because they are passé.

Whatever age a girl is born in, she has to be a part of, because — well, because she can't help it.

*Elizabeth Leach, C. P. 1915*

### The Time Shop

Oh, the road of Day stretches endlessly,  
And people throng up and down,  
Pouring in and out of the old, old shops —  
The shops of a world-wide renown.

In the heart of the throng stands the worn shop of Time,  
Wherein are all things sold  
For seconds and minutes, for hours and days,  
For years, instead of for gold.

A man pays a lifetime for his fame,  
For knowledge and wealth much is spent;  
Day after day is frittered away —  
In pleasure are many content.

The children delight in the shelves full of toys,  
For minutes and hours they are bought.  
While a second or two kindles kind hearts anew,  
By words that with gladness are fraught.

*Muriel Baker, C. P. 1915*

## A Spring fantasy

A sparkling stream of dancing crystals flowed dōwn over the mountain and through the meadows. The old sun was laughing at it and trying to detain it, but the wind was urging it on to its destination and to better things. The little brook splashed over the smooth pebbles, and made them turn their pretty yellows and pinks and browns upward to the sky.

Charmed by the perseverance and the gleam of the little brook, Daphne and I wandered along its banks. We had that restless feeling which comes in the Spring and which makes us turn away from the business of Life and all its cares and live in the heart of things as they are. The little stream whispered and laughed with us, still urging us on and on.

At length we came to a cool, dark, noble forest of pines. At the entrance to this forest, the little brook bade us be still and listen to Life in the wood. She told us that we were a noisy, clamorous people, but that we could always hear Life if we listened for it. Soft green and gray mosses came down the banks to caress the little brook and the tall pines held out their mighty arms to protect their little sister from the hot sun. The wind with her onward, onward message whispered and told of the things that were to come; she blew the powdery dust of the world from our eyes, and instantly we saw before us a beautiful structure which the little brook told us was the Palace of Life. The material of this fairylike structure was unlike anything that I had seen since I was a child. The wind told us that the delicate material was made of the joys of living. The entrance was an arch, aglow with the exquisite joys of childhood such as colors, songs, and mothers' faces. Daphne called my attention to the unusual fact that this house had no windows, and the pine trees told us that the material of which it was built shed light even into the darkest crannies of the world, so that windows to admit light were unnecessary. The wind knocked against the door for us, but there was no response. A little song beneath our feet heralded the birth of a little lavender and white cup which I should have called a crocus. She said that she and a little feathery, red song would awaken Mother Nature for us. Soon the little feathery, red song hopped into the wind and warbled



forth his little call to Mother Nature. The great door opened and we entered. The sunshine of the beautiful bower dazzled us at first. An awakening was in the air, and the sunshine was sweet with songs — songs of the birds, the insects, the flowers, the brooks, and everything that awoke in the bower. Gorgeous whirls of color were dancing through the hall, azure was leading yellow, green, pink and violet. Sweet odors saturated the sunshine, and floated out through the walls into the world beyond. Great handfuls of varied colored feathers were floating towards the songs and seemed to be forming into little shapes, and Love pervaded every nook and cranny. Over all of these stirrings of life Mother Nature smiled contentedly. She told us that in the Spring when anyone in the land where we lived was happy, when his heart was overrun with the joy of being, that a little feathery song was formed, that the sun shone, that the grass grew green, that songs of living things burst forth and that flowers were born. This surprised me very much and I wondered why Mother Nature gave us such beautiful things when we were so unhappy and undeserving, but she told us that the very little girls and boys in the world were always happy and that they had a greater share in bringing forth the Spring than we did, but that we ought to try to awaken Spring in the world, too.

The wind and the little stream beckoned us to go onward so we regretfully turned away from the Palace of Life and strolled onward through the forest, and came at last to our little sunset home in the hills with the glory of Spring in our hearts.

*Marjorie Freeman, 1916*



## "Love" and the Spring

Overhead the sky stretched blue and clear, small green leaves pushed their way slowly from their little brown pockets, and the brook below danced merrily toward the sea, enjoying to the utmost its newly acquired freedom.

On its bank, seated on a great, green tuft of grass, was "Love", a frown beneath his finely arched eyebrows and his dirty little face propped thoughtfully on his dirtier little fist.

Mrs. Bede had said that it was plenty springy enough for any boy to go barefooted, but the little bare toes that wriggled in and out in the cold, wet sand, looked red and cold. Of course shoes did cost a pretty much lot of money, but it seemed to him he had always had them with her.

Was it the spring in the air that made him think of her? Surely the cold wind that made the little, new leaves shiver, gave anything but a promise of spring.

Slowly a tear trickled down one cheek and he thought of the day when she had brought him to Mrs. Bede. She had kissed him, yes, kissed him again and again. Called him "Love" not "Imp of Satan" and stroked his hair. He wasn't quite sure what an "Imp of Satan" was, but he didn't like to be one, anyway. To be sure he didn't know what "Love" was, no one else ever called him that, but he liked it just as forcibly as he disliked the other.

No, he must not cry. What was it she had said as she left him? "Love, my little man, you'll be a brave boy for Mother's sake? And when all is over I'll come back for you in the spring."

In the spring! Would it all come true?

"Great guns, man, it's a boy!" Slowly the broad-shouldered young fisherman bent down and lifted the boy in his arms.

"Is he dead?"

"No, he is breathing all right, but just look at those bare legs. Here, wrap my coat around him."

"But you'll catch your 'never get over', Tom."

"Hang my 'never get over'. Did you hear what I said? Hang your butts, too. Pick up that pole and we'll hike for the doctor's."

The hike ended, "Love" lay on the doctor's big, soft couch. Two very anxious young men, a kindly old doctor and a nurse surrounded him. Something was wrong with his head but through the crashing and buzzing sounded the words:

"Poor little kid!"

"Frozen up to the knee."

"Serious?"

"Not necessarily, but of course there is danger of paralysis."

"But he is young and healthy."

"Yes, I guess his chances are about even."

"Hospital?"

"Yes, it is by far the best."

Hospital? That had a familiar sound but the buzzing was getting louder and again he lost the voices.

The sun sent its warm beams through the broad window. The little white cots glistened in irreproachable neatness. In the cot by the window lay a little white figure, his eyes gazing dreamily off into space.

The door opened and the nurse brought in a wheel-chair in which sat a young woman, beautiful in spite of the signs of illness that lined her face.

"Love!" Suddenly all the small boy's trouble left him. Her hand was on her hair, his head nestled on her shoulder, and the room may have heard the broken whisper, "Mother, is it spring?"

*Esther Kilton, 1916*

## That Heavenly Twin

It was the afternoon of the Junior Prom. "The Babe" sat on the desk dangling his feet, and bewailing his lot.

"Cheer up," advised his room-mate, Jack Wright, who was also a Freshman. "Better times coming. And anyway, we can go over on the roof and look in the window."

"The Babe", who was otherwise known as William MacLaren, Junior, gave a snort of disgust.

"What do you think I am? No peanut gallery for mine. If I can't have orchestra seats it will be home for little Willie."

"Oh, have it your own way," said Jack, shrugging his shoulders. "Personally, I much prefer to go over and see your sister leading the grand march with P. Burnham, Esquire, president of the Senior class, 1915, A. B. C. Q. T. Z. And also to see Dan Bellows and Kitty Lane coming in a close second ——" Here he was interrupted by a pillow hurled at him by the Babe. The last-mentioned was a tender subject with the Babe. What would have happened next, I dread to think, but the telephone bell mercifully rang at the crucial moment.

"Hello — allo! Yes — yes — *yes*. You've *what*? No! Hard luck, sis! Yes, I'll tell him. I'll tell him, yes, but say——!" He hung up the receiver with a jerk.

"Gosh — all — hemlock!"

"What's the fight?" asked Jack, hoping for excitement.

"Jean's gone and sprained her ankle!" said the Babe. "And now won't Phil be mad?"

Jack whistled. "What'll he do? He can't get anybody else at this late hour. And he certainly won't want to go alone."

"I'm sure I don't know," said the Babe. "But I suppose I ought to tell him first thing. Oh, he's out! I forgot — he went down street not ten minutes ago. It's nearly five now, and he won't be back for an hour."

"Say!"

"Got an inspiration?"

"Jean's your twin, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"And she looks a lot like you, doesn't she?"

The Babe looked at Jack for a moment with an uncom-

prehending air, and then the idea dawned upon him. "I'll do it! Jack, my boy, you're a wonder. I will love you always. Come down to the house with me and help the good cause along. Jean's over to my cousin's — she was near there when she fell. You see," he explained apologetically, "She might offer some objections if she knew."

"What'll you wear? Her duds — I mean clothes?"

"Yes — it won't be the first time! But we must hurry. We can just make the five-twenty car if we go now."

"I'm mighty sorry your sister has hurt her ankle, Babe——"

"Oh, it's not a bad sprain, she says. You needn't feel badly," grinned the other, and they were off.

In the meantime, Phil was returning from town, his hands in his pockets, and an ecstatic expression on his face.

"Hope they'll go with her dress all right," he was thinking. "Jinks, I'm getting paralyzed when I think of to-night. Never met her but once, because she was always away when I went down there with the Babe. My eye, she's a looker! Hope I won't get tongue-tied — always do with strangers. Let's see, what'll I talk about? Good scheme to think it up beforehand. Not the weather, anyway — unless it's to fill in those embarrassing lulls. The Babe, of course, — he's of mutual interest. Shall I tell her about his latest exploits? Perhaps it wouldn't be wise." And so he rambled on in his thoughts.

Evening came at last, and at precisely a quarter to eight, Phil got out of a carriage and rang the MacLaren's doorbell.

"Miss Jean will be down directly," said the maid.

When she came down, she was muffled up in a cloak and scarf so that Phil could hardly see her face.

"Good evening, Mr. Burnham," she greeted him, and Phil noticed that she spoke in a very low voice. "Isn't it stupid of me to get such a cold? I can hardly do more than whisper, so I'm afraid you'll have to do most of the talking!"

Phil expressed his sympathy, and ventured to hope that she wouldn't catch more cold. It was a very snowy, blizzardly night.

"Mother tried to persuade me not to go, *but* — wild horses couldn't keep me away!"

When they were seated in the carriage, Phil began to rack his brain for some of the topics he had thought of that afternoon, but to save his life he could think of nothing but the weather.

Suddenly, that happened which changed the course of events. It was only a sneeze, but it was telling. Phil gave a start, looked at his companion, opened his mouth, and said nothing. She also looked at him out of the corner of her eye, and hastened to ask him if he thought it would clear off before morning.

"Yes, I'm quite sure it will," he answered. Then he proceeded to ask her questions to which she would have to reply with more than "Yes" or "No". He must find out about this.

"That settles it," he said to himself finally. Then he settled back comfortably and did not attempt any more conversation, to his companion's great relief.

When they reached the gym where the dance was held, he looked at her face closely as he was helping her out of the carriage, and he chuckled to himself. He had completed his plan of campaign.

"He does it well," he thought. "Makes a good actor — or actress — but that sneeze of his is too well known to deceive anyone who knows him as well as I do. He looks worried — I must set him at ease." Aloud he said, "Miss MacLaren, I do hope you're not catching more cold. If you wish to leave early, don't fail to let me know."

"Thank you," said the pseudo-Jean in a husky voice. "It's so kind of you; but I'm sure I shall be all right."

Mrs. Fullerton, a professor's wife, who was to chaperon them, came up just then, and Phil introduced them and left. He was standing by the door of the hall when they rejoined him. At first Phil thought he had made a mistake in his supposition, for the girl who approached him was surely a beauty. It couldn't be the Babe at whom he was looking; he could never have carried off the part so well. His doubts fled, however, as soon as the individual in question spoke. For in spite of the whisper, Phil detected the Babe's voice. And besides — he noticed "its" hands.



They were taken up then to be introduced to the matrons, after which they joined a group of Phil's friends.

"This," thought Phil, "is the psychological moment," and he suited action to the word.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced to the group who were waiting expectantly for an introduction to the young beauty. "I have the great pleasure of introducing you to Miss MacLaren!" and with that he seized the lady's hair and pulled it off, waving it to the assembled multitude. The poor Babe stood there, his face flaming, unable to utter a word. There was a roar of amazed laughter from the spectators — and Phil vanished.

Ten minutes later Mr. Philip Burnham ran up the steps of 34 Penfield and inquired, for the second time that evening, for Miss MacLaren. The maid, who seemed to be amused, asked him to come in, saying that Miss MacLaren was at home, then went away, and Phil suddenly wondered what he was going to say when she did come. The thought came to him, suppose she really *was* going after all! What should he do? He hadn't ordered another carriage. In the midst of his agitation, the maid returned and said that Miss MacLaren wished him to come into the library. In great amazement he followed her.

Before the fire, in a huge Morris chair, and with one foot resting upon a cushion, sat Jean MacLaren,—the real Jean, this time. She did not rise when he entered, but held out her hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Burnham. I'm dreadfully angry at myself for upsetting your plans at the last minute."

Phil's confused thoughts became more jumbled than ever, and the only words which could escape his lips were, "I don't know!" Then he blushed deeply and laughed.

"I mean I don't understand. What has happened, Miss MacLaren? Have you hurt your foot? I really don't know what it's all about. And why ——"

"What? Didn't you get my message?"

"Message? Not a word."

"That scamp! Why I telephoned my brother this afternoon and asked him to let you know. I sprained my ankle — sensible proceeding! And I went into my cousin's house and



had the doctor there. I telephoned just as soon as possible. I'm so sorry and disappointed not to be able to go. I hated to break up your plans this way. But I can't understand why Billy didn't tell you! Haven't you seen him at all?"

"No! Er — that is, yes!" he said, recollecting himself. "But I didn't have any lengthy conversation with him. Anyway, he didn't give me your message."

"That brother of mine ought to be beaten!" exclaimed Jean heatedly, and Phil mentally echoed the sentiment — with additions. "But, Mr. Burnham, you are surely going? It is past eight, now — you mustn't be late."

"No. That would be too bad, wouldn't it?" And he drew up a chair and settled down with an air which contradicted his words.

"Mr. Burnham! Why you *must* go, really. Please don't stay away just on my account. I'm just as sorry as I can be. I'd go in a minute if I could even hobble. But ——"

"Nice cozy fire," remarked Phil, comfortably. "But perhaps you have orders to retire, with that foot of yours?" he asked suddenly. "I never thought of that!" He did not, however, show any signs of rising.

Jean laughed. "Oh, no, my foot is bound up, and is all right if I don't move. Since you evidently have no intentions of going up to the dance, I'd be very glad to have you stay here, if you like."

Phil did like.

A few minutes later the door burst open suddenly, and a creature resembling a scarecrow stumbled in. Phil's face grew red, and he dreaded the issue. Jean, however, wore a look of perfect amazement, and when the intruder saw them he stopped for a moment and gasped.

"Billy!" exclaimed Jean, who was horrified.

The pseudo-Jean turned and fled. As he disappeared, Phil called out, "I say, Babe, I hope you didn't catch more cold."

*Mattie Larrabee, 1915*

## Her Surrender

"Harris," began Mrs. Fisher at breakfast, "Why are you bolting your breakfast so?"

"I am going to walk to the office this morning, dear."

"Walk! Indeed you're not. You know you mustn't walk so far." But without answering her he dashed out into the hall. She followed him, still arguing.

"Don't be silly, Harris. Don't you care for your health and your ——"

"Health, bother! I could walk to China!"

"Why, Harris, what has got into you, I ——"

"Spring!" he shouted and slammed the door.

"What makes Daddy so cross?" asked Harris junior, as his mother came back to the table.

"Spring," snapped his mother.

Leaving Harris junior contentedly riding on his tricycle up and down the walk, she went to the kitchen to interview Mary. She found Mary with her dishes unwashed, calmly leaning out the window.

"Mary!"

"Yes, mum?"

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, mum."

"Nothing, at this time in the morning? I am surprised."

"Oh, mum, well when 'tis so hivenly and so swate and spring ——" At the word spring, Mrs. Fisher jumped and was so abrupt she left faithful old Mary quite dazed.

Several hours later when she called her son for lunch, he did not answer her. She called again and again. Then she started out to hunt for him. She found him several streets away, riding up and down some one else's walk which had thrilling bumps in it. As he had been forbidden to ride off his own street, he was given a good spanking when he got home.

"Now, Harris," said his mother when the painful operation was over, "Tell mother you are sorry and won't do it again."

"I aren't sorry."

"No? Why not?"

"Because," drawled Harris, leaning against the nursery window, "Because it's Spring."

His mother left the room hastily and she slammed the door. The afternoon was a failure. Mary insisted on humming some tune while working, and Harris junior was kicking something up in the nursery with irritating monotony. Her only caller went into rhapsodies over robins and dandelions. She sighed with relief when bedtime came. Before going upstairs she went out on the porch to see if Harris junior had put away his tricycle.

Mr. Fisher, waiting to shut the door, called to her to hurry, but she did not answer.

"Edith, do come in." Still no answer. He went out on the porch. "Edith, you'll get cold without a wrap."

"Oh, I am all right," she replied impatiently.

"Why, Edith, what has got into you, dear?"

"Spring," she answered sheepishly.

*Josephine Walker, 1916*

### In the Spring

I'd love to dream,  
To dream just dreams;  
But my parents say  
That no one may  
Do real things  
If he only dreams!

*Dorothy Newton, 1918*

## A Modern Girl

"Will you marry me, Betty?"

"Oh, please don't ask me to marry you, Jim. I have decided never to marry anyone, but you're my very dearest friend. Marriage is too narrow and small a life for me. I should feel bound in, too sheltered and protected from the great world that I am so anxious to be a part of. I shall choose a career in which I can express myself. I just long to do something big and worthwhile."

"Betty, have you ever thought of the half million things you can do already? You can swing the club and the racquet, swim and skate well, dance to perfection, sing like a bird, make that stunning dress you're wearing, cook things fit for the gods, and amuse a bunch of kiddies on an afternoon's excursion. Please tell me what more you want to do?"

"Oh, you don't see my point at all! I mean something tangible that I can put my whole soul and life into — something that will help humanity and not just myself."

"What, for instance?"

"There are so many things. Social service work, missionary work, all sorts and kinds of vocations and — and — if you really want to know, I'll talk seriously about it and in detail. Do you want me to?"

"No, Betty, I don't. But I do want you to use that versatile mind of yours and think about it in another way. Haven't you ever realized that you are clever and capable enough to marry me and help humanity at the same time?"

And she did.

*Sylvia Gutterson, 1916*

## An Efficient Life

"Vestros horas custoditote more avare aurum suum custodit."

I wish to tell you about a most perfect friend of mine, to show her as an example to any who wish to make their lives more efficient. She so dislikes to waste any time that she even takes her knitting with her almost everywhere she goes. She is so thoughtful that, instead of knitting for herself, she is making one of the dearest little pink and white jackets for a Belgian baby. She took it to the tea yesterday and, I think (I hope I'm not exaggerating) she finished the row she had just started at the concert the other afternoon. You seldom see her without a novel or magazine. She says that time is too precious for that which is spent on the trains to be wasted. Hence, when I met her coming down from Boston the other day, she was reading "Graustark". She told me that she had carried it with her every time that she had traveled on the trains for the last two months and hoped to finish it before she should start for New York the next fortnight. Not even while waiting between the acts of a matinee does she waste a moment, but employs her mind in planning a new way that she may wear her hair in the evening, or by deciding what gown to wear to dinner. Neither does she believe that the evening hours should be wasted in bed. Instead, she generally improves the time by playing "bridge" until nearly twelve o'clock when, feeling that she has accomplished a sufficiency (or, at least, as much as possible) for the day, she retires. There are so many necessary things that one must have while keeping house that my friend is obliged to drive to the village as many as eight times each day. I think she does remarkably well to be able to go as many times, and know, and remember, what is desired without having to go more often. She always has her chauffeur drive as rapidly as possible also, for the purpose of wasting no time unnecessarily.

From these two suggestions which I have given you, I believe that you can't help agreeing with me that my friend guards her hours, and even minutes, as misers do their gold, and that as little of her time as of their gold is spent.

*Vera Allen, 1916*



## The Ideal Season

The golden rays of the spring sun shone down on the tender green leaves which seemed to seek protection in them from the soot which curtains a great city. Little, dirty-faced newsboys scurried here and there. Their clothes were in tatters and their faces were hardened by youthful toil, yet their eyes reflected the sweetness of youth beneath its mask. The noon hour rush on Michigan Boulevard was at its height and as I made my way into the Twelfth Street Station, I found the train bound for the western side of the city crowded with people, all of whom were filled with enthusiasm for the greatest baseball game of the season; struggling for standing-room in the cars. The air was filled with wagers, and praise for their baseball heroes, as the gate closed and left tardy "fans" clamoring behind the closed gates, casting frantic or longing glances at the departing train and consulting timetables for the next possible conveyance.

Then my train came in. The brakes seemed to sing, "Spring has come, Spring has come." I chose an empty car, but a fellow-passenger took the place opposite me before the train started. I took little notice of him and interested myself in watching the waves frolic in the caress of the gentle spring breeze. The fellow-passenger devoured his newspaper. My gaze wandered from the lake as I was carried farther from it, and I became aware that the fellow-passenger had an exceedingly interesting and well-shod pair of feet. He was quite surrounded by the "news" and was devouring it ravenously, so I only could see his strong profile. I like strong profiles and also like dark-skinned men. The fellow-passenger had — I was sure at the time — spent most of his summers on the links or at the seashore, for his face bore a remarkable coat of tan. He still unconsciously consumed the "news", so I noticed the fashionable cut of his soft grey suit, his bow tie which matched his socks — which my brother always said was very proper — and the jaunty tilt of his soft felt hat.

Here was my Ideal! With spring come romantic days which inspire all lovers of nature to new interests in nature's works. It was an Ideal day, with the birds, flowers, and the very drowsy



motion of the train, whispering of romance. All these elements of romance combined play havoc with a "susceptible's" state of mind, but to shake into the combination spice in the form of a dark knight of romance in soft grey was quite overwhelming. I sat idolizing the Ideal as the train carried me nearer my destination. If he would only give me one glance, I thought — perhaps I remembered about that time that that would be the proper proceeding for the hero in a novel. But my hope was not realized. So I worshipped on, wondering the while if I dared ride to the station beyond my own that I might have a minute more to feast my eyes upon the Ideal before we parted forever.

The Ideal turned another page. It was the last page. I realized that when he finished it he would naturally glance up. I therefore decided to pass my station. Then the Ideal pushed back his hat and scratched his head, and to my profound surprise and horror I saw that his hair was black, curly negro's wool! I next realized that the fellow-passenger — the title of Ideal suddenly snatched away — was none other than one of the colored waiters at the hotel where I was staying. The train drew near my station and at the guard's call I made a hasty retreat.

*Bessie Gleason, 1915*

## Aunt Mandy's Outing

Uncle Lisha sat on the back steps moodily smoking. Aunt Mandy bustled around inside getting supper. It was a gorgeous July sunset that lighted up the western horizon, and Uncle Lisha unconsciously worshipped it.

"Land sakes, Mandy, I sartin do hate to see them thar last streaks go under. Seems like you and me'd got one less day a-comin' to us," he remarked gravely, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Lisha Dudley, you be the beatenest! Here ye be seventy-five years old and amoonin' 'bout a sunset like you wa'n't man-grown." Aunt Mandy stood in the doorway with a pan apples in her hands. "Wal," she went on, less sharply, "Thought I'd set a spell till them sody biscuits is browned and git a pie ready fer termorrer so's not to have so much to do in the heat o' the day."

"Yes indeedy. Can't I lend a hand with them apples?"

"If ye're through smokin' ye might. Go in an' wash up an' bring a knife from the back butt'ry."

"Won't my jack-knife do?"

"Fer the land sakes! That knife that's whittled every old stick ye come to for ten year? Jest like a man."

This same little dialogue, with variations — very slight variations — had gone on nearly every evening in the Dudley family for a good many years. They had been married nearly fifty years. They had no children and were very devoted partners. Uncle Lisha possessed the most untiring good-nature, and Aunt Mandy was far from sharp under her brusque manner.

When the last "sody" biscuit had disappeared and the dishes had been washed, the old couple sat down on the back steps again for a few minutes.

"Lisha, we ain't had an outin' sence I kin remember," began Aunt Mandy. "Ye know Mis' White told me that George West over to Topsham died yes'day mornin'. His funeral will be termorrer, an' I should like to go. Can't we hitch up an' drive over?"

"Ye know very well, Mandy, that ye couldn't hire me to go to a funeral I wasn't called on to go to. I didn't know George

West — never seen him. But I tell ye what, you and Mis' White can take the rig an' go together. Ye'll be back afore night."

So it was arranged, and early the next afternoon the two old ladies stopped before the door of the Wests' house. Mrs. West came to the door with her apron on.

"Howdy, Mis' West. What time's the funeral set for?"

"Funeral?" Mrs. West was surprised indeed.

"Why, yes. Didn't your husband die yesterday morning?" put in Mrs. White.

"Well, I should say not! He's to work mowin' the back lot this minute. Won't you folks come in an' set a spell?"

But Aunt Mandy couldn't waste her morning, hot as it was, on anything less mournful than a funeral.

"No, thank you," she answered for both. "But could ye tell us where there is a funeral we could go to?"

*Doris Emery, 1917*

## In Lighter vein

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### The Merry-Go-Round

The merry-go-round is a wonder untold  
With its galloping steeds and its trappings of gold:  
For the sum of a nickel, the price of a ride,  
You can sit in great splendor these creatures astride.

There are camels there with great humps on their backs;  
Few four-footed beasts this menagerie lacks.  
There are reindeer with horns, fleet-footed ones too,  
And sleighs for old people, not like me and you.

Oh, indeed, 'tis a wonder, this merry-go-round!  
Of the pleasures of childhood, a pleasure profound!  
Where one could be happy the whole livelong day  
And ride many more times than there are nickels to pay.

*Elizabeth Leach, C. P. 1915*

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### Thoughts of a Stormy Night

I idled one night by the roaring fire,  
While the rain in torrents fell;  
My heart was filled with a great desire  
Which I don't know how to tell.

The chairs were strewn with fashion-plates,  
The table groaned with more,  
And many "Vogues" of recent dates  
Flowed over on the floor.

An empty purse lay at my feet,  
My passions mounted higher,  
I gathered all the fashion-sheets,  
And flung them in the fire.

*Ruth Clark, 1917*

## My Maladie

I have a little maladie,  
It follows me everywhere.  
It makes me very, very sad  
To have it always there.

It makes me lazy mornings  
Whene'er I hear the bell,  
And so I'm late to breakfast  
Which is very sad to tell.

And when I have to go to class,  
I yawn, then yawn some more;  
I wish there weren't any books,  
They seem an awful bore.

But when it comes to exercise  
And lots of other fun,  
I never do economize  
On going on the run.

It calls me to the window  
Where I usually "get stung";  
It makes me late on getting in  
After the bell has rung.

Now what's this beastly nuisance  
That brings me so much blame?  
Well, since you really want to know,  
Spring fever is its name.

*Dorothy Pillsbury, 1916*

## Editorials

In the last number of the *Courant*, mention was made of the gift of \$90.00 for the Faculty Parlor, from the Class of 1884, raised mainly through the efforts of Dr. Jane Greely. By the generosity of Mrs. Draper, this sum was increased so that now \$300.00 is to be expended in decorating the room, making it more beautiful and restful. Mrs. Draper, sitting at her window across the way, is intensely interested in anything which concerns the school life, and is always watching for an opportunity to do some deed of kindness which will make us happier. Her love for Abbot is a constant inspiration to all who know her.

This winter the French department has had an unusual treat, the privilege of seeing a number of French plays given at the Toy Theatre. It is to Miss Susan Burrill Chase, of the class of 1893, that we are indebted, for she made a present of fifty dollars to the department. She realized, she explained in her letter, how much value the instruction in French which she received at Abbot had been to her and she wished to show her appreciation to her Alma Mater.

Practically every girl who took French went to see one of the plays. Though of course some girls understood the rapidly-spoken language better than others, everyone enjoyed it immensely. It was especially interesting to see the plays acted so well through which we had plodded in class. The fact that one of the actors had been wounded and sent over from Belgium added to the interest. The utter control of the parent over the child which exists in France was clearly brought out, and caused each girl to rejoice more than once in her American birth. When the curtain fell on the last act, it seemed as if we had been whisked over to France for a short visit.

The pleasure which Miss Chase has given to the French students will not, I am sure, be temporary, and many thanks are due her.

Since the last of April, a new topic of conversation has been introduced at table, in the corridors, or wherever two or more



girls come together. It may be the personally recited exploits of some young lady who after three lessons is allowed to ride on the road, a lengthy discussion of riding-habits, the particular merits of this horse or that, or the really correct way to grip with one's knees.

The cause of this equestrian atmosphere is the new riding-school. Excellent horses and excellent instruction are proving themselves worthy of the unbounded interest shown by a large and enthusiastic group of girls. It must also be admitted that the picture formed by the young horsewomen as they canter or trot into the circle is decidedly attractive, and the countless heads framed in the many front windows of Abbot on such occasions prove that the picture does not lack audience.

"Oh, my dear!"

The breezy entrance of some young friend has nearly upset the Japanese Garden, and the young land-owner rushes to a hurried survey of her plantation. Yes, the two shoots in the parsnip are still standing upright, the struggling blades of grass are still struggling, and the water, aside from its diminished quantity, is the same as formerly.

Does a lengthy lecture on carelessness follow? Not at all. There also prevails in the vicinity of Japan that same something in the air which makes one grin at 6 A.M. and say "Good morning," as some kind-hearted friend, still in the clutch of that much-appreciated *winter* habit, falls over a chair in her noiseless attempt to shut one's window when the thermometer already stands at 50°.

Or again a hurried dash to the window sends a young waterfall down one's neck, as the head comes in contact with that highly decorative row of carrots whose promise of a beautiful, green, feathery coating is still unfulfilled.

Everywhere household farming is being given practical demonstration, and the maxim "back to nature" seems to be as popular in the spring as "back to bed, it's early yet" was in the winter.

"I really do study hard, you know, but when I get into

class I get so fussed I can't recite. I know the teachers think I don't study at all. But I really do, and it is so discouraging not to be appreciated." Poor girl, you are in a hard predicament in a cold world! Let me give you a few practical rules which if you follow carefully, I am sure will bring good results and all your teachers will realize your great ability in the future. First: a studious countenance is absolutely indispensable. Wrinkle your forehead a little, look rather serious and cultivate a thoughtful expression. Second: take plenty of notes in class. These notes do not necessarily have to be about the lesson, but may be written to any friend. Third: in class add to your studious countenance a rather bored expression. You must hate to hear these facts, so well known to you, repeated so often to the others! Fourth: by all means see that your books are dog-eared. Don't handle them carefully and lovingly as you, a book lover, have been doing, but give them a few knocks. Then they'll look as if they had seen diligent use. Last: you should fill the margins of your pages with helpful notes. These notes will be useful to remind you whether or not your latest crush smiled at you at breakfast or whether or not you got a letter from Harvard or — of countless other thrilling moments.

Good luck to you, dear child! I feel confident that if you follow my advice, you will get a capital A in every lesson this semester.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us." At last this old, old wish so long unfulfilled has been realized in our friends. They seem to have some new vision of the plain path of duty and are telling us frankly and unreservedly all our faults and shortcomings.

We used to think that the truth was found above all in the home. If you wanted to get a true idea of your character or your personal appearance, you just asked your brother. He is usually only too glad to point out all your defects; indeed, he more than often volunteers the information. Disregarding the telescope (the only instrument conducive to friendliness) he examines you minutely with a microscopic lens. But even a brother is apt to be prejudiced, whether favorably or other-

wise it is hard to tell. And it is generally acknowledged that a mother's or a father's opinion is biased; so after all, there's no one like one's friends from whom to learn the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

So we should feel a proper sense of gratitude to our conscientious friends, and rejoice with them that they are worthy examples of what we ought to do and be.

If, in asking a girl why she came to Abbot, you received the answer, "O it is such a nice place to grow in," would you be very much surprised? Everyone of us is growing every minute, and yet how many of us, appreciating that fact in ourselves, ignore it in others?

Is it selfishness that keeps us from looking around us, a too high esteem for our own judgment that keeps us from looking behind the careful acting by which so many girls cover their better feelings, or have we just never thought of it?

A girl does something once, and we uncharitably refuse to forgive, forget, or even stop talking about it. Sometimes we even go so far as to say, "She always does that", whether we have heard of it before or not. Or we take a report for granted just because "it sounds just like her". So a girl acquires a reputation, deserved or undeserved, and we, disdaining to use either kindness or intellect, join the throng of believers.

Could we be broad-minded enough to judge a person for ourselves and not take so much for granted?

Do your eyes need testing? No? Are you sure?

Then why do you stumble through life, treading on the tender feelings of your friends, and disregarding the need all about you? Do you see only that which is most intimately concerned with your little world, your gaze never penetrating beyond its very narrow horizon?

Then you are near-sighted, and stand in need of the magic spectacles of Sympathy and Thoughtfulness. Put them on at once. You will be surprised at the way they will increase your range of vision.

All is not gold that glitters, but much that does not glitter is gold.

It is not the book with many illustrations but little thought that holds us, nor the raggy or very classical music that gains our love, but the unpretentious volume, the simple melody, to which we turn in time of joy or trouble.

So it is with our friends. Often the quiet, unassuming person whom we hardly notice at first acquaintance becomes our best friend if we but gain her confidence. We must be careful lest we be dazzled by the tinsel, but never give up our search for the pure, unalloyed gold. Once found, it is well worth guarding.

One! Two! Three! — One! Two — before the bells have stopped ringing, the corridors are alive with kimona-ed creatures in all stages of dress and undress, carrying the weirdest bundles. A mad whirl of flying draperies goes tearing down the hall, a dripping creature clad in a slinky bathrobe rushes madly from the bathroom, a towel in one hand and a slippery cake of soap in the other, and then the bell begins to ring again — “Fire beyond control.” Now a silent line files swiftly down the staircase. In the hall below, the sleepy crowd are gathered, and after a few moments are dismissed. Yes, it *is* funny, and will always be funny. But how much safer it makes us feel! Just to be assured that we can hear the bell even when we are asleep, that some one will come to find out whether we have awakened or not, and that on our own good sense and judgment depends the efficacy of the drill. We ought to appreciate the humor, but above all, we should appreciate the seriousness.

There are three classes of girls: those who spell correctly by nature, those who spell correctly through dint of much effort and hard work, and those who spell correctly only by accident.

To the first class we give envious glances and no credit, feeling quite sure that anyone who has received such a desirable gift from nature needs nothing further to ensure her perfect happiness. To the second we give well-deserved congratulations but little thought; for more often than not we fail to see the very



obvious fact that she has set a good example to follow. But to the third — well, we may try to excuse it upon the Roosevelt idea. Why not spell a word as it sounds to us? If we write *k a u p h y*, of course any broad-minded, clear-thinking person would know what we mean. That Noah Webster spelled it *c o f f e e* is a matter of small importance.

Moreover, how often, if we like the writer, we laughingly joke away misspelling, but disliking the writer, consider it an offense. It does lower our opinion of a person to receive a misspelled letter, whether we admit it or not, and yet how many of us continue carelessly to misspell our words while condemning it in others.

If you belong to the first class, sympathize with the others, but if to the third, dislodge the careless tyrant from your too worthy shoulders and attain the much-appreciated habit of spelling correctly.

Friday night! Oh, bother, that means a theme to write. What's the subject? Ethical essay. Hum! Well, I suppose it must have a title first of all (our English teacher always *will* have a title). Why not be broad-minded and call it "Ethics"? Aha! the very thing! Well begun is half done, and so, since in choosing my title I've half-finished my theme, I'll put it aside and finish it some time or other. I never do at night what I can possibly put off till the few minutes after breakfast tomorrow.

# School Journal

## Calendar

### JANUARY

- 23 Hall Exercises. Miss Chickering: The Present War.
- 24 Sunday Chapel. Mrs. Katharine Ware Smith: The History and Needs of Atlanta University.
- 25 Mrs. Draper's ninety-first birthday.
- 26 Chapel. Mr. Peirce: "What to look for in a Picture."
- 26 Senior-Mid Play: "The Violin Maker of Cremona."
- 28-29 Mid-year examinations.
- 30 Sleighride.
- 30 Chapel. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole: Stereopticon lecture on Jerusalem.
- 31 Morning A. C. A. Miss Annie Scoville: Indians.
- 31 The Hampton Quartet at the South Church.

### FEBRUARY

- 1-4 Senior trip to Intervale.
- 3 Trip to see "Julius Caesar" in Boston.
- 6 Abbot Alumnae and Boston Abbot Club Luncheon at The Vendome.
- 7 Sunday Chapel. Miss Wiggin: The Consumers' League.
- 11 Lecture-Recital. Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Scholes: "The Golden Age of British Music."
- 14 Sunday Chapel. Rev. Edward Y. Hincks: Wordsworth: The Power of the Poet.  
Organ Recital. Mr. Ashton.
- 16 Two plays written by Seniors given in Davis Hall.
- 19 Lecture. Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie: Our Japanese Neighbors.
- 21 Sunday Chapel. Dr. Robert E. Speer: "Thy Will be done."
- 22 Tea and Dance at Phillips.
- 22-24 Vacation.
- 25 Vocal Recital. Mme. Anita Rio.
- 27 Some of the Seniors visit Dennison House, Boston.
- 28 Sunday Chapel. Mr. Dickinson: Calhoun.

### MARCH

- 2 Entertainment given by the November Club in Davis Hall: Portraits of Fair Women.
- 6 Illustrated lecture. Rev. Frederick W. Chutter: Egypt, the Land of Mystery.
- 7 Sunday Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Light of the World.
- 12 Impersonation of Marie Antoinette by Mme. E. Guérin, in costume.
- 13 Hall Exercises. Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart: Russia in War Time.
- 13 Chapel. Rev. Frederick A. Wilson: Spiritual Vision.
- 16 Vaudeville under the auspices of A. C. A., Davis Hall.



- 19 Phillips Dramatic Club presents "The Bells."
- 20 Hall Exercises. Draper Reading Trials.
- 20 Household Science Department Tea.
- 20 Chapel. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton: The Business of Education and of Religion.
- 21 A. C. A. Silver Bay meeting. Lantern slides.
- 22 Visit of the Trustees.
- 25 to April 7. Vacation.

#### APRIL

- 7 Seniors visit Fenway Court.
- 10 Miss Bailey at the New York Abbot Club.
- 11 Sunday Chapel. Mr. Henry: The Resurrection.
- 14 Party to Boston to see "The Blue Bird."
- 16 Stone Chapel. Mr. Alfred Noyes: Reading from his poems.
- 17 Miss Kelsey's coffee to the cast and committee of the Senior play.
- 18 Sunday Chapel. Miss Bailey: Salt and Saltness and its value.
- 21 Senior Play: "A Scrap of Paper."
- 24 Chapel. Rev. W. E. Lombard: Billy Sunday.
- 27 Senior-Mid Banquet.

#### MAY

- 1 May Breakfast in the Town Hall.  
Andover-Harvard '18 Track Meet.  
Chapel. Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt: Ideals of American History.
- 2 Sunday Chapel. Dr. Charles H. Cutler: The Two Problems of Christian Life: What am I to do? What am I to be?
- 2 A. C. A. Miss Hammond: Vacation Bible School.
- 5 Reception given by Miss Bailey.
- 8 Hall Exercises. Prof. John Mason Tyler: The Survival of the Fittest.
- 9 Sunday Chapel. Prof. John Mason Tyler: Faith.
- 15 Senior tea and dance.
- 16 Sunday Chapel. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch: Lessons from the Youth of Moses.
- 18 German picnic. Party to "Iphigenia" at Harvard Stadium.
- 19 Party to "Trojan Women" at Harvard Stadium.  
Classes in Chemistry and Household Science visit Pacific Mills, by invitation of Mr. Alden.
- 23 Sunday Chapel. Rev. Raymond Calkins: Fragments
- 25 Senior Banquet.
- 26 May Day Festival.

#### Lectures

Miss Chickering spoke at Hall Exercises on January the twenty-third on "Fundamental Facts about the Present European War." Her talk was rendered delightfully clear by the use of a large colored map of Europe, the work of Miss Ramsay. She spoke at length of the general and immediate

causes of the war, then she discussed the different campaigns, particularly that in Poland and neighboring regions. With renewed emphasis we realized the tremendous cost of the war — paid by the lives of the people. Thanks to Miss Chickering, we now feel a more intelligent interest than we could possibly have gained from endless newspaper-reading.

On Friday evening, February the nineteenth, Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie gave us an extremely enlightening talk about our Japanese neighbors. Facts about the life, ideals, history, and progress of this remarkable people, hitherto so little known to us, he presented in a delightful fashion. Himself an enthusiastic admirer of Japan, he reflected in his talk the ideal of every Japanese, a pleasant and charming personality. The war with Japan which so many people feel to be inevitable, he thinks very possible to avert, if only we as Americans try to understand and sympathize with their point of view. After such a talk, we surely feel more eager to know and to help.

Dr. Frederick Chutter of Hanover, N. H., gave us a very interesting stereopticon lecture on the Egyptian people. He is a most enthusiastic student of people and their customs and lives. His lecture was illustrated by a great many slides of exceptional beauty in coloring. Egypt, the land of mystery and riddles, seems nearer and clearer to us, and though we may never see it for ourselves, we shall ever have the memory of the fascinating way in which it was presented to us.

On Friday afternoon, March the twelfth, we had the unusual privilege of hearing of the life of that famous queen of France, Marie Antoinette, from the lips of a Frenchwoman of great charm, Mme. Guérin. Through her delightfully clear and simple French and from the beautiful costumes which she wore in impersonating the ill-fated queen, she gave to us an impression and an understanding of her life which we shall not soon forget. Throughout her talk we felt the influence of Mme. Guérin's peculiarly charming personality.

Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart of Wellesley College came to us on Saturday afternoon, March the thirteenth, to speak of her experiences in Russia during the past summer and her impressions of the Slavic people. She told us of the racial differences which she noticed particularly at the time of the declaration of war. For the first time she saw the "accumulated effect of a nation in tears." Her experiences were at once terrifying and interesting. She told us many of the good qualities of the nation about which we know little save its cruelty and barbarism. She closed with a few words which she felt expressed the spirit of Russia — "And poor and abundant, and mighty and impotent art thou, our mother, Russia."

On the evening of May the first, Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt gave us a most interesting lecture, in Abbot Hall, on the subject of "The Ideals of American History." Miss Blauvelt has been for many years an enthusiastic student of history. She brought to us the words of Carlyle, who says — "A nation's true Bible is its own history." The ideal of America she found to be democracy — but the equality for which we, as Americans, are striving, must be a leveling up and not a leveling down. Democracy means progress —

the progress of each for the advantage of all. We cannot but feel that Miss Blauvelt has given us a newer and higher idea of the function of history.

On Saturday afternoon, May the eighth, Prof. John Mason Tyler lectured in Davis Hall on the all-absorbing topic, "The Survival of the Fittest." We feel doubly interested in Prof. Tyler, as an old friend of Abbot and as the possessor of a particularly winning personality. His quiet humor was most agreeable, and the direct clearness of his remarks rendered them intelligible to all of us. He gave what seemed to his mind the best description of the fittest, "those who see a promise afar off — dim. They are persuaded of it, pay the price for it, and die for faith in it, though the promise is never fulfilled." Everything, he continues, is a bundle of possibilities, and the fittest are those who recognize the possibility which they can best aid in realizing.

### Concerts

This year we were delighted to have the opportunity of again hearing Miss Ethel Leginska, the English pianist, who played for us Thursday afternoon, January 21. She seemed quite like an old friend and our personal interest in her added much to our enjoyment of the music. The program, consisting of Etudes and Sonatas by Chopin, was similar to one she had recently played in New York. Although it seemed to us last year that her playing couldn't possibly be better, we were interested to see what remarkable improvement she had made since then.

On February eleventh, Mr. Percy A. Scholes of London spoke to us on "The Golden Age of British Music." The lecture was illustrated by several little musical selections on the piano and violin by his wife. This Golden Age lasted from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of Queen Anne, nearly 150 years.

Several factors strongly influenced the development of music in the Elizabethan period. First, there was a deep national feeling in the hearts of the people, and the English music corresponding to the national character was simple, direct and quite melodious. It was an age of growing wealth and of love of luxury. This made possible the development of music. Mrs. Scholes played parts of a piece descriptive of the King's Hunt, and of another describing the composer himself, John Bull.

People in the Puritan days that followed were equally fond of art and music. Henry Russell was the greatest and last of the English composers. After his time, the German and Italian styles were adopted. Purcell, however, combined the strength of the English with the lightness and vivacity of the French, and produced some really beautiful harmonies.

The third of our annual series of concerts was given by Madame Anita Rio in Davis Hall, Thursday, February twenty-fifth. First she sang some very delightful songs in old French. After a group in English, there followed Neapolitan Folk Songs, among which was a stirring march by Tosti. Madame Rio has a soprano voice, remarkably clear and sympathetic. We admired especially her perfect control of tone.

## Plays

On January twenty-sixth, the Senior-Middlers gave a most successful play, "The Violin Maker of Cremona." The four leading parts were admirably filled. The girls seemed to live the very characters and to feel the emotion so strongly and deeply that the words were spoken spontaneously.

Our heartfelt sympathy went out to the misshapen hunchback, as the whole world scorned him, and we were filled with doubts and fears with the young girl Giannina. The self-satisfied conceit of Taddeo Ferrari was very funny indeed. We were all glad with the handsome youth, Sandro, when his marriage with the happy Giannina brought the play to a good close, and we felt that the crippled Filippo would find perfect companionship with his beloved violin. The cast follows:

TADDEO FERRARI  
FILIPPO  
SANDRO  
GIANNINA

Sylvia Gutterson  
Agnes Grant  
Marion Selden  
Helene Hardy

We are always especially interested in the plays written by the Seniors, and acted by the underclassmen, for they seem so closely connected with us. This year two plays were chosen and given on February sixteenth, in Davis Hall.

The first, "The King o' Hearts," by Mattie Larrabee, had an exceptionally well-developed plot. It showed the adventures of a young man in a summer hotel, stealing miscellaneous valuables — including hearts.

The other, "The Incurables," by Charlotte Morris, portrayed a courtship under difficulties, said difficulties being a small brother and his chum. The lines were very bright and witty, keeping the audience in a constant gale of laughter.

On Tuesday evening, March second, in Davis Hall, we had the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with famous pictures, when the November Club of Andover presented living "Portraits of Fair Women." The pictures included both "Old Masters", and a number from later schools. They were announced by a herald in gorgeous mediaeval costume, who gave a brief description of each one.

Much credit is due Mr. H. Winthrop Peirce, who arranged the pictures, and to the ladies of the November Club who posed so well.

The "little nonsense now and then", which, we are told, "is relished by the wisest men", was certainly enjoyed immensely at the vaudeville show given in Davis Hall on March sixteenth.

We saw ourselves perform in gymnasium class, we viewed the fire-drill with its thrilling escape by rope, we made a visit to the "movies", we soared to the classical heights of "Pyramus and Thisbe," we returned to kindergarten days, and between times enjoyed the clever dancing and the living advertisements.



On Wednesday evening, April twenty-first, "A Scrap of Paper" was presented in Davis Hall by the Senior Class.

The play, which is a translation from the French of Victorien Sardou, deals with the efforts of a married lady to regain a letter written by her, years before, to her lover. Her search was all the more amusing when we knew that the letter was in full view all the time she was hunting in all out-of-the-way places.

Interest never lagged; for the play moved very quickly, and each person in the cast caught and returned her cues with great briskness.

The time of the piece — 1861 — was delightfully emphasized by the hoop-skirts and quaint hats of the ladies, and the — to us — peculiar dress of the men.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROSPER COURAMONT	Martha Lamberton
BARON DE LA GLACIERE	Norma Allen
BRISEMOUCHE, <i>landed proprietor and naturalist</i>	Marion Hamblet
ANATOLE, <i>his son</i>	Marion Brooks
BATISTE, <i>servant</i>	Marion Winklebleck
FRANCOIS, <i>servant to Prosper</i>	Mildred Akerley
LOUISE DE LA GLACIERE	Aurelia Hillman
Mlle. SUZANNE DE RUSEVILLE, <i>her cousin</i>	Sarah Cushing
MATHILDE, <i>sister to Louise</i>	Ada Wilkey
Mlle. ZENOBIE, <i>sister to Brisemouche</i>	Betty Gleason
MADAME DUPONT, <i>housekeeper</i>	Jessie Nye
PAULINE, <i>maid</i>	Marion Barnard

### Honor Roll

#### FIRST SEMESTER, 1914-1915

Agnes Grant	94%
Marion Barnard, Marion Hamblet	90
Bernice Boutwell, Margaret Clark, Charlotte Eaton	89
Agnes Leslie, Esther Van Dervoort	88

#### THIRD QUARTER. MARCH, 1915

Agnes Grant	92%
Marion Barnard, Agnes Leslie	89
Margaret Clark, Charlotte Eaton, Marion Hamblet, Aurelia Hillman, Elizabeth Sjöström, Elizabeth Wood	88

### Items of General Interest

Soon after the end of the first semester, Miss Runner, who had not been well all winter, was obliged to give up her school work. After a two months' visit with her sister, Mrs. Swift, she went home early in May to Austin, Minnesota, where she plans to spend the summer. While she is missed more and more all the time, everyone is glad to know that the quiet out-door life is doing her much good.

Fortunately Miss Louise Sweeney of Methuen, who had already done some tutoring for the school, was able to come and help in the Latin Department. Miss Sweeney is a graduate both of Abbot and of Vassar College, so she understands well the ways of the school and the needs of the college preparatory work.

On February 26 came the sad news of the death of Miss Sherman's father, Prof. Frank Asbury Sherman of Hanover, a brave soldier in the Civil War, and for many years a much-loved and honored professor of mathematics at Dartmouth College. His other daughter, Margaret, Mrs. Francis Neef, was a student here from 1905-1906, and since then the school has felt in him a real and warm friend.

For two weeks in February, while Miss Sherman was in Hanover, her French classes were taken by Miss Elizabeth Tyler, who had substituted for her last year. It was a great pleasure to everyone to have Miss Tyler living with us again.

Miss Thompson expects to be married on the 16th of June in New York City. She will make her home in Glen Sutton, Province of Quebec, Canada.

This spring \$315 was raised by subscription among the girls to be used to relieve some of the suffering caused by the war. This sum was distributed as follows: Belgian Relief Fund, \$60; Poland Relief Fund, \$60; Red Cross, \$40; Palestine-Syria Fund, \$30; Southern Schools, Hampton, Tougaloo, Atlanta; Andover District Nurse Fund; Andover Relief, each \$25.

The February dance was given up this year and the girls pledged the money which would have been so used, to charity. The definite sum is not yet known but will be between \$45 and \$50, and is to be given to the Boston Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

On February 20th, some of the more wide-awake members of Abbot had the novel sensation of experiencing a slight earthquake shock. There were two shocks about half an hour apart, but not sufficiently great to be very noticeable.

The sum of \$50 has been given by the New York Abbot Club to be applied to the fund for instruction.

The Boston Abbot Club has made the school a present of \$15. It has not yet been decided for what this money shall be spent.

Mr. Hincks has presented the school with his own marked copy of Wordsworth's poems, Golden Treasury Series. The book seems to have gained a bit of Mr. Hincks's personality and so is an invaluable gift.

A book on "American Pageantry" by Ralph Davol has been given the school by Miss Flora L. Mason of Taunton.

Miss Melita Knowles has been teaching this winter at Briarcliffe School. Three times a week she has classes in history at the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York City.



Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Miss Charlotte Root) and her two little girls, Lois and Ruth, have been spending the spring months with Mr. Patton's family in Braintree. A very short visit to the school by Mrs. Patton and little Lois was very much enjoyed by old friends of "Miss Root" among the girls and faculty.

Great sympathy is felt for Mrs. Charles M. Fletcher (Miss Sarah S. Utter) whose husband died on January 22, at Canaan, Vermont. Miss Utter was teacher of gymnastics here from 1910-1912 and was married in June, 1912 — not quite three years ago.

During the winter months occurred the death of Mrs. Biscoe's father, Mr. Winfield Scott Slocum of Newton, and of Mrs. Converse, the mother of Mrs. William Rockwell.

A pleasant message has been received from Mrs. Elizabeth S. Mead in response to the greeting sent to her from the Alumnae Luncheon in February. "The telegram from Boston was a lovely surprise and just like the Abbot girls to send it. If I only had a megaphone you could almost hear my 'Thank you and bless your noble hearts'. How far away my Andover days seem and how crowded full of lovely memories! I would not give my Andover memories and stimulating influence for a fortune except — O yes! the latter to endow Abbot Academy."

Mrs. Martha Matthews McClean, whose death occurred on February 15, was a teacher of Music and Drawing at Abbot Academy for two years, 1856-58. Since her marriage in 1881 she has lived in Springfield, engaged in many good works, especially the Chinese Mission Sunday School which she helped to organize. This interest began with her acquaintance in Northampton in 1870 with eight of the Chinese boys sent by their government to be educated. These boys became much attached to her as their teacher, and when in official positions in China kept in touch with her by correspondence, and visited her when in this country.

Many of the alumnae will learn with sorrow of the death of Mrs. Clara (Palmer) Lyon, who taught in Abbot Academy for ten years, 1861-66 and 1870-76. In the letters received during the preparation of the general catalogue her name was often mentioned with affection and respect. One says, "I was in her history class. She was a good teacher, thorough and broad in her views. She took long looks at things." For some years, since the death of her husband, she has made her home with her step-daughter, Emma (Lyon) Rice, who survived her only a few months. As the wife of a minister, she had many opportunities for service, and her life meant much to the communities where she lived.

## Alumnae Notes

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### The New York Abbot Club

A year ago this spring the Abbot Academy Club of New York listened to an interesting talk by a former principal of the school, Miss Watson, on her travels in Greece. At the fall meeting, Mr. Owen Lovejoy, National Secretary of the Child Labor Bureau, gave a graphic account of the work of this organization. This April Miss Bailey was the guest of honor. Her subject was "Abbot Academy in 1915," and she gave a wonderfully clear picture of the external aspect of the school and of the life within it. At this meeting, the Club voted a gift of \$50 to be applied to the "Teachers' Fund".

### Boston Abbot Club

The annual February luncheon of the Boston Abbot Club and the Alumnae Association was held as usual at the Vendome Hotel on the 6th of February. After being welcomed by the reception committee, Miss Bailey, Mrs. Sears, and Mrs. Cushman, the guests gathered about round tables in the dining-room and a happy hour was spent renewing old acquaintance while enjoying a delicious luncheon. The speakers at the after-dinner programme, which was graciously presided over by Mrs. Sears, were Miss Bailey whose talk on present conditions and needs of the school is always interesting to old girls; Miss Ellen Emerson of Concord, who spoke most ably and helpfully on various lines of social service open to young women; and Mrs. Francis E. Clark, who made an eloquent plea for the suffering Poles and recalled interesting experiences in Poland during her recent journey around the world. This programme was varied by a group of charming songs sung by Sarah Cushing, a member of the Senior class.

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1834. A precious relic of the early days of the school has recently been received from the friends of Miss Martha Ann Brown of Salem, who died last November. It is a small home-made autograph album, containing the names of many of the Abbot girls of that time, with quaintly worded sentiments, according to the fashion then current.

1858. Dr. George Washburn, husband of Henrietta Hamlin, died in Boston, February 15, 1915. Dr. Washburn was president of Robert College in Constantinople, for about thirty years, and with Mrs. Washburn accomplished a great educational work there, harmonizing the discordant nationalities and placing the school high among the institutions of the East. He became a recognized authority on international law, and his counsel was often sought by diplomats in important crises. It is not easy to estimate the far-reaching influence of those long years of missionary work, especially among the Bulgarians, many of whose political leaders received their ideals at Robert College.

†1862. Mrs. Alice (Wakefield) Emerson has been spending the winter in Boston at the Hotel Oxford. Her daughter, who was formerly connected with Carleton College, is now teaching in Boston University.

1868. The address of Ellen (Dutton) Claus is Glen Rock, Malden.

1882. Emily (Mather) Smith has sent to the Academy a copy of the attractive book for children which she has recently published. It is called "Roger's Dream", and will be added to the increasing collection of alumnae publications.

The school friends of Annie B. Hill, 1885 (Mrs. S. D. James), and Ella A. Hill, 1892, will regret to learn of the death of their father, with whom Ella made her home in Northwood Ridge, N. H.

†1886. Alice Carter Twitchell has been spending the winter in Florida with her friends, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Fenn of Portland, Maine.

†1887. Mrs. Alfred Sturgis (Emma F. Twitchell) has a son, William, almost ready for college, and her daughter, Frances, is a student at The Waynfleet, Portland, Maine's best private school.

†1887. Annie (Pearson) Lewis is now living in Pepperell where her husband has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church.

1887. Marion Hinkley, Smith College '91, whose home is now in Rome, N. Y., is spending some weeks with one of her sisters in Portland, Me., her old home. She reports a pleasant luncheon party in Cambridge with four ladies whom she enjoyed meeting. Later, she discovered that all four had been members of Abbot Academy. Oughtn't there to be some free masonry by which A. A. girls might recognize each other?

1891. Sarah H. Titcomb of Yarmouthville, Me., and Mrs. Charles Dunn (Mabel Lee Kittredge, '92) of Lock Haven, Pa., recently spent some happy days together in New York. They report Susan Chase as vivacious and active as ever, full of enthusiasm.

1891. Mary P. Clay is active in good works in Portland, Me., being an efficient helper in the Board of Management of the Y. W. C. A. and active in church work.

1892. We were sorry to hear in April of the death in Quincy, Illinois, of Mrs. Chauncey Castle, the mother of Ella, Elizabeth, Mary and Clara Castle.

†1894. Rev. and Mrs. Allen E. Cross (Ethelyn Marshall) of Milford, have much sympathy in the death, on March 30th, of their daughter Louise, twelve years old.

1896. Anne Hincks is working this winter with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The office is at 43 Mt. Vernon Street.

†1897. Angie May Dunton (Mrs. Marshall H. Purrington) and Miss Maria S. Merrill often meet, as they are both members of the Anne Hathaway Club, in Portland, Me.

†1898. Lucia Cook (Mrs. Robert W. Dunbar), who has been visiting her parents in Portland, Me., is the happy mother of seven children, and she looks "just as she did when she was in school".

†1900. Constance Gutterson is to have charge of the corrective gymnastics at Miss Bennett's School next winter. She will continue her tunic craft shop on Boylston Street.

†1901. Katharine French is working at the Talitha Cumi Home in Boston and Barbara is in Poughkeepsie — having had work in Vassar College this winter.

†1901. Emily Emerson (Mrs. E. E. Day), Smith, 1905, writes from her home, 7 Chauncy Street, Cambridge, "My young son is growing fast — he will soon measure one yard! And oh, he is *such* fun. I wish you might see him at this age."

†1901. Margaret Reed has a position in the office of an interior decorating firm in New York City.

†1902. Mercer Mason (Mrs. James Brown Kemper) is now living in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. She expects to send little Ruth Ord to Commencement this June in the care of Honora Spalding and Evelyn Carter.

†1905. Katherine Woods has been spending the winter with friends in Lawrence, Kansas. She is writing regularly for the Queries Section of the New York *Sunday Times*.

†1905. Mrs. Robert H. Dunlop (Ruth Ord Mason) sailed in October for the Philippines where her husband is stationed for the present.

†1905. Frances Cutler has been appointed instructor in English at Vassar College. She expects to go to California this summer.

†1905. Fanny Hazen has been visiting her sister, Ethel Hazen Lillard, in Andover this spring.

†1905. The address of Louise Pevey (Mrs. Bruce Naylor) is 34 Shepard Street, Cambridge.

†1906. Mr. and Mrs. Reeve Chipman (Constance Parker) are to take a small party to the San Francisco Exposition this summer. Among those going with them are several Abbot girls.

†1906. Rena Porter Hastings has been very sick this winter at the home of Persis Mackintire in Worcester.

†1906. Sarah Hincks has been taking graduate courses at Ann Arbor this winter.

1906. Margaret Hovey (Mrs. Harold S. Morse) is living at 700 West 179th Street, New York City.

1906. Mr. Francis J. A. Neef, husband of Margaret Sherman, has recently been appointed associate professor of German at Dartmouth College.

†1907. Clara Jackson Hukill has opened this winter a studio at 2248 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, and is associated there with the Henry L.



Wilson Decorating Company. For three years she has been studying house-decoration, last year in Vienna under Professor Hoffmann.

†1907. Laura Howell, who is doing work at the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, has been taking a four months' vacation, most of which she has spent in Florida.

†1907. Oena May Whyte has recently leased an estate of twenty acres in Oxford, Me., and is enjoying the fitting up and furnishing of the house in which she soon expects to be "at home".

†1908. Edith Gutterson starts in June on her new work as head of the department of photographs and slides at the Art Institute of Chicago. She will live in Hull House. For the last three years she has been assistant to the curator in the Art Department at Wellesley, at the same time taking the Museum training course.

†1908. Mary Howell has been studying for two years at the New York School of Philanthropy, and during this last year she has done half-time work under the Associated Charities in New York. She is specializing in child placement work.

†1908. Dorothy Taylor will help her mother this summer at their summer camp for small boys at Buzzard's Bay.

1908. The editors and the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* have found in Katharine Butler a writer of unusual promise. A charming poem, "On an Ancient Head of Aphrodite", appeared in the January *Atlantic*, and in the March number is a short story of singular power, "In No Strange Land".

1908. Ruth Tucker has been teaching in the public schools of Peabody this winter.

†1910. Ethel Reigeluth has been taking courses in Agriculture this year at Cornell, including Landscape Art and Floriculture. She has also been studying Interior Decorating and House Planning.

1910. The address of Marjorie (Kimball) Abbott is 6 Timsbury Terrace, Lynn.

†1911. Borghild Hoff is planning to spend the summer months in California. In March she was bridesmaid at Catherine Vail's wedding.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow is to be with an Art Colony at Boothbay Harbor this summer.

1913. Marian Bayley graduates this June from the Emma Willard School in Troy, N. Y. She expects to go to Smith next year.

†1914. Alice Sweeney had an essay on "How to Read Poetry" in the Vassar *Miscellany*. She is on the Freshman hockey team.

†1914. Gladys Higgins is studying German Literature once a week at Abbot.

†1914. Helen Gilbert is taking a ten months' business course at the Hickox School, Copley Square, Boston.

†1914. Elsie Gleason has been recently appointed business manager of the *News* staff of Radcliffe.

## Visitors

Katharine K. Gilbert, 1913, Dr. Katharine French, †1901, Mrs. Franz Simmons (Winifred Lawry), †1892, Hildegard Gutterson, †1914, Mary Carter Righter, 1889, Olga Erickson, †1913, Charlotte Amsden, †1913, Helen Gilbert, †1914, Elizabeth Ripley, †1905, Frances Cutler, †1905, Fanny Hazen, †1905, Katharine Scott, 1902, Edith Gutterson, †1908, Miss Titcomb, Mrs. Patton, Elsie Gleason, †1914, Lucretia Lowe, †1914, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Katharine Selden, †1914, Elizabeth Petherbridge, 1912, Louise Albrecht, 1914, Charlotte Odell Baker, †1892, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Winona Algie, †1900, Oena Whyte, †1907, Maud Sprague, †1906, Cornelia Williams, 1905, Elizabeth Scott, 1913, Elizabeth Sawyer, 1913, Jane Newton, †1913, Helene Symmes, 1913, Marion Parshley, 1913, Helen Cram, †1912, Abbie Laton, †1912, Hazel Norcross, 1913, Eleanor Hale, 1913, Hannah Greene Holt, †1894, Marguerite Hunt, 1913, Frances Jones, †1914, Ursula Kimball, 1914, Helen Hansom, †1914, Enid Baush, †1913.

## Engagements

Miss Natalie Brookes Thompson to Rev. J. Frederick Morris of New York City.

1885. Mary (Schauffler) Labaree to Mr. Frederick G. Platt of New Britain, Conn.

1906. Ethel Jellerson to Mr. Henry Hart Bradley of Glen Ridge, N. J.

†1909. Mary M. Bourne to Mr. Hugh Gates Boutell of Washington.

†1910. Lydia C. Skolfield to Mr. Wallace Emery Parsons.

1913. Jane Newton to Mr. Samuel Sheldon of Red Wing, Minnesota.

†1915. Jessie Marie Nye to Mr. Frederick Swazey Blodgett of Bucksport, Maine.

## Marriages

†1899. COX—YOUNG.—In Brookline, February 18, 1915, May Emery Young to Hon. Channing H. Cox, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

1908. MANVILLE—CHAFFEE.—In Hackensack, New Jersey, April 28, 1915, Helen Elizabeth Chaffee to Mr. Edward Perry Manville.

1910. DENVER—CREMIN.—In New York City, March 4, 1915, Grace Eileen Cremin to Mr. James P. Denver.

†1911. SCHLESINGER—BEMIS.—In Springfield, October, 1914, Marion Vose Bemis to Mr. Frank Schlesinger.

1912. ATWATER—VAIL.—In Poughkeepsie, New York, March 20, 1915, Catherine Stewart Vail to Mr. Morton Atwater.

†1913. PRUDDEN—DANFORTH.—In Round Lake, Illinois, May 29, 1915, Helen Mowry Danforth to Mr. Halsey George Prudden. At home, after October first, 1417 Sheridan Terrace, Chicago.



## Births

1894. In Montclair, New Jersey, March 18, 1915, a son, Thomas Carter, to Mr. and Mrs. George Briggs Lynes (Edith Carter).

1899. In Kellogg, Idaho, November 23, 1914, a daughter, Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Stanly A. Easton (Estelle Greenough).

†1900. August 9, 1914, a daughter, Frances Bixby, to Dr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Place (Emma Bixby) of Boston, Mass.

†1906. In Marlboro, April 7, 1915, a son, John Edward, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Rice (Helen B. Ellis).

†1907. In Trenton, New Jersey, April 10, 1915, a son, Harold Scott Taylor, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Scott Taylor (Maria Pillsbury).

1908. October 12, 1914, a son, Richard Volney, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Volney Chase (Mary E. Cheney) of Lakeport, New Hampshire.

†1910. In Dalton, January 25, 1915, a daughter, Ruth Tuttle, to Mr. and Mrs. William D. Abbott (Louise Tuttle).

## Deaths

In Springfield, February 14, 1915, Martha E. Matthews, wife of the late Dr. Alexander S. McClean. She was a teacher in Abbot Academy, 1856-58.

In Hotchkiss, Colorado, August 24, 1914, Clara E. Palmer, wife of the late Rev. A. B. Lyon. Miss Palmer was teacher in Abbot Academy for ten years.

1845. At Fort Scott, Kansas, April 28, 1915, Lydia Blanchard, wife of the late Amos C. Abbott, aged eighty-seven years.

1851. At Easthampton, April 12, 1915, Elizabeth Edwards, wife of the late Martin L. Gaylord.

1854. In West Andover, April 7, 1915, Eldesta Goldsmith, wife of the late Joshua H. Chandler.

†1858. In Exeter, N. H., April, 1915, Amanda C. Morris, wife of the late Prof. Bradbury L. Cilley.

1858. In West Andover, April 4, 1915, Alice Jane Trull, wife of Samuel H. Boutwell.

1861. In Washington, D. C., December 21, 1914, Sophie T. Hastings, wife of Rev. Isaac Clark, D.D.

†1871. In Boston, May 5, 1915, Caroline A. F. Holmes.

†1881. In Hotchkiss, Col., February 22, 1915, Emma Lyon, wife of the late Rev. Charles E. Rice, a home missionary in Nebraska. She was nobly self-sacrificing in her efforts to help young people to get an education, often taking students into her own home. She was the step-daughter of Mrs. Clara (Palmer) Lyon, formerly a teacher in Abbot Academy.

1898. In Andover, April 3, 1915, Sarah Saunders.

1901. In New Haven, Conn., April 20, 1915, Agnes Longfellow Smith, wife of Caleb W. O'Connor.

## Obituary

CAROLINE A. F. HOLMES

On May 5, 1915, Caroline A. F. Holmes passed from this earthly life into the life of eternity.

As we stood beside her grave, memories of her wonderful activity crowded upon us and we felt that she was not there, that she had indeed risen and was even then rejoicing in the presence of her Lord.

Born in Chelsea, Mass., her parents moved, while she was still an infant, to Cape Town, South Africa, where her childhood days were spent in a home of wealth and culture, pervaded always with a deep religious spirit that governed all the household. When only eight years old she was placed in an English boarding-school and she often spoke of the thoroughness of her preparation for the future years of study at Abbot Academy. Her father's house was the Mecca towards which all the missionaries bent their steps in going to and returning from America, hence her large acquaintance with them and her never-failing interest in their welfare.

When she was old enough to leave her home in Cape Town, her father brought his son and daughter to Andover and placed the former in Phillips Academy, while the latter he confided to the care of those wonderful teachers, the Misses McKeen. Thus Andover became her home for many years, and so thoroughly did she imbibe the traditions and ideals of Abbot Academy that she always seemed to her friends a part of it, and many of the Alumnae will recall with gratitude the kindly acts that smoothed their way. It was somewhat difficult for her to adjust herself to the new life, but she gradually became accustomed to it and faithfully performed her duties. Some time during those years she united with the Old South Church, and always preserved her love for Andover and its people, identifying herself with them in all good works.

She was graduated from the Academy in the class of 1871 and was ever loyal to the school, returning often to it and retaining her interest in all that pertained to it. As one of her schoolmates expresses it, she was "a genuine woman, with a personality all her own and a strong, sweet character, under a somewhat diffident manner."

The years that followed her graduation were full of generous acts and thoughtful deeds. Faithful to her friends, she was also a loving and devoted daughter, while her great executive ability was recognized in the many positions of trust to which she was elected, and which she conscientiously filled.

She became a member of the Abbot Academy Club from its inception, and brought to it the same loyal support that she gave to the Academy itself and was seldom absent from its meetings until failing strength compelled her to remain away.

Thus quietly and peacefully, and ministered unto by the faithful devotion of close friends, while becoming more and more conscious of the presence of angels, she fell asleep to waken in that land where the "first things have passed away" and Christ "hath made all things new."

E. F. C.

## Abbot Academy Faculty

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BERTHA BAILEY, Sc. B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL  
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A. B.,  
History and English

MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit. B.,  
Literature and History of Art

OLIVE G. RUNNER, Lit. B.,  
Latin

MARY E. BANCROFT, A. B.,  
English

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A. B.,  
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German

RACHEL A. DOWD, A. B.,  
Latin

NANCY SIBLEY WILKINS, A. B.,  
Mathematics. Librarian

NATALIE BROOKES THOMPSON, B. S.,  
Household Economics

ALICE DEAN SPALDING,  
Elocution and Physical Education

JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A. M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music

MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music

HARRIET RICHARDS ASHTON,  
Violin

FLORENCE HOWLAND RAMSAY, A. B.,  
Drawing and Painting

CORINNE D' A LA BRECQUE,  
French Conversation

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GRACE A. JENKINS,  
Supervisor of day-scholars' room. Drawing

HARRIET BIXBY,  
Secretary to the Principal

PHILANA McLEAN,  
In charge of Draper Hall

EDITH H. ALDRED,  
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A. M.,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records

### Lecturers

DR. HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

MME. E. GUERIN

PROF. SOPHIE CHANTAL HART

MISS MARY TAYLOR BLAUVELT

PROF. JOHN MASON TYLER

### Speakers

MR. H. WINTHROP PEIRCE

REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE

MISS ANNIE BEECHER SCOVILLE

MISS MARY A. WIGGIN

REV. EDWARD Y. HINCKS

DR. ROBERT E. SPEER

DR. CHARLES L. DICKINSON

REV. FREDERICK W. CHUTTER

REV. FREDERICK A. WILSON

DR. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON

REV. C. W. HENRY

REV. W. E. LOMBARD

DR. CHARLES H. CUTLER

MISS MARION HAMMOND

DR. ALBERT PARKER FITCH

REV. RAYMOND CALKINS

### Concerts

MR. AND MRS. PERCY A. SCHOLLES

MME. ANITA RIO

## School Organizations

A. C. A.

[illegible]

## Student Council

NORMA ALLEN . . . . .	MARTHA LAMBERTON
MARION BROOKS . . . . .	JESSIE NYE
MARJORIE FREEMAN . . . . .	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
SYLVIA GUTTERSON . . . . .	ESTHER DAVIS
KATHERINE ADAMS . . . . .	LOIS ERICKSON

## Fidelio Society

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	MARION SELDEN
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	HELENE HARDY

## Odeon

MATTIE LARRABEE . . . . .	CHARLOTTE MORRIS
PHYLLIS BROOKS . . . . .	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
SARAH CUSHING . . . . .	RUTH OTTMAN .
ESTHER SHELDON . . . . .	KATHERINE ADAMS
ELIZABETH WOOD . . . . .	MARION SELDEN

## Athletic Association

[illegible]

## Basketball Team

Captain . . . . .	ESTHER SHELDON
Manager . . . . .	MARION SELDEN

## Glee Club

[illegible]

# Class Organizations

## Senior, '15

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION BROOKS
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION HAMBLET
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLOTTE MORRIS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ADA WILKEY

*Class Colors* — Green and White

*Class Flower* — White Rose

*Class Motto* — Be your best that you may give your  
best to a world that needs you.

## Senior Middle, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	SYLVIA GUTTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GRANT
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CHARLOTTE EATON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELENE HARDY

*Class Colors* — King's Blue and Gold

*Class Flower* — Cornflower

*Class Motto* — Do noble things, not dream them.

## Junior Middle, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH JACKSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CARITA BIGELOW
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER DAVIS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ALICE PRESCOTT

*Class Colors* — Purple and White

*Class Flower* — Violet

*Class Motto* — Live pure, speak true, right wrong,  
follow the King.

## Juniors, '18

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN FRENCH
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	JULIE SHERMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	GWENDOLEN BROOKS
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARIETTE GOODRICH

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# Calendar

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1915-1916

1915

April 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 8, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Spring term begins

June 8, Tuesday

School year ends

## Summer Vacation

September 15, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

September 16, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Fall term begins

November 25, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 16, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term ends

## Christmas Vacation

1916

January 5, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 6, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Winter term begins

January 29, Saturday

First semester ends

January 31, Monday

Second Semester begins

March 23, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term ends

## Spring Vacation

April 5, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 6, Thursday, 9 A.M.

Spring term begins

June 6, Tuesday

School year ends

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A man to really be a poet  
These things should do, you'll find:  
Write songs to Nancy, Ann and Jane,  
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And long let grow his hair,  
And to be sure, be very poor  
And write upon despair!

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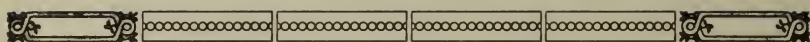
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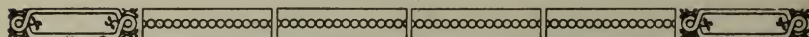


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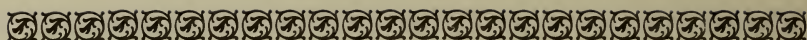
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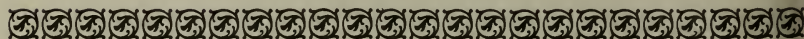
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# The Abbot Courant

January, 1916

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1916





JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLII., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1916



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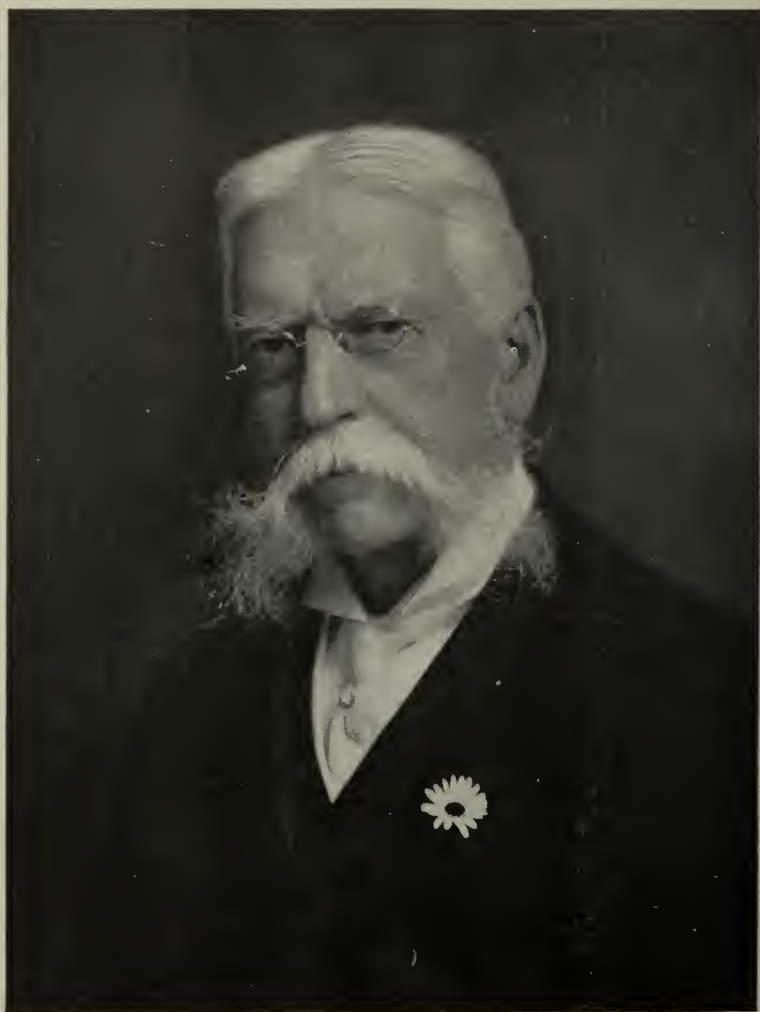
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The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents.  
 All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.







JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR



# THE ABBOT COURANT

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JOSEPHINE WALKER, 1916

AGNES GRANT, C.P., 1916

### Business Editors

MARGARET PERRY, 1916

DOROTHY DANN, 1916

RUTH JACKSON, 1917

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Vol. XLII

JANUARY, 1916

No. 1

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## Professor Taylor

In the death of Professor Taylor, every person connected with Abbot Academy has lost a tried and loyal friend. As the weeks pass, we realize ever more fully the influence of his gracious presence and sympathetic thoughtfulness.

As a Trustee of the school, and as a good neighbor, his interest was never perfunctory. It showed itself in an expenditure of time and thought, often of money, in the constant effort to secure the best things for students and teachers. As far as his strength permitted, he endeavored to know personally the members of the school. He followed the work of the teachers in the classroom, and the play of the students on the athletic field. He loved to share in festivities, and, even better, perhaps, to come to the breakfast table for a good-morning chat.

His presence lent distinction to every place he entered. His stately white head, his noble bearing, his old-world courtliness unconsciously modified the familiar, the crude, the often boisterous manners of our time, so that even the little children who most often came in touch with him acquired something of his courtly grace. Rudeness could not endure in his company, for with him manners were no outward show, but the gracious expression of a beautiful spirit.

His kindness was genuine and unfailing. He had a genius for friendship. It seemed sometimes as if he daily considered the long list of those he loved, asking himself what kindness he could do that day for each. Certain it is, no kindness was ever omitted that was in his power to perform.

He was not only nobly generous himself, he inspired generosity in others. It can never be known what gifts to the school have been contributed because of his quiet influence upon the givers. Most conspicuous of these fruits of his suggestion and interest is the complete and beautiful Infirmary, whose value is daily more apparent.

For this and for uncounted other services, we gratefully honour his memory, reverencing in him that fineness of nature that made him gladly efface himself in his kindly thought for others; that manliness of character that enabled him to endure uncomplainingly weakness and suffering that would have vanquished a spirit less brave; that consecration of soul that bore its fruit in daily Christlike living.

Our love for him, and our grief for his loss are alike enduring.

B. B.

## John Phelps Taylor—A Biographical Sketch

(Reprinted from the TOWNSMAN of September seventeenth, by permission)

In the death of Professor John Phelps Taylor last Monday, Andover lost a well-beloved citizen. Professor Taylor was born here in 1841, the son of Rev. John Lord Taylor, D.D., at that time minister of the South Church and afterwards long identified with the Theological Seminary as treasurer and professor. His mother was Caroline Lord Phelps, a descendant of prominent colonial settlers in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

John Phelps Taylor made a brilliant record as a student, graduating from Phillips Academy with highest honors in 1858. One of his schoolmates testifies warmly to his fine influence over his fellows. He completed his course at Yale College in 1862, being the valedictorian of his class. One of his classmates and closest friends both at Andover and Yale was the late Melville C. Day, the benefactor of Phillips Academy. At Yale Mr. Taylor was a member of Psi Upsilon, Skull and Bones, and Phi Beta Kappa, and in later years was one of the first members of the Boston Yale Club. He had a lifelong enthusiasm for Yale and for his college class.

The next two years after college he devoted to teaching and travel and to the study of modern languages at Paris, Bonn, and Venice. In 1865 Mr. Taylor entered Andover Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1868. During one year of his Seminary course he taught Latin and Greek in Phillips Academy, and for the larger part of another academic year he was granted leave of absence for travel with his father in Europe and the Holy Land. His marked ability as a student had enabled him in three months to anticipate the class-work of the entire year.

On October 14, 1868, he married Antoinette Hall of a well-known New Haven family, whom he had met in his college days. In that year, too, he was ordained to the Congregational ministry and became pastor of the South Church in Middletown, Conn., where he remained till 1874. After two years at the United Church, Newport, R. I., and a brief period of study at Andover, he accepted, in 1878, a call to the Second Congregational Church of New London, Conn., where he had a happy pastorate of nearly

six years. In 1883 he was called to the Taylor Professorship in Andover Seminary, a chair that had been endowed by Frederic H. Taylor of Andover, and Dr. John Lord Taylor. For sixteen years Professor Taylor was a teacher of Biblical History and Literature, and lecturer in Oriental Archaeology in the Seminary. During the early part of this period he carried on special studies with Prof. Lyon of Harvard, Prof. Haupt of Johns Hopkins, and Prof. Gottheil of Columbia. In 1885 he was lecturer on Egyptology at the Peabody Institute of Baltimore; from 1888 to 1892 he was a director of the American Oriental Society; and from 1884 to 1893 he was contributing editor on archaeology to the *Andover Review*. With the other theological professors he served as preacher at the Seminary Chapel. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middlebury College, Vermont, in 1897.

Like his father, Professor John Phelps Taylor was deeply interested in local history and town affairs. At the time of the 250th anniversary of Andover he was a member of the General Committee of Fifteen which had charge of the celebration, and he was always a generous contributor to Andover's varied philanthropies.

Since his retirement from active teaching in 1899, he has devoted himself to study and travel and to the interests of Phillips and Abbot Academies. From 1892 till his death he was a devoted and generous trustee of Abbot. He frequently visited the school and enjoyed the friendship both of teachers and pupils. The prosperity of Abbot was one of his deepest joys.

The election of Professor Taylor as President of the Phillips Academy Alumni Association for the year 1912-13 was a fitting recognition of his lifelong loyalty and his invaluable services to Phillips, for it was largely through his intimate friendship with Mr. Melville C. Day, that Mr. Day's princely generosity toward Phillips Academy was fostered. The last and most beautiful of the dormitories given by Mr. Day fittingly bears the name of John Phelps Taylor Hall.

Professor Taylor was gifted with a remarkable memory and he was an accomplished linguist. To the end of his life he kept

up his readings in the classics and in the oriental and modern languages. In youth and age, he was an enthusiastic traveler and an ardent student of art, history, and literature. As a preacher he was welcomed from time to time in the local churches and in other cities and towns of New England. As a speaker and as a writer he had unusual gifts of expression. He delighted in literary composition and his style was characterized by a rich vocabulary and by a wealth of allusion and quotation.

Although for several years past he has not been in vigorous health, it was only last week that he was compelled to withdraw from his accustomed activities. He was confined to his bed for four days and passed away quietly at half-past nine Monday morning. A multitude of friends in many places have been thinking during these past few days and have spoken one to another of his refinement and devoutness of nature and his beauty of spirit, of his patience and cheerful unselfishness; and by the people of Andover Professor Taylor will long be affectionately remembered as a gentleman of the old school, a thoughtful neighbor, a good citizen, and a friend of rare kindliness.

M. W. S.

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### The Tramp

Among the crowded shipping  
It lies,— a broken thing  
Which has felt the high wind's fury,  
And the lash of the salt waves' sting.  
Its rigging and funnels are twisted,  
Its sides are a dingy black;  
And the old ship's known life as life is —  
Over the world and back.

*Jane Patteson, C. P. 1917*



## Through the Snow Storm

It was a big, warm, shadowy room. Book-cases lined the walls, their old leather covers melting into the shadows. A polished table gleamed in the firelight and the old brass desk-fittings shone dimly. Faded crimson curtains shut out the night and deadened the noises of the city. In a deep armchair before the fire sat the Judge. His fine, white head rested on the high back of the chair and his slender, veined hands lay on the arms. He smiled tenderly as he watched his nephew pacing the floor, out of the shadows into the light, and back into the shadows again. The boy's tawny head was thrown back defiantly. His long, artist's hands clenched close at his sides.

"Uncle," he burst out. "How can you sit there so calm, and quiet and happy, with all the ugliness, the injustice, the war in the world — always getting worse ——"

"I know, Asa, my boy. But it is not really so bad as it seems. There is much love and kindness and friendliness in the world. And out of all that seems hopeless God will ——"

"But what can God make out of — well, this city? What is beautiful in it? Ugly, dirty buildings, crowded, noisy streets, smoke and soot in the air, and slush and mud underfoot. It does not look exactly like a New Jerusalem ——"

"Asa!" pleaded the older man, but the boy rushed on.

"And men! I used to believe that all men were kind and good, and those that seemed wicked would have been good if they had only had a chance. But they're not. It's every man for himself, all fighting and jealous of each other, and if you give a man a chance, he does not take it. Why, uncle, you're the only good, kind person I know!"

"Why, what about Nan?" asked the Judge slyly.

"Nan!" The boy grew white and stopped his pacing. "Nan's not fair. None of the women are. She wouldn't give a fellow half a chance to explain." And the boy threw himself gloomily into the chair opposite the Judge.

There was a silence, a welcome silence in the big, shadowy room after the youth's hot words.



"Asa, come here with me." The Judge slipped his hand through the boy's arm and led him to the windows. It was snowing and the city lay white and still. It was as though it had been purged of its ugliness and made pure and beautiful. The white snow drifted softly down, falling caressingly on the roofs below. An involuntary cry of admiration sprang from the artist in the boy.

"Anything like the New Jerusalem?" asked the Judge softly. Just then the door opened and there stood in the shadows a slip of a girl, the color coming and going in her cheeks, snowflakes caught in her furs.

"Darling!" involuntarily cried the lover in the boy, and she ran toward him, straight into his arms.

"Forgive me, Asa, I ——"

The Judge leaned his fine old head against the faded crimson curtains.

"And," he whispered questioningly, "The women aren't fair?"

*Josephine Walker, 1916*

**"Envy Thou not the Oppressor and Choose None of His Ways"**

The palace of the "old man of the sea" glittered green in the shaft of sunlight that streamed through the seaweed. Polyps and sea anemones grew profusely on the palace grounds. The gardens of the sea are mystic and wonderful in November. Among the coral reefs and in the shifting sands, the mer-children were playing at hide and seek. Merry little mermaids chased each other round and round a huge, sleepy sea-cow. Smaller mer-children were gathering sea anemones. It was Thanksgiving and "the old man of the sea" was giving a party for his son, the prince. The prince had not yet arrived and the old man was growing more worried every minute.

"Where can he be?" was his constant appeal to the attentive courtiers, and all the little mer-children echoed, "Where can he be?"

In the shade of an old sea-oak sat three small mermaids conversing in low tones.

"Where is the prince? He has not come yet!" said one, as she ran her fingers through her flowing green hair. "He won't see my new coral necklace!"

"And my tail!" wailed the youngest. "It's the longest and most beautiful in the kingdom."

"Indeed," said the third haughtily. "I'm sure it's not half as green, nor half as scintillant as mine!"

Crash! Through the limbs of the sea-oak, right into the arms of the haughty damsel, fell the prince. Springing up and shaking himself he swam, with long, powerful strokes, to the king.

"I ran into a German submarine," he announced excitedly. "They took me for an English spy and were just about to torpedo me! If it hadn't been for old Shem Shark, I should be dead now. That brave and noble fish of worthy ancestry, blinded the Germans with spray, by flapping his tail, and I escaped."

"My son, my son!" wailed the old man of the sea. "You would have been dead now!"

"He would have been dead now!" echoed all the little mer-children.

The "old man of the sea" laughed a scaly laugh and raising his eyes to the surface of the water said piously: "Let us be thankful that we are wiser than the land folk and do not endeavor to torpedo our friends and neighbors. How we ought to pity them, poor creatures. This is truly a Thanksgiving for us."

And all the little mer-children echoed, "This is truly a Thanksgiving for us."

*Julie Sherman, C. P. 1918*

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### The Maiden Lady

I heard a knock at the window,  
I said, "Pray who is there?"  
The answer came, "Why, I am Love  
So sweet and young and fair."

I said, "I cannot let you in,  
There's no one here for thee.  
The time has flown on winged years  
And nobody loves me."

I heard a knock upon the door,  
I said, "Pray who is there?"  
I opened wide and 'twas a man—  
The Love of my youth was there.

So love came in at the window  
And love came in at the door,  
And love has entered into my heart  
To dwell for evermore.

*Dorothy Pillsbury, 1916*

## The Better Brother

Paul Kingsley and Tommy Kingsley had reached the age of eight years on the very self-same day, "Which," Tommy often explained, "was the reason why they was twins." Mother had told them both that very morning, both at the self-same second even, that they were to be in the house that evening at sharp five-fifteen.

Tom had a sneaking feeling that it was nearing that time now; in fact Paul had remarked on the fact a few minutes before, taken his sled and gone home, but — well, it was "gimminy krickety" good sliding and it might snow to-night and spoil it or the sun might melt it tomorrow, and Tommy had heard things about "making hay while the sun shines" and "use your opportunities". Surely there was every reason why he should stay. Of course he would be sent to bed without his supper. All well and good — the game was worth it.

Slide followed slide and Tommy's cheeks glowed with healthy happiness and exercise.

In the meantime Paul had returned home two minutes before his time was up, hung his cap and coat carefully on the hook in the hall, walked carefully in front of his mother to the most comfrotable chair in the room and there settled himself with a book. He had obeyed the command and so was immune from any further wickedness during the evening.

But something was spoiling Tommy's slides. A hurt expression in Mother's eyes got between him and the front of his "flex". The thought of punishment, undoubtedly deserved, tended somewhat to hold him back, but added to the hurt expression was the idea of possible worry, and with a little sigh, he called good-night to his fellows and marched toward home.

Carefully he wiped his feet on the mat, carefully he put away his sled, and carefully he hung his cap and coat on the nail in the hall. He heard the sound of silver against china and an extra pat went onto his carefully smoothed hair and an anxious look was bestowed upon his carefully-washed hands.

He softly pushed open the dining-room door, stood for a moment self-consciously at his mother's elbow as he begged to be excused, and slid carefully into his chair.

Mother looked at Father but Paul looked at the clock. "Thomas Kingsley, you are a dishonest boy to stay out so late. I came in when Mother told me to." Paul, overpowered with his own goodness, could not refrain from the remark.

"That will do, Paul," his father interrupted; but true to custom Tommy was sent supperless to bed.

And yet it was Tommy that Mother kissed good-night and tucked so lovingly into bed, and she wondered a little by herself just where the virtue lay in obeying the letter of the law.

*Esther Kilton, 1916*

### "He Who Gets Up Early Trots All Day"

Benjamin Franklin held that "he who gets up late trots all day," but isn't the opposite much truer?

A person who gets up early starts the day with a rush and attempts a hundred and one things that are never finished. Bureau drawers, closets, shelves and workbags are emptied, half the contents put back and then the rest pushed in every-which-way, because that cake simply must be made. It is more than likely that the cake will come on the table unfrosted because a shirtwaist *had* to be ironed, and the shirtwaist will be badly pressed because — "it's such a perfectly glorious day to do things in. I started in bright and early and have been on the go ever since. One really can't afford to spend so much time on one piece of work when there is so much to be done." After luncheon there is a trip to the city to match some unmatched silk and an umbrella is lost on the way. By half-past seven the house is in a turmoil, and buttons are being sewn on gloves and laces put into ballet shoes at one and the same time — with rather disastrous results. In consequence the right car to the dance is lost and there is a delay of half an hour, but even then one does not realize how one has been trotting all day.

Do you think that rising late and being unflurried compares so very unfavorably with the extra rush and hurry of a day begun two hours earlier? And, to look at it from a lazy point of view, isn't the former course much more comfortable?

*Jane Patterson, C. P. 1917*



## In the Land of the Frosties

"My dear little son, don't pout. Just suppose your face should freeze that way."

"Do little boys' faces ever freeze, Mother?"

"Well, once upon a time when Jack Frost was monarch of the northern regions, there was great discontent among his frosties. They were the people of his land, you know, and such odd little frosties they were, too. Neither you nor I could tell one from the other, they all looked so very much alike. I don't think that they were very much taller than you, and not only were their sparkling, white woolly jumpers all the same, but their weeny, pink faces had all the same expression."

"How — how did they know their fathers and mothers, then?"

"This is how they knew each other: every frostie looked just like every one of his brothers and sisters and his father and mother, but they were not all made the same inside, you see, so when they talked, even you and I could tell that they were so different. Some of them were glad and some were glum. Some were kind and some were unkind. Some were selfish and some were generous. It was a very difficult problem for Jack Frost to manage his people, because no matter how angry or disagreeable they were, Jack didn't know until they spoke. He couldn't know his frosties by simply looking at them. As I said, there was great discontent in the land of the north because Jack Frost had written on every pane that the snow-birds in the region were becoming very scarce and if the frosties still persisted in shooting them with their sharp-darts, very soon the little birds would rarely be seen. The frosties did not like this warning and they became very pouty and fretful. Some of them had been happy to spend their days in shooting the birds, while others had baked them in pies. The warning had really caused such serious uneasiness that Jack had to blow out word among his little men that their grumbling was spoiling the good name of the land, and if it did not cease within the next two snowfalls, a punishment should be inflicted upon them all. It did not cease, however, so Jack prepared in his palace great winds of frozen air.

He did not enjoy preparing the punishment, because he loved his little frosties, but they were so unruly that he thought this would teach them to be loyal to the kingdom. People have to learn.

"After the second snowfall, when the sun was glinting the beautiful flakes, Jack opened all of the windows of his palace and silently, but with great force, the frozen wind rushed forth over the land. With great sweeps, it covered the region, leaving everything in its trail frozen solid. The little frosties became motionless and their voices were frozen, too, so that the only way now in which Jack could recognize one from another was by their faces. Yes, their faces had changed, but they had frozen so stiff that the little people could not move them. The smiles and laughs would have melted the ice, but there were so many, many frowns that the smiles were powerless by themselves. And all the little snowbirds were as glazed colors in the air. The bright blues and yellows and reds streamed through the thin coating of ice and shed their brilliance on the white snow. The punishment was very cruel and it moved the heart of Jack Frost so that he prayed that the stars, with the help of the sun by day, would send down warmth, and they melted the little snowbirds and frosties of this far away region and ——"

"Am I pouting now, Mother?"

*Marjorie Freeman, 1916*

## An Old Sailor and a Small Boy

"Wal, as I was a-sayin', I was only knee high to a hopper-grass when I put aboard my first craft. I'll reckon she was jest about the neatest leetle ship that ever put to sea, the *Hattie B.*" Here old Sailor Jack stopped to shift his quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and to stare intently at the face of a small, curly-headed boy, raised earnestly to his.

"But, Mr. Jack, how did your mother let you go?" inquired the small listener. "Mine wouldn't."

"She didn't *let* me go, I jes' *went*. The minute that the *Hattie B.* hove in sight, I made up my mind that I was a-goin' with her, and go I did. I took a bunk up forward with the grain, unbeknownst to that thar cap'in. She was a wooden trading schooner, plying twixt Plymouth and South America. Mind now, young un, that war mor'n thirty year ago."

"*I'm* going to be a sailor when I get bigger, so I guess I'll do as you did and get hid' in one of them hatches, and I'll ——" The rest of the sentence was lost, as the little barrel, on which the small boy sat, suddenly toppled over on account of his valiant efforts to sit tipped back on it, the way Sailor Jack always sat on his. When he had righted himself, Sailor Jack continued his story.

"Wal, as I was sayin', sonny, that was mor'n thirty years ago. When that there cap'n found me, he war madder'n a March hare, but he couldn't put me to shore, we were too far out, so he said he reckoned I could be deck boy. At first it was prutty stiff work, but after I got on my sea legs I didn't mind it much. Wal, all went well till we had most reached South America, when all of a suddin the scout up yonder in the crow's-nest heave to, and said that he had sighted a swordfish, sailing 'long with its snout up in the air. We all went up that thair mast to see the thing, when, ding bust it, it warn't no swordfish, but one of them durn new-fangled Dutch submarines. Next thing I knowed, I war in the water and the ship war gone to a watery grave. Wal, I got picked up by a boat after a week or two, but I tell you, that there pesky Dutch machine ——"

"But, Mr. Jack, you know the Germans were not fighting then, so I don't see how ——"

"That thair's all right, sonny, but I guess you'd better be gettin' home'ard now, your ma'll be a-wantin' you soon."

*Katherine Pinckney, 1918*

## The Wild and Wolly West

As I stepped from the train, in a perfectly peaceable-looking town in the heights of Colorado, I was startled by hearing shots and a great deal of shouting. My companions and I rushed around the small station and there, almost upon us, with arms waving and at full gallop, were five horsemen. I know now how the chickens in the road feel when a motor honks, for we like them scattered in all directions. There was no need of our making such fools of ourselves for four of the horsemen stopped and turned, but the horse of the fifth proved unmanageable and kept right on toward the solid brick wall of the station. The poor beast came to his senses just in time, and made such a sudden halt that his rider was thrown from the saddle onto the horse's neck, where he recovered himself and slid back into the saddle again. To our amazement the horsemen proved not to be men but girls in loose flannel shirts, wide-brimmed hats and tight divided skirts. Such horses and such daring riders I have never seen among girls. Another shout and more shooting turned our attention, and there was the gayest scene! Men, women, and children out in their Sunday best, with as much red, white and blue as they could put on. The buildings were also decorated with flags, and it came over our dazed senses that this was the Fourth of July. Snakes, paper-shooters and horns were thrust in our faces and blown in our ears. Shooting to the right of us, shooting to the left of us, shooting all around us vollied and thundered, till one of the girls expressed our feelings, "I'm so scared I can't move!" But that we couldn't help, either, for the crowd rushed to the edge of the street. We saw coming a cloud of dust and out of it we discerned three motorcycles coming at a fearful rate. I asked a talkative old man beside me, "Are there ever any accidents?" "Oh, yes," said he. "Year before last a horse and rider went into that there station and last year one of them motorcycles went into the crowd and a few were killed, a few were killed!"

I have heard some people say that there is no such thing as "the wild and woolly West" outside of fiction, but a few of us at least, don't agree with them.

*Eugenia Parker, 1916*



## Reminiscences of My Childhood

Someone has said that not till we have passed middle age are we able to remember clearly our childhood. Then our pranks and frolics, our parties and their ofttime subsequent illnesses, all come back as vividly as if they had happened yesterday.

Alas! I have yet to wait many years before I experience this sensation. Things are jumbled, confused, the whole resembling a great cubist landscape, in which, if I glance quickly, I am able to distinguish a few little pictures before they fade away again into the indistinct background.

It is late spring. Along a winding country road, warm with the early afternoon sun, comes a large, well-built Irish girl, pushing me before her in a go-cart. I was then a sandy-haired little girl of three.

No houses are near, but on either side, between the great, ivy-covered trees, stretch meadows, where cows and sheep are quietly grazing. Occasionally a robin or a bluebird wings across the way. I know the place well. To this day when I go there I hear again my Annie's rich, contralto voice telling wondrous stories of Ireland the beautiful, her parents and many small brothers and sisters, her loved farmhouse home, the poultry, cattle, sheep and horses. My imagination was fired and for the time I actually lived in the scenes she told of.

What wonder, then, that a certain small miss would return home after her ride in the country, to tell gleefully of her visit to Ireland, of having seen Annie's mother, her cows and sheep and all. I never could understand my father's quiet chuckle, or the twinkle in his blue eyes when I poured forth my marvelous adventures in a foreign land.

And now I'm lying in my father's arms before the open fire, hearing entrancing fairy stories, listening open-mouthed and open-eyed to the thrilling tales. Poor Daddy! There is no rest for the good-natured, for hardly would he utter the last word when "Tell it again" would be demanded. And he always did.

Then everything is hazy till I return one day from my grandmother's, where I had enjoyed a siege of whooping-cough, to find my nose quite out of joint. I can see now the white-clad nurse with her cap, who smiled at me and told me there was a

new doll upstairs. But she didn't fool me. Oh, no. They had had nurses twice at the house next door, and always a baby, too, so I knew quite well what to expect. Yet I confess that I was a little awed when I went into my mother's room and saw her in bed with a crib beside her. I gazed long and earnestly at the little mite lying there, then tiptoed to mother and whispered, "Is it an angel?"

Both he and I are much bigger now than she. But as youngsters we would both climb into her lap, to be petted and sung to. It is restful to recall the instant freedom from all the little troubles of the day when we laid our heads on her shoulders for a little before being tucked into bed.

No, they're not exciting, just remembrances of my everyday existence in the Golden Age. But I was happy, truly happy, and what more can mortals desire?

*Agnes C. Grant, C. P. 1916*



## The Robbing of "Shorty" Grieb

'14 was having its reunion and the old crowd was talking furiously. There was a lull in the conversation and they all turned simultaneously to "Shorty" Grieb and demanded what he had been doing that was worthy of the class of Nineteen Fourteen.

"Well, I have been visiting the Vandergilts."

"The real ones?" demanded his ex-roommate. "Well, for the love of mud, describe to us the daily life of the real estate king."

"How did they happen to ask you?"

"I bet you were their stable-boy and are trying to kid us."

"No, honestly fellows. Harris did something clever for Mr. Vandergilt in a financial way and he invited him as a real reward to come down to their place for the week-end. Well, Harris couldn't go so they cordially asked me. See? And, which is most interesting, while I was there I was robbed."

"Gee, Shorty, tell us about it."

"Don't hide anything. Be 'frank and honest'."

"All the week before, the thought of those thirty-six hours when I would eat off gold plates and mingle with steel and cotton kings and their fat, glittering wives, was a nightmare to me. When the eventful day came, Mother packed for her darling boy. She lent me Harris' stunning shirt-studs and Dad's best evening tie, and bade me be good and when in doubt use a fork. The dear lady fully expected I would come back a magnate or President of the United States. The ride down that afternoon seemed endless. All the way I dreamed of the impressive entrance I would make in the bosom of the Vandergilt family, very beautiful in my borrowed finery. When the train stopped I grabbed my bag and beat it out of the car right into the arms of a footman. But he was master of the situation and led me gently but firmly to a throbbing chariot. I took one last, lingering look at the train, my departing hope, and found everyone admiringly watching me entering the car. I felt terribly proud and important and lay back on the seat and stretched out my feet."

"I hope you didn't put them on the cushions."

"Were there roses or orchids in the vahse?"

"There were both. Well, my joy was fleeting; we silently rolled up to what you might call a swell mansion. I was escorted up the steps and the door swung open. I hesitated, wondering whether I would knock down my guard and escape or enter that silent hall, then remembering the honor of the class of fourteen I went bravely to my fate. Another two-hundred-pound man popped out from behind the door and I jumped a mile. He led me like a sheep to the slaughter to be presented to Mrs. Vandergilt. She was a corker and I was beginning to enjoy myself when my guard led me up to my room. The bridal suite in "The Taft" isn't in it with the rooms I had. Little telephone, private bath! A valet was there unpacking my bag. Believe me, I was glad Mother had packed it. After I had stood around for an age he said, 'A bawth, sire?' I didn't want it but I took it. He disappeared while I was swimming about in a pink marble tub amid the aromas of Fairy soap. When I started dressing I couldn't find my studs. I looked everywhere."

"Did you look under the bureau?"

"I did. I began to get worried; it was late, and they weren't my studs anyway. The bright idea came to me that that sly valet had chucked me in the tub and lit out with my beautiful studs."

"I wish you wouldn't call them your studs; they weren't, you know." This from the "Babe".

"Sh — man! let him finish his bloody tale."

"Thank you, Dink, I will proceed. When I decided they were stolen I telephoned Mr. Vandergilt on my cute little phone. He was terribly excited and told me to come down into the hall. I put on my dinner coat over my A B C's and went down. He had the servants all lined up, scared to death, and the female Vandergilt family were in hysterics. Boys, it was thrilling, that big hall, the great magnate and his beautiful daughter and retinue of frightened servants."

"And you in that decollètè gown!"

"Well, Mr. Vandergilt began at the butler and went down the line; everyone denied the crime. The strain grew more tense and the old gentleman madder. Finally he got to my servant. 'Thomas,' the old man fairly thundered, 'Where are

this young man's studs? Did you take them?' There was an awful silence. Thomas drew himself up and answered with the most terrible calm, 'No, sir, I placed the young gentleman's studs in his shirt'."

There was an instant's silence and then a roar.

"Shorty, honestly man ——"

"You poor ham ——"

"Oh, how my sides ache!" This from the Babe. And the talk began again. Later Shorty's room-mate drew him aside. "Shorty, what did you do, then?"

"I don't know, except that she was great, you know, his daughter. She was corking about it. She is wonderful, honestly ——"

"O I see, and some day we will be a millionaire just as mother hoped we would, eh?"

"Oh, I say ——" and Shorty blushed to the roots of his hair and escaped.

*Josephine Walker, 1916*

## Editorial

There is something fascinating about a birthday and I sometimes wonder what it is. We all have them. That may be one thing, for we all appreciate a thing after experiencing it ourselves once, twice or fifty times. Then, too, there is a spirit of giving in connection with birthdays—but I greatly fear our modern folk are too preoccupied with their duties as receivers to become very efficient givers. Happily this is not true of all, and the school's dearest friend "from across the way" is setting a glorious example to all our world of good friends. On January twenty-fifth, Mrs. Draper enjoyed her ninety-second birthday, and as a grand celebration raised the Downs Memorial Fund to \$2000.00, a gift of over \$500.00. It has long been the aim of the school to raise this fund to \$5000.00, and Mrs. Draper's generous gift sends us well on our way towards fulfillment. We Abbot girls of today find it hard to imagine an Abbot without the happiness and advantages offered us through its course of concerts, and we hope our friend can realize, by our faces as we pass her window, a little of the happiness and pride we feel in her gift.

Last spring the trustees of Abbot bought the Shearer House on Abbot Street for an additional dormitory. In the summer it was freshly painted and a large recreation room was added; but the house was ready for the opening of school in September.

Miss Sherman and her mother are in charge and have made the place seem very homelike to the ten new girls who are living there. While some might think it would separate these girls from the rest of the school, that has not been the case at all. On certain nights the girls in Sherman Cottage, as it is now called, are allowed to have guests from Draper Hall. These little festivities make the relationship between the two houses very close.

As everyone hoped, the experiment of having an outside dormitory has proved a great success.

The fall has come and gone and with it the Abbot-Bradford Hockey Game. Abbot hearts were set on winning that game;

but we lost, as in the last four or five hockey contests with Bradford.

Our team had had a splendid training during the fall. But that was of little use when the Bradford players had been practising on a level field twenty-five yards longer and several yards wider than ours. We have had very little chance of winning during the last five years, because our girls always (and it is not strange) become exhausted from running that unaccustomed distance. It surely can't be fair to the team to make them work all the fall on a short field and then expect them to win when placed against a team which has practised on so much finer a field.

Defeat will always be the result unless something is done, and that something must be the acquirement of a new, regulation hockey field. There is a place for it, just behind Mrs. William Lawrie's house on Phillips Street, but money for the laying out of the field must first be raised.

The present Abbot girls are working hard to get this money, but nothing really worth while can be accomplished without the enthusiastic coöperation of the alumnae. Letters are being sent to the old girls requesting them to give one dollar towards the necessary twenty-two hundred dollars. Surely a dollar isn't much when compared with an Abbot hockey Victory!

We hope that if half the money is raised by spring, the field can be started; but it all depends upon the enthusiasm shown for this great undertaking.

Don't disappoint your Alma Mater, Alumnae, but cheerfully hold out your dollar.

Anyone entering the drawing-room cannot help noticing an exquisite little bronze figure on its marble pedestal, a copy of the head of "Victory", from the Sherman Statue by Saint-Gaudens. It is a gift to Abbot, presented by Mr. Charles Moore of Detroit, in memory of his wife, Alice Williams Merriam of the class of '74. Accompanying the statue came a beautiful book about the sculptor, who was a very good friend of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore had the book bound especially for Mr. Moore, and it contains many interesting letters and mementoes.



Mrs. Moore was at Abbot for four years, and was very active in all branches of the school life. She was one of the founders of the COURANT, was four times a Draper reader, sang in all the concerts, and was an excellent leader and organizer. After her graduation she studied music in the New England Conservatory till she married in 1878.

She was a remarkable embodiment of Abbot ideals, as she continued her work in the world, up to the very time of her death, February 3, 1914. Yet she was always a devoted homemaker.

In these beautiful gifts of ours Mrs. Moore's freindship with Mr. Saint-Gaudens is reflected and we feel a more personal interest in his works. That great love for her school which Mrs. Moore felt during her whole life will be a constant inspiration to us, and a reminder that the thought of the school goes with a girl, and stays with her, long after she has gone out from Abbot.

"Think, thank, thunk,

"Thuius, thuius, thuius."

"Roomie, what are you doing?"

"Hgh! O, I have to write a little ballad, essay or some such thing on 'Thought', and I'm thinking."

"But why the think, thank ——?"

"My dear girl, that's Latin."

"Oh! I beg your pardon!"

We hear of the animated conversation of young people. That kind of conversation animated? I wonder!

One must think, we all admit that, but why, if think one must, not think of things worth while, and having thought, speak as if we thought worth-while thoughts? No time for thinking, you claim? Try thinking all the time. Think about the thing you are doing — even your lessons. Of course, if your teachers object to your thinking in connection with their subject, that's quite a different matter, but—well, just for a general rule.

There are two outdoor sports here in which by hard work we can get our A; and there is an indoor sport, or it may be played outdoors, that is just as popular as these two sports put together



and just as enthusiastically supported, that receives no recognition. It is the sport of promiscuous kissing. There are more people out for it than there were for hockey the first day of practice. The practices are regular and enthusiastic, from nine to ten, and sometimes later if the teams are not tired. The great games are in September and Christmas and June, when even those who have not been out for practice get a chance to play. The enthusiastic onlookers at the games are all the germs and their little families — it is such an easy way for them to spread good-feeling. It does seem as though such a popular game should be organized and a prize given to the winner.

I was attracted by a certain bookcase the other day, for it was the most noticeable thing in the room. Everything else was scrupulously clean and neat, but the bookcase with its ragged school-books was as untidy and comfortable-looking as one could wish. Each book in its dilapidated state seemed to reveal its history. Caesar's "Gallic Wars" with its pages all torn and soiled, told of the hard life which it had suffered. We easily guessed that it had been the cause of many an angry passion and had spent many hours of its existence flying through the air.

A Physics book left carelessly on its side with only the first few pages soiled, told its own story in a few words. Its owner had dropped physics after the first few weeks, after coming to the conclusion that this science was far too hard for such as he. Thus this book remained in fair condition. The Wells' Geometry, however, did not have the good fortune to share his comrade's fate. Alas! there was even less of him than of poor Caesar! He was spattered with mud and rain, decorated profusely with pen and pencil marks, and nearly all his pages were loose. Evidently mathematics did not hold a warm spot in the student's heart!

As I glanced over the remaining school-books, practically all told the same sad story of harsh treatment. It seemed too bad that these books which came out of the shops so bravely, should be forced to receive such hard knocks. I'm sure their feelings were hurt. Who knows what letterly tears they may have shed!

With all due apologies to Abraham Lincoln, "You can please all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time." Why? The answer is simple — tastes differ. And what a lucky thing it is. Think how monotonous and uninteresting life would be if all the billion, six hundred ten millions in the world liked just the same things and the same people.

There would be only one kind of book to read, one kind of picture to see; there would be little to talk of, for if everyone agreed, why bother to carry on a conversation? Individuality would mean nothing; for how can one be individual if several million persons have the same likes and dislikes?

If, therefore, some one disagrees with you, don't be disgruntled. Be thankful. You would be bored to death if you were never able to find anyone with whom to argue concerning your convictions.

A certain charming, philanthropic lady was telling a certain charming Abbot maid she had just met, about a Home for delinquent girls. "But," said the charming philanthropic lady, "the distressing, discouraging thing is, these poor girls have to be told twice what the regulations of the home are."

"Twice!" cried the Abbot maid. "Why, at Abbot we have to be told dozens of times!" The philanthropic lady looked at the Abbot maid and moved away a little, but being democratic inquired "Abbot? I don't believe I have ever heard of it. Are you happy there? Is it a State or charitable institution?"

Then the charming Abbot maid laughed and laughed and laughed, but shouldn't she have wept and wept and wept?

Some of the jolliest times we have in school are at the entertainments which are given impromptu. Everyone enters into these heartily, often surprising even herself at her hitherto undeveloped histrionic talents. But have you ever noticed who are generally the participants in these affairs? For the last year or two, the Seniors and Senior-Middlers, who are surely as busy as any in school, have entertained the younger girls. The idea seems to be that these girls always have done it, hence they always

will. But is this fair? If they have performed so many, many times, surely they deserve a return in kind.

A new set of entertainers would surely bring with them new ideas and more originality. It stands to reason that if a certain few girls manage and take part in these affairs time and again, there will necessarily be a sameness about the result. So come out, girls, and try it. It's excellent training, and the best of fun. Who knows, you may be a second "divine Sara".

"I'm overworked. There is no doubt about it, I *am* overworked."

The effort required in making this remark leaves the poor maiden in a state of meditated collapse, but with heroic self-control, she decides to accomplish the all important — to act correctly at the correct moment. Naturally there is but one correct course of action under the circumstances, and she takes it. Gathering her remaining strength, she sinks to the seat on the radiator or any other place with an audience, nonchalantly kicks any removable varnish from the convenient part of the furniture on which she may be sitting, regardless of the proper function of the furniture, and sighs out her troubles to the gathered multitude. She may report countless cruelties of tyrannical teachers or anything else, provided it is properly exaggerated and punctuated with sighs. Anything to create a sympathetic atmosphere of gloom and escape work! One is much too apt to remove that feeling of pressure and accomplish something if one works.

We were very sorry that Miss Runner's health, though improving, did not permit her to return to the school this fall. She has been living at her father's house in Austin, Minnesota, but early in January she went to Montana to be in a little house of her own on her sister's ranch — Bear Creek Ranch — at Hysham. The Latin department is in charge of Miss Gussanda Countway, a graduate of Tufts College, who is assisted by Miss Bertha L. Morgan, Cornell 1912. Both have had special study in Latin and successful experience in teaching.

The school hardly yet seems natural without Miss Wilkins, who is this year in charge of the mathematics department of the Albany School for Girls, where she reports much interest in her teaching and in the city life. Miss Margaret Elliott, a graduate of Wellesley in the class of 1914, who was president of the Self-Government Association during her last year in college, assists Miss Kelsey in mathematics and has charge of the first-floor corridor. The library is in the care of Miss Marion Hosmer King, a graduate of Vassar College in the class of 1913, who has had experience as a librarian and has great love of books.

Happy reports of her pleasant life as rector's wife in the little town of Glen Sutton in the Province of Quebec, come from Mrs. John Frederick Morris, Miss Natalie Thompson. Her place as teacher of household economics is taken by Miss Bess L. Stoody of the Washington School of Household Science — a teacher of power and marked personality.

Miss Marion Pooke, Smith College 1905, a graduate of the Massachusetts School of Normal Art and of the school of the Boston Art Museum, takes Miss Ramsay's place as instructor in painting and drawing. During the summer Miss Pooke painted a very fine portrait of Professor Tyler of Amherst.

Miss Harriet Bixby, who was last year secretary to Miss Bailey, has accepted a position as secretary in the Calhoun Colored School in Calhoun, Alabama, and Miss Dowd, who assisted last year in the Latin department, has resumed her duties as secretary. Early in January, Miss Jenkins was obliged to resign as supervisor of the day-scholars' room. Her place is taken by Mrs. Gertrude Churchill Whitney of South Lawrence, a graduate of Smith College.

The school has been fortunate in securing as teacher of the violin Miss Marie Nichols of Boston, a violinist of marked talent, who has been soloist several times with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as well as with foreign orchestras. A chance to become acquainted with her playing was given us at a very fine recital in December.

All of the new teachers have entered with zest into the life and spirit of the school, and they seem now like old members of the family.



# School Journal

## Commencement

On Sunday, June 6, the baccalaureate sermon was preached at the South Church by Rev. Willis Howard Butler, of the South Church, Boston.

The Commencement exercises began Monday morning, June 7, with the annual Draper Reading. The program:

ORGAN PRELUDE: Allegro *Rousseau*

TO-MORROW *Sir Gilbert Parker*

Carita Bigelow, Andover, Massachusetts

THE MERRY CUCKOO *Jeannette Marks*

Marjorie Freeman, Lawrence, Massachusetts

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS *Amy Wentworth Stone*

Marion Adelaide Selden, Andover, Massachusetts

ORGAN INTERLUDE: Minuet from Symphony in C *Mozart*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING *Rudyard Kipling*

Sylvia Gutterson, Winchester, Massachusetts

THE LORD OF MISRULE *Alfred Noyes*

Margaret Marie Markens, Buffalo, New York

THE PIPER *Josephine Preston Peabody*

An original arrangement from Act III

Characters: Veronika

The Piper

Agnes Campbell Grant, Andover, Massachusetts

On Monday afternoon, June 7, the Senior tea-party was given in Draper Hall.

On Monday evening, came the musical by the pupils of Professor Ashton and Miss Bennett. The program:

### PART FIRST

CHORUS: The Water-Lily *Abt*

The Fidelio Society

PIANO DUET: Danse Polonaise (op. 38) *Scharwenka*

Miss Pauline Jackson and Miss Kimball

DUET: Barcarolle, "Les Contes d' Hoffmann" *Offenbach*

Miss Adams and Miss Wood

Violin Obligato by Miss Marion Brooks

VARIATIONS FOR TWO PIANOS (op. 64) *Von Wilm*

Theme

Scherzo

Allegretto

Allegro con fuoco

Miss Leslie and Miss Merrill

- ARIA: Dost thou know that sweet land? (Mignon) *Thomas*  
 Miss Markens
- CHORUS: Waken, Lords and Ladies Gay *Griffith*  
 The Fidelio Society
- PIANO SOLOS: a) Romance in E flat *Rubinstein*  
 b) Humoresque *Reger*  
 c) Danse Negre *Scott*  
 Miss Wood

## PART SECOND

- PART SONGS: a) The Lonely Rose *Hermes*  
 b) An Elfin Frolic *Foster*  
 The Fidelio Society
- PIANO SOLO: Thème Varié *Dupont-Hansen*  
 Alla Marcia  
 Allegretto pastorale  
 Andante semplice  
 Grave, quasi funèbre  
 Scherzo  
 Nocturne  
 Valse  
 Allegro con fuoco  
 Romance  
 Allegretto capriccioso  
 Finale, pomposo  
 Miss Leslie
- SONGS: a) L' Été *Chaminade*  
 b) A Spirit Flower *Campbell-Tipton*  
 Miss Adams
- PIANO SOLOS: a) Élégie *Nollet*  
 b) Tempête *Bortkiewicz*  
 Miss Merrill
- ARIA: Il est doux, il est bon (Héroidiade) *Massenet*  
 Miss Cushing
- CHORUS: Aubade *Sanders*  
 (Troubadours' morning song to the lady)  
 The Fidelio Society

Tuesday morning, June 9, the school assembled for the Tree Exercises and Ivy Planting. The final exercises were at the South Church. The program:

The Reverend Markham W. Stackpole of the Board of Trustees presiding in the absence of the President



## PRELUDE AND MARCH

JUBILATE

The School Choir

*Joseph N. Ashton*

## INVOCATION

"THE PATH OF THE JUST IS AS A SHINING LIGHT".

The School Choir

*J. Varley Roberts*

ADDRESS: "The Lesson of Books"

Professor Bliss Perry, LITT.D., L.H.D., LL.D.

## PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS

The Principal

## PARTING HYMN

The School

*Samuel M. Downs*

## PRAYER AND BENEDICTION

FREDERIC G. MOORE, *Marshal*

## ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Mildred Louise Akerley	Reading
Norma Allen	Hartford, Conn.
Rena Louise Atwood	Brockton
Marion Paradise Barnard	Andover
Eleanor Wilder Bartlett	Andover
Marion Mather Brooks	Brookline
Helen Bruce	Lawrence
Sarah Whitney Cushing	Andover
Bessie Marie Gleason	Worcester
Martha Lamberton	Franklin, Pa.
Mattie Catlin Larrabee	West Roxbury
Charlotte Norris	Philadelphia, Pa.
Jessie Marie Nye	Bucksport, Maine
Gertrude May Shackleton	Lawrence
Ada Ferguson Wilkey	Cambridge
Marion Wesley Winklebleck	Chicago, Ill.

## COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Elizabeth May Allen	Andover
Muriel Baker	Cambridge
Phyllis Brooks	Andover
Marion Clark Hamblet	Lawrence
Catherine Cushman Leach	Andover
Elizabeth Frye Leach	Andover
Esther Sheldon	New Haven, Conn.

## Calendar

### SEPTEMBER

- 16 Professor Taylor's funeral.
- 18 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: School Regulations.
- 19 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Fullness of Life.
- 21 A. C. A. Annual Dance to the new girls.
- 23 Chapel. Mr. Sz-to: Primary School in connection with Christian College in Canton, China.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Investments.  
First Tea-dance given by the Seniors.
- 26 Chapel — Davis Hall. Miss Bailey: Hardships.  
Organ Recital: Mr. Ashton.
- 28—A. C. A. "Baby Party" in recreation room.

### OCTOBER

- 3 Chapel. Mr. Stackpole: Self-confidence.
- 5 and 6 Miss Bailey's house party at Mrs. Flagg's summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine, for some of the western girls.
- 9 Second Tea-dance given by the Seniors.
- 10 Chapel — Abbot Hall. Mr. Ryder: Laying a Foundation in the Present.
- 12 Popcorn Party and Reading by Miss Bailey in the Recreation Room.
- 16 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Self-expression.
- 17 Chapel. Dr. Charles R. Brown: "What is your World?"
- 21-22 Shakespeare Festival in Town Hall.
- 23 Hall Exercises. Miss Wiggin, of the Consumers' League: "Costly Gifts."
- 24 Chapel — Davis Hall. Dr. Palmer: The Life Hereafter.  
Organ Recital: Mr; Ashton.
- 26 A. A. A. Vaudeville Show in Davis Hall.
- 27 Senior picnic and ride, Haggett's Pond.
- 28-30 Tennis finals, won by Gertrude Goss, '17.
- 29 Alumnae Advisory Board visitors.
- 30 Senior-mid picnic, Pomp's Pond.  
Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour: Unconscious Influence.
- 31 A. C. A. Miss Helen Mills: Strength of Will.

### NOVEMBER

- 2 A. C. A. Masquerade party — Davis Hall.
- 3 Faculty Tea.
- 6 Tea to Dr. and Mrs. Fitch.  
Chapel. Dr. Fitch: Scorn a Sign of Degradation.  
Organ Recital: Mr. Ashton.
- 7 A. C. A. Mrs. Robert Speer: Deep Root of Prayer.
- 10 Abbot-Bradford hockey game at Bradford. Bradford 6, Abbot 2.

- 13 Hall Exercises. Miss Dorothy Stiles: Hindman School.  
Chapel. Rev. Mr. Oliphant: "To think, to act, to be."
- 16 Junior-mid picnic at Pomp's Pond.
- 17 Third Fall Field Day. Iroquois 31, Chippewas 13.
- 19 Miss Marie L. Shedlock, London, England. Story-teller.
- 20 Third Senior Tea-dance.
- 21 Rev. Clark Carter: Lawrence City Missions.
- 23 Chapel. Abbot Thanksgiving program.
- 28 Chapel. Miss Bailey: Holiday Spirit.
- 30 Violin Recital — Davis Hall. Miss Marie Nichols.

## DECEMBER

- 1 First Tea-dance by Phillips students at Mrs. Moorehead's.
- 3 Lecture and impersonation in French of Jeanne d'Arc, by Mme. Guérin and Mlle. Raymonde.
- 5 Chapel — Abbot Hall. Mrs. Will Moody: Power with God.
- 6 Trustees at dinner.
- 7 Mr. S. Richard Fuller: England in the Present War.
- 8 Mrs. Henry's Tea at the Episcopal Rectory.
- 11 Miss Sallie Simpson of New York: The Balkans in the Present War.  
Second Tea-dance in the Phillips Grill.
- 12 Christmas service in Davis Hall. Dr. Robert Speer: The Meaning  
of the Birth of Christ.
- 14 Christmas Party in Davis Hall for children of Andover.
- 15 Carol singing in McKeen Rooms.
- 16 Glee Club waits.

## JANUARY

1916

- 8 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Quality of Perseverance.
- 13 Lady Gregory lunches with Miss Bailey.  
Mr. Robert Frost: Reading from his poems.
- 15 Miss Alice Gleason: Mexico.  
Third Tea-dance in Phillips Grill.
- 16 Mr. Boyd Rhetta: Calhoun School.

## Lectures

On Friday evening, November 19, we were all put under a magic spell by Miss Shedlock of London, England. We were taken back to the time of fairy stories and made to renew our acquaintance with the handsome prince and the most beautiful princess in the world. Miss Shedlock told us many charming fairy-stories, some old, almost forgotten ones of our childhood and some which, I am sure, were new to us all. They were told with such a delightful finish that everyone listened with the keen interest of a child. The evening was one never to be forgotten, and we all hope we may have the rare pleasure of hearing Miss Shedlock again.

All those who had heard and seen Mme. Guérin as Marie Antoinette last year, were very glad to welcome her on the evening of December third in the charming costumes of Jeanne d' Arc. She was accompanied by her young daughter who helped her in her impersonation. Madame Guerin represented Jeanne in four costumes. Her first dress was that of a young girl tending sheep; her second, a rich dark blue dress; her third represented Jeanne in armor. She appeared the last time dressed as a prisoner in a rudely-made dress of sackcloth. Throughout her lecture, Madame Guerin was so dramatic, her gestures so expressive, that she was easily understood and the interest of her audience was kept to the end. Indeed, a Phillips youth was heard to say that she spoke so entertainingly that he hardly glanced at the fair Abbot girls, whom he at first intended to watch.

We spent a very delightful evening on January 17, when Mr. Robert Frost, the poet of the Merrimack Valley, read to us some of his poems and talked to us about his poetry and ours. He begged us not to be poets, for there were ten thousand now this side of the Mississippi. He told us to notice the tone qualities in the poetry we read. Some of our favorites among those poems he read were "The Telephone", "Mowing", "A Servant to Servants", "Reluctance", and "Mending Wall", and we had a hearty laugh over "Mr. Brown and the Winter Wind". Mr. Frost's delightful informality and simplicity made him a charming speaker.

In morning chapel on September 23, Mr. Sz-to, a member of the faculty of a primary school connected with the Christian College in Canton, China, gave us a few intimate pictures of his work in the school. His own interest in his work, and his bright manner, fully accomplished his aim, to interest us in the school; and we greatly regretted that his time for talking had to be so very limited.

Abbot has always had a great interest in the school at Hindman, Kentucky, and enjoyed immensely the talk on the school life there by Miss Dorothy Stiles, on November 13. Miss Stiles, a Wellesley graduate, went down to Hindman last year, and spent the winter working in connection with the settlement school. She told us charmingly of the routine and management there, where all the children work so hard for an education. We grew more into sympathy with them and longed to help more of these mountaineers to have the opportunity of learning the right ways of living.

On the evening of December 7, Abbot had the great privilege of hearing Mr. Richard Fuller's opinion of England in "The Great War". Having spent many happy years both in France and England, his sympathies were naturally with the Allies, and he gave England's point of view very clearly and simply.

His main theme was England's increasing democracy. He told how in London the ladies of high rank were working side by side with uneducated women for the country they loved, and how in the trenches the relation between captain and soldier was that of man to man. While we all realize that this war is one of the greatest calamities the world has ever known, still he made us feel that perhaps some good might come out of all this turmoil in the growth of the feeling of comradeship between the upper and lower classes.

We all, of course, knew something of the Balkan War in 1913, and that the Balkan States were somehow connected with the present war, but I don't think any of us were perfectly certain as to their exact relationship with the great nations until Miss Sallie Simpson made it clear to us, December 11. It was a great pleasure to listen to Miss Simpson, for instead of lecturing to us she simply talked to us in the most natural manner. She herself was so interested in her subject that she held everyone's attention until the end.

Miss Alice Gleason's talk on Mexico was very timely in respect to the present developments in that country. Since she had heard many people say that the best kind of a Mexican is a dead one, she endeavored to remove any such idea from our minds. And having lived in Mexico for twelve years, and studied the ways of the Mexicans with an understanding mind, she certainly made them seem alive to us.

### Concert

Miss Marie Nichols, the new violin teacher at Abbot, gave great pleasure to a large and appreciative audience in Davis Hall early in November. She played beautifully. In addition to her perfect technique, she had the gift of reaching the hearts of her listeners. This power was especially brought out in several touching melodies, an *Indian Lament* by Dvorak, and *Liebeslied* by Kreisler. Everyone was charmed with her interpretation of the music. She was very generous with her "encores", which prolonged a delightful evening.

### Vaudeville

Some previously undiscovered talent came to the front in a rather impromptu vaudeville show given by a few of the girls to raise money to pay for the hockey coach this fall. The ingenuity and good will of those taking part, aided by a highly appreciative audience, made the performance a great success in every way.

### Athletics

The finals of the tennis tournament, played by Gertrude Goss and Julie Sherman, were perhaps the most exciting ones the school has witnessed for many years. They were started October 29, but because of darkness they lasted for three days. Julie Sherman won the first set by a score of 7-5, and Gertrude Goss the second and third, the two scores being 8-6 and 6-4 respectively.

On November 10, the Bradford girls met the Abbot girls on the Bradford Hockey Field. Each team was very determined, but Fortune and the strong right arms of the Bradford players carried the day. When the final whistle was blown, after two well-fought halves, the yellow marched triumphantly off the field with a score of 6 to 2. Everyone agreed that it was a more interesting and a closer game than the score indicated. Though Abbot was defeated, each supporter of the blue felt that the team had done its best.



The Fall Field Day took place on November 17. The first event was the Obstacle Race, really the most exciting of all. It was won by Dorothy Higgins. Mildred Jenkins came in second, and Dorothy Pillsbury third. Next came the forty-yard dash, which is always interesting, Dorothy Niles and Grace Merrill tying for first place, and Agnes Grant having third. Many took part in the Relay Race; the Iroquois came off victorious. The three-legged race caused much merriment, but it really took great skill, as Muriel Johnson and Edith Page, the winners, will tell you. Helene Hardy and Lois Erickson, came in second.

The meet ended with a game of dodge-ball, won by the Iroquois.

### School Gifts

At Thanksgiving \$80.00 was sent to Rev. Clark Carter for his work in Lawrence.

Just before we left for our Christmas vacation, the A. C. A. gave a Christmas tree to some of the poor children of Andover. Every child received some useful gift, a toy, and fruit and candy. Whether the children or the girls enjoyed it more is still an undecided question.

As usual, Christmas boxes and barrels were sent to the Hindman School at Hindman, Kentucky. The sum of \$85.00 was raised and invested in useful articles. Each girl sent a toy, and the barrels were filled to overflowing.

A small gift of money which was sent to Margaret Wylie at Calhoun was used to buy basketballs for the school.

Other small contributions were sent to Amy Chadwick for a colored orphan asylum in Atlanta, Georgia, to the Consumers' League of Massachusetts, and for Relief Work in France, through a fund raised by the women of Andover.

### Honor Roll

#### FIRST QUARTER

Agnes Grant	92%
Sylvia Gutterson	91
Irene Atwood, Josephine Walker	90
Julia Abbe, Irene Baush, Charlotte Eaton	89
Mildred Jenkins, Ruth Laton, Frances Plummer Moses, Ruth Ottman,	
Helen Warfield	88

### Items of General Interest

Miss Miriam Titcomb accepted last spring the position of principal of the Bancroft School, a private school in Worcester.

Miss Elizabeth Tyler is teaching this winter in a new school at Nyack, New York, which is being run on entirely novel principles of teaching by Sister Beatrix, formerly of St. Mary's School. Miss Tyler has chosen to teach French, literature, and European history.



Miss Evelyn F. Durfee, teacher of elocution and physical culture from 1893-1910, has been teaching school in Jefferson, Maine, where she now lives.

Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Charlotte Root) has moved to 707 Drexel Avenue, Detroit.

Miss Angelica Patterson has returned from California, and is now living at 42 Mount Vernon Street, Boston.

The Seniors, following the example set by the Senior classes of the last three years, are planning to spend a few days, from January 31 to February 3, at Intervale. Skating, skiing, ski-joring, tobogganing, snowshoeing, sleighing, coasting, everything that mountains, ice and snow can offer, are at their disposal. Needless to say, the Seniors are counting the days until starting-time, and only regret that all cannot share their happy holiday.

The girls were given the opportunity of meeting the new president of the Trustees, Dr. Albert Parker Fitch, and Mrs. Fitch, at a tea given by Miss Bailey on November 6.

The Faculty Parlor is proving to be a greatly appreciated gathering-place for the faculty. It is a study of beauty with its shades of gray and rambler rose and its English chintz coverings.

Fifteen dollars presented by the Boston Abbot Club furnished the faculty room with a beautiful mahogany ottoman.

Overhead lighting in the dining-room, the gift of the class of 1915, makes dinner an even more enjoyable meal than formerly.

A small dining-room has been furnished on the lower floor of the Infirmary and serves as the day scholars' lunch-room.

The class of 1900 has given the school \$20.00, which was used to purchase a very beautiful piece of Chinese embroidery for the table in the drawing-room.

In her will, Miss Caroline A. F. Holmes left five chairs and a table to Abbot Academy.

Mr. George A. Ripley of Andover presented the school with the little book, *One Girl's Influence*, by Robert E. Speer. The book chanced to come on a night when Mrs. Speer was visiting us, and she was very much pleased.

Mrs. Mary Prince Sauveur has given the school a copy, beautifully bound in Abbot blue, of her own translation of *En Son Nom* by Edward Everett Hale.

Three beautiful large palms and a large araucaria were given to the school by Mrs. Peter Smith of Andover.

The property purchased at the corner of Abbot and School Streets has been completely remodeled and is to be known as the Chandler house, in remembrance of Mrs. Chandler who kept "open house" to Abbot girls many years ago when she was owner of the house.

*Pan Germanism*, which has caused so much comment since the beginning of the war, was written by Roland G. Usher, son of Adela Payson Usher, a teacher at Abbot Academy 1875-78. Mr. Usher is now professor of history in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

Under date of December 30, 1915, comes the first letter we have received from Mrs. Lucretia H. Kendall Clark, teacher in Abbot from '77-'79, since the beginning of the war. She writes "My husband is well, as we all are (tho I wonder how Roderic bears his long and arduous days)—and last autumn did special constable duty every third night, but now only from 8 to 12 o'clock once a week or every ten days. . . . He did a good deal in helping to place Belgian refugees in homes, but there is less of that now to be done. Roderic, who is the youngest director in the same business of shippers, shares the worries and toil — staying about one night a week at the office. He was in London when we had the worst air raid and the nearest. He reached home at 1.45 a.m., and two men had been killed five minutes' walk away. He is secretary of the Men's Selection Sub-Committee of the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee. They work in the Marne District, have a hospital, built huts, give out seed, clothes, ploughing and reaping machines, etc. Now, in addition to work in Holland, they are helping with 2,000 Serbian refugees who are about reaching Corsica. All last autumn, I worked five or five and a half days at the Friends' Emergency Committee at Westminster, and our work has grown and will only cease with the war. Since my very capable German cook-housekeeper went home, it has been impossible to go so much to the office, but I spend eight hours there two or three days weekly. . . . At Westminster, we work so hard that we have little time to compare experiences, except when it is necessary, unless we go out to lunch together."

Early in January, Miss McLean slipped on the icy sidewalk and broke her ankle in two places. She is improving as rapidly as could be expected, and is now getting about a little with the aid of crutches.

# Alumnae Notes

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## The Boston Abbot Club

CALENDAR FOR 1915--1916

November	6	Readings — Mr. Nixon Waterman.
December	4	Dress for Women — Miss Constance Gutterson.
January	1	Folk Dances — Mrs. James J. Storrow.
February	5	Midyear Luncheon.
March	4	Music.
April	1	Annual Meeting: Reports from Club Groups.

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1863. We extend our sympathy to Prof. and Mrs. Junius W. Hill of Newton, in the death of their only daughter, Mary Brigham. She had been an invalid for some years and had lived with her parents in Redlands, Cal.

†1867. Mrs. Emily Fellows Reed and Beatrice Reed, 1899, are keeping house in Cambridge this winter. The address is The Strathcona.

1868. Russell H. Greeley, son of Mrs. Rufus F. Greeley (Ellen Amelia Frost), has recently been presented with the decoration of the Legend of Honor by France for his humanitarian work since the beginning of the war. Still a convalescent, as a result of a motor accident in which Mr. C. R. Cross of Brookline was killed, while the two men were doing service at the front, Mr. Greeley was formally presented with the emblem by Justin Godart, Under Secretary of State. Mr. Greeley is well remembered in Boston, especially by his Harvard classmates, class of 1901. On leaving college, he studied at the Museum of Fine Arts. For the past eight or nine years he has had a studio in Paris. At the outbreak of the war, he went to the front, where he attached himself to the hospital service. Later he returned to Paris and joined the American Distributing Service.

1869. Ellen Crang (Mrs. Edwin T. Lloyd), who was at Abbot for two years from Lincoln, Ill., visited the school and Mrs. Draper one day in the summer vacation. She had not been in Andover for many years, and her marriage had never been placed on the records. She has had five daughters, three of whom are still living. Her husband died ten years ago. Her present address is 537 Bryant Avenue, Chicago.

1871. One more evidence of the constant thought of Miss Caroline Holmes for the Academy was a gift found after her death, marked with her own handwriting. This was a quaint old snuffbox, with a mirror in the top, which is over a hundred years old. It will be a reminder of a loyal friend of the school. She delighted in telling people about Abbot and often purchased extra copies of school publications and extra tickets for alumnae luncheons for her friends among the alumnae. Another pleasant custom was that of making some one a member of the Alumnae Association each year. This she did for five years.

1873. When the class of 1873 had a fortieth-year reunion two years ago in Boston, they invited Clara Hamlin Lee's daughter, Caroline, to meet with them. After the luncheon she played to them on the piano, pleasantly reminding them of her mother, who was also gifted in music and helped Professor Downs in her senior year. Soon after this Miss Lee went to teach in the American College for Girls at Constantinople, of which her mother was formerly co-principal with Miss Patrick. The class sent her a wedding gift which was acknowledged by a charming little picture taken out of doors, sent to each one, of herself in her wedding dress, and her husband. She also sent a letter to the class, which she prefaced with a naive little note to "Dear Mr. Censor", begging him to let the description of her wedding, the most important thing that ever happened to her, pass untouched. "There is nothing in it about your old war." At the end she wrote, "Thank you, Mr. Censor."

1873. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs has brought out this fall a new Penelope book, "said to be the last in that delightful series, which began more than twenty years ago. It is called *Penelope's Postscripts*. In all, Mrs. Riggs's many books have reached a sale of about 2,500,000 copies, which probably means 10,000,000 readers."

†1874. Dr. and Mrs. Pettie are about to leave Okayama and are to represent the American Board Mission in Tokyo. Probably no American woman is so well fitted as Mrs. Pettie for the peculiar social work demanded in this important position.

1876. Isaac Bronson Burgess, husband of Ellen Wilbur, pupil and later teacher of German in Abbot, is doing a useful and rather new work as Sunday School Secretary for New Jersey. Mrs. Prall writes that she and Mr. Prall meet them often at Sunday School meetings.

1877. Ellen Emerson Cary's daughter, Alice Elizabeth, graduated at Wellesley in June and soon afterwards sailed for Japan, where she will teach in Kobe College. Mrs. Cary is one of the Abbot Academy group of missionaries in Japan, and has been doing splendid work there ever since her marriage, which followed closely after her graduation from Abbot. In Mr. Bartlett's talk at the alumnae luncheon two years ago, he referred to her ability in acquiring the social form of the Japanese language. Mr. Cary has written two valuable books, *The Regeneration of Japan*, and *The History of Christianity in Japan*.

1882. Alice Gleason, who has been since 1901 a missionary teacher in Mexico, is compelled by conditions there to remain in this country for a time, and has taken a position in the high school in Haverhill. She has been for some years connected with the Corona Institute for girls at Chihuahua, where she has done most efficient work. She has unusual facility in using the Spanish language. After leaving Abbot, she studied at Boston University and Columbia University. She gave an interesting talk on Mexico and Mexican girls at Abbot Academy on Saturday, January 15.



†1883. Nellie L. Hadley (Mrs. Henry L. Rowell) writes from her home in La Jolla, California, that they are enjoying their new home and garden, already rich in blossoms. She belongs to the best musical club in San Diego, and has recently joined the Woman's Club in La Jolla.

1883. Mary (Cushman) Coyle has recently moved from Mont Clare, Pa., to 416 Rutter Avenue, Kingston, Pa.

1885. Mary Jones Sauveur has presented to the library a copy of *En Son Nom*, her version in French of Edward Everett Hale's well-known story. The translation is a faithful one, and though following the English text quite closely, has not lost the French spirit. The book is beautifully bound in blue as a special tribute to the Abbot colors.

1885. Mary (Schauffler) Labaree, now Mrs. Frederic G. Platt, lectured for two years, 1913-15, in the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn. She resigned her position as superintendent of the New Britain City Mission in 1914.

1885. Dora S. Berry is living at present with her niece, Carolyn de Windt Hays, and the little year-old Elizabeth. The address is 10 Summit Avenue, Amsterdam, N. Y.

1885. Evelyn Raiguel Page (Mrs. Horace F. Webb) has just introduced to society her two daughters, Evelyn Raiguel Webb and Edith Stayner Webb, at a reception in her beautiful home, 74 Deering Street, Portland, Me.

1885. The friends of Jeannie Porter (Mrs. Charles A. Adams) of Boston, will sympathize with her in the death of her husband, in November.

†1886. November 18, 1915, Alice Carter Twitchell read a most interesting and instructive paper on "Mediaeval Glass in the French Cathedrals" before the Arts and Crafts Department of the Women's Literary Union of Portland, Me.

†1887. Harriet Hopkins Thwing is spending the winter in Cleveland, Ohio, and is enjoying two courses in Household Administration in the College for Women. Her present address is 1109 Bellflower Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

†1887. Not very frequent reports come from Jeannie L. Jillson, but her friends know that she has been for much of the past year in Constantinople, busy in Red Cross work.

†1887. Jeanie Carter (Mrs. William R. Prall) writes that her daughter Marion is teaching kindergarten in Roosevelt, L. I., and Russell is married and living in Boonton, N. J., near his parents. Although busy and interested in her home and city, her loyalty to Abbot is as warm and true as ever.

†1888. Emily Janet Smith reports herself as happy in her home at 9 Thames Terrace, Norwich, Conn., where she has the care of three interesting children. She speaks of the marriage of her classmate, Elizabeth Stratton, but gives no details.

†1888. We learn with sorrow from Ellen O. Walkley, librarian of the East Boston Branch of the Public Library, of the death last fall of her sister Jennie,

whose course in Abbot had to be given up after a week or two, 1890, on account of illness, and of the still more recent death, in December, of her beloved father.

†1889. Martha Elizabeth Hart (Mrs. Ethelbert A. Moore) writes that influenza made serious havoc with the Christmas reunion of the family, for Barbara, †C.P. 1912, could not stay at home, lest she should not be able to return to Vassar College where she is enjoying her course very much.

1889. Mary Carter (Mrs. Stephen Ward Righter) is living at 12 Essex Street, East Orange, N. J., busy with many interests.

†1889. Kathleen Jones has recently sent to the Abbot Academy library reprints of several articles which she has written for library and medical journals in regard to the use of libraries in hospitals. Her own work is in the McLean Hospital, Waverley, and she finds many ways of increasing the interest of patients in books. She has introduced a course of lectures on literature and art into the senior work of the nurses' training course and has been well pleased with the enthusiastic response, and the practical results in the wards. Miss Jones was recently appointed by the American Library Association one of a committee of seven to stimulate the growth of libraries in hospitals and correctional institutions.

1892. Fanny Gordon Bartlett is now living in Peacedale, R. I., as her husband has become pastor of the Congregational Church there.

†1894. During the holidays came the announcement from Honolulu of Mabel Boshers's engagement to Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of the Central Union Church. After her marriage on January 25, her address will be 910 Prospect Street, Honolulu. Dr. Scudder is a son of Fanny Lewis, 1836.

1894. Edith Carter (Mrs. George B. Lynes), with her family, is spending the winter in Montclair, N. J., rejoicing in her little son, Thomas Carter, who is reported to be a wonderful baby.

1895. Marjory Clark Barker's son, Wallace Norton, is a senior at Phillips Academy this year, preparing for Cornell University.

1896. Anne Hincks made an address before the Woman's Union of the South Church, Andover, in November, on her work in Boston with the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

†1897. Frances Hinkley (Mrs. Frank L. Quinby) has moved to Andover, 15 Morton Street, as Mr. Quinby has become a member of the faculty of Phillips Academy.

†1897. Helene Baldwin Burdick's address has changed, in Pittsburgh, Pa., to 4715 Wallingford Street.

†1897. Marlborough Churchill, of the field artillery, U. S. A., husband of Mary Smith, has been ordered to France as a war observer and sailed in January.

1898. Marion Keese has been teaching Physical Education for the past three years at Olivet College. She is now connected with the Associated



Charities in Boston, hoping to become a district secretary of the organization. Her present address is 26 Buckingham Street, Cambridge.

1898. Florence D. Hill, wife of Arthur Pettingill of Lewiston, Maine, died after an illness of two years, November 13, 1915.

1898. Margaret Whittemore is teaching domestic science in Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C., where she was last year.

1898. Nellie Flint (Mrs. J. A. Rand) has recently moved from Pittsfield to Andover, on account of the serious illness of her father.

1899. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Brewster (Lillie Dodge) are the joint authors of a book recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company, entitled *The Nutrition of a Household*. A reliable critic says of it: "A book that will hold the attention of any reader who is really anxious to know what a balanced ration is and how nearly his present food habits approach it. Though the authors claim that they 'have simply boiled down the information that is in every modern textbook and put it in form for the non-technical reader', they have infused a good deal of originality and freshness into their pages."

†1899. Mary Marland's husband, Dr. James R. Littleton, has been elected mayor of Augusta, Georgia, for three years, on the lines of good order and prohibition. They have three children, Helen, James, and Abbott.

†1900. Mrs. John Gale Hun (Leslie Crawford) made Frances Tyer Crawford a short visit in January. She had not been in Andover for fifteen years. Her husband is now head of a school for tutoring in Princeton, and she has three small daughters to take care of.

†1900. Winona Algie is teaching in a small private school at Charles River Station, not far from Dedham.

†1900. Constance Gutterson is teaching corrective gymnastics at the Bennett School, New York.

†1901. Last fall Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dirlam (Reba Baxter) of Mansfield, Ohio, adopted a baby boy, to whom they have given the family name of Joel.

†1901. Harriet Lee is teaching in the Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.

†1901. Margaret Reed has resigned her position in a decorator's office in New York, and is teaching in the primary department of a private school in Newark, N. J.

†1901. Evelyn Carter is spending the winter with Honora Spalding in New York, and is one of the faculty in the New York Kindergarten Association Training School.

1901. Helen A. Whittemore is doing welfare work as nurse for the Cheney Silk Company, South Manchester, Conn.

†1902. Harriet L. Chase (Mrs. Charles E. Newell) of Derry, N. H., sends us a postal card picture of her children: Henry 7½, Benjamin 5½, Edward 4, Louise 2½, and Dorothy, most wonderful of all, ten months. She reports that Bessie Bampton (Mrs. Frank H. Clarke) came on from her home in

Arkansas last summer to spend some weeks in her old New Hampshire home with her four children. One day, the two mothers started out with the nine little ones to call on some old friends who couldn't come to them. Think of it!

†1904. At the meeting of the Alumnae Association last June it was announced that \$529 had been raised by the class of 1904 for an endowment fund to be used for teaching some special branch, which is to be decided on later. The class hopes to raise a goodly fund by 1919, when they will present it to the school at their fifteenth reunion. It is hoped this good example will be followed by other classes.

†1904. In early December, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Stanton Gage (Julia F. Wallace) were moving into their new home, 42 Berkeley Street, Nashua, N. H.

†1904. Marion Cooper is travelling in the South this winter.

†1905. Frances W. Cutler is teaching in the department of English at Vassar College. Last year she taught at Simmons College.

†1906. Sarah Hincks is also teaching English in Vassar College.

†1907. Laura Howell is doing social work in the out-patient department of the Hospital, University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, and using her training in domestic science and dietetics.

†1908. Mary Anna Howell, after two years' study at the New York School of Civics and Philanthropy, has this fall taken a permanent position as Assistant Secretary in one of the districts of the Charity Organization Society in New York.

†1908. Helen Hulbert (Mrs. Giles Blague) of 20 Lafayette Street, Springfield, Mass., says it will seem funny to us who knew her in school to hear her talk enthusiastically about housekeeping, but she loves it. She likes to cook, it is so exciting to see how things will turn out. We think they must turn out well, or else she would not be so enthusiastic. She concludes: "Housework for an hour tires me more than basketball for an hour", and we know how strenuously she played basketball.

†1908. Edith Gutterson is living at Hull House, Chicago, doing settlement work there.

†1908. Isabelle Seaton was maid-of-honor at the wedding of her sister, Hilda, last October, and Harriet Peebles and Clara Jackson Hukill were bridesmaids.

†1909. Florence MacCreadie is teaching Botany, Chemistry and Geometry in the Hannah More Academy, Reistertown, Md., near Baltimore. She took a course in Chemistry at the Harvard Summer School in the vacation.

1910. Margaret Gooch graduated at Denison University in 1914. She is now taking a two-year course in Household Economics in Simmons College from which she expects to graduate in June. She plans to teach Domestic Science.

1910. The address of Edith Seccomb (Mrs. Alan J. Young) is 19 Oakwood Terrace, Newton Center.

1910. Anne Blauvelt was bridesmaid at Mary Bourne's wedding in September.

†1911. Bessie May Rand, who graduated from Smith College last June, is living in Boston this winter and is teaching English and history at the Curtis Peabody School.

†1911. Charlotte E. Gowing is with Miss Tupper and Miss Goodridge, designers and decorators, in Boston, at 543 Boylston Street.

†1911. Frances Pray has entered Middlebury College as a sophomore. She had been teaching in Tougaloo University for two years.

†1911. Corinne Willard is doing settlement work in Detroit this winter. She came to Abbot on a visit East this fall.

†1913. Edna Francis, having completed the Physical Training course at Wellesley, has been appointed instructor in physical training in Baltimore, Md., under the Baltimore Athletic League. She holds classes in different parts of the city in the late afternoon and evening when working girls can attend. She is full of enthusiasm over the work. In her leisure time she is taking a course in drawing in the Maryland Institute, and has sometimes served as substitute teacher in gymnastics in the public schools.

†1913. Marion Martin is doing social settlement work in Lowell.

†1913. Olga Erickson is president of the Alumnae Association of the Garland School in Boston, and has been doing some settlement work this winter.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins is at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, with her father.

1913. Ella Stohn is taking a course at Miss Farmer's cooking school.

1913. Marian Bayley is a Freshman at Smith this year. She is vice-president of her class.

†1914. Helen E. Hamblet studied last year at the Normal School of Gymnastics in New Haven. The work proved rather too strenuous for her, though she enjoyed it very much and was disappointed not to be able to return for another year.

†1914. Mildred Horne is taking the two years' kindergarten course in the Lesley Normal School in Cambridge.

†1914. Frances Dowd is studying this year at the Institute of Musical Art in New York City to prepare for a position as supervisor of music in public schools.

†1914. Mary Harsh is in the French Club at Smith this winter.

†1914. Mary Hildreth was on the second honor-roll of the freshman class at Wellesley last year.

†1914. Lucretia Lowe has again the Marion A. Curtis scholarship at Radcliffe College. Her freshman rank was high — three A's and one B.

†1914. Gladys Higgins is taking a course at Boston University.

†1914. Frances Jones has entered Mills College, California.

†1914. Dorothy Bennett is doing bookkeeping in the Women's Industrial Union in Boston and enjoys it very much.

†1914. Laura Marland is a Freshman at Jackson College, and enjoys the work very much.

†1914. Helen Hanscom was unanimously elected vice-president of her class at Miss Wheelock's School, after twice refusing the presidency.

†1914. Elsie Whipple is spending the winter months in California.

1914. Harriet Shaw is studying at Colorado College, Colorado.

1914. Ursula Kimball is spending the winter in Lawrence with her aunt.

†1915. Of last year's Seniors, Elizabeth Allen, Muriel Baker, Marion Hamblet, Arline Talcott, and Patty Williams are at Wellesley, Phyllis Brooks is at Smith, Catherine and Elizabeth Leach are at Boston University, and Aurelia Hillman is at Rochester University.

†1915. Marion Brooks is taking courses at the Garland School of Home-making.

†1915. Ada Wilkey is doing Sunday School visiting in Cambridge.

†1915. Esther Sheldon Shinn is at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. Margaret Blake (†1914) is taking the same course, and living with her.

†1915. Norma Allen is continuing her singing lessons.

†1915. Besides taking a course in Domestic Science, Charlotte Morris is doing a great deal of charity work, reading aloud to the children in the hospitals, and teaching Sunday School.

†1915. Mattie Larrabee and Dorothy Gilbert (1915) are both at the Normal Art School in Boston.

†1915. Marion P. Barnard is studying at Pine Manor this year.

†1915. Eleanor Bartlett showed great dramatic ability in a little play called *Eliza Comes to Stay*, given by the Andover Barnstormers in December, in which she took the leading part.

†1915. Sarah Cushing is devoting her time this winter to music under Miss Bennett.

1915. Katherine Adams is a Freshman at Smith this year. Her address is 75 West Street, Northampton.

1915. Doris Kishlar is studying at Mechanics Institute in Rochester, New York.

1915. Emily Barton is at Miss Winsor's School in Boston.

1915. Florence Crusen is studying vocal music and expression, dancing and art, in a school in Chicago.

1915. Inga Little is the secretary of the Freshman class of Jackson College.

1915. Edith Butler is taking a course at the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, New York.



1915. Josephine Tonner is at home in Clearfield, Pa. With a friend of hers, she has a large class of little children whom she is teaching dancing.

1915. Betty Bissell is studying to be an architect at the Women's School of Applied Design, New York.

1915. Mary Toye is at school in Bridgewater.

### Visitors

Reba Baxter Dirlam, †1901, Katharine Selden, †1914, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Bertha Wessel, †1914, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Enid Baush, 1913, Mildred Horne, †1914, Helen Copeland, †1911, Helen Mills, 1909, Jessie Lumsden, 1914, Flora Mason, 1889, Mrs. Harriet Chapell Newcomb, †1876, Emily Knevals, 1883, Norma Allen, †1915, Marion Brooks, †1915, Hildegard Gutterson, †1914, Ruth Loring Conant, †1896, Frances Hinkley Quinby †1897, Agnes Park, 1858, Gladys Phillips, 1913, Mildred Bryant, 1913, Ruth Murray Moore, †1910, Ada Wilkey, †1915, Margaret Davis, 1915, Mary Hildreth, †1914, Gladys Higgins, †1913, Phyllis Brooks, †1915, Elizabeth Allen, †1915, Constance Parker Chipman, †1906, Rebecca Newton, †1911, Ruth Niles, 1911, Olga Erickson, †1913, Corinne Willard, †1911, Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker, †1872, Mrs. Lois Huyler Creighton, 1886, Persis Mackintire, †1906, Esther Sheldon Shinn, †1915, Alice Gleason, 1882, Harriette Wolverton, 1914, Mildred Crockett, 1915, Leslie Crawford Hun, †1900, Frances Tyer Crawford, †1905; Miss Tryon, Miss Wilkins.

### Engagements

†1894. Mabel Ethelyn Boshier to Rev. Doremus Scudder, M.D., D.D., of Honolulu.

1906. Elizabeth Upham to Mr. Milton A. Stevens of Enderby, B. C.

†1908. Katharine S. Gowing to Mr. Clifton Sugatt of Lawrence.

1910. Katherine R. Jenkins to Mr. H. Burrows Bubbs of Williamsport Pennsylvania.

†1911. Katharine Lewis Ordway to Mr. Fletcher Douglas Parker, Williams College '11, and Hartford Theological Seminary '15.

†1911. Borghild Hoff to Mr. Donald Lyman of Upper Montclair, N. J.

1911. Ruth Elizabeth Niles to Mr. Richard Morgan Thompson, Yale '15, of Fall River.

1912. Elizabeth Hinckley Bingham to Mr. Warren MacPherson of Cambridge.

†1913. Marion P. Gould to Mr. Charles Henry Smith of Jacksonville, Florida.

†1914. Olive Wanda Dean to Mr. Dana Joseph Lowd of Andover.

†1915. Mattie C. Larrabee to Mr. Theodore Whittemore of West Roxbury, Brown 1915.

## Marriages

MORRIS—THOMPSON. In New York, N. Y., June 16, 1915, Natalie Brookes Thompson to Rev. John Frederick Morris. At home, Glen Sutton, Quebec.

1885. PLATT—SCHAUFFLER.—In Hartford, Conn., May 27, 1915, Mary Alice (Schauffler) Labaree to Mr. Frederic Gideon Platt. Address, New Britain, Conn.

1891. RICHARDSON—MORSE.—In Newtonville, March 12, 1915, Harriet Cutter Morse to Mr. Nicholas Richardson. Address, 15 Park Place, Newtonville.

1903. LOCHER—SLACK.—In New York, N. Y., October 26, 1915, Beatrice Howard Slack to Mr. Robert E. Locher.

†1904. McCABE—EDDY.—In Bay City, Mich., May 19, 1915, Laura Parker Eddy to Mr. John Nelson McCabe. At home, 6643 Glenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

†1904. TAYLOR—SMITH.—In Newton Centre, November 1, 1915, Abbie Allen Smith to Mr. Thomas Irving Taylor. At home, 63 Clark Street, Newton Center.

1906. BRADLEY—JELLERSON.—In Montclair, N. J., June 29, 1915, Mary Ethel Jellerson to Mr. Henry Hart Bradley. At home, 111 Clark Street, Glen Ridge, N. J.

1906. DOE—HOYT.—In Sandwich, N. H., June 30, 1915, Mary Wentworth Hoyt to Mr. Andrew Frank Doe. Address, 89 North Main Street, Wolfeboro, N. H.

†1907. PEEBLES—SEATON.—In Ashland, Ky., October 23, 1915, Harriet Hildreth Seaton to Mr. Richard Rodgers Peebles.

†1907. WALKER—HALL.—In Chicago, Ill., September 2, 1915, Margaret Wright Hall to Mr. Earl J. Walker. At home, 1211 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

†1907. FOLSOM—RICHARDS.—In Bridgeport, Ct., June 5, 1915, Anna May Richards to Mr. Henry Lloyd Folsom. At home, Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J.

†1908. BLAGUE—HULBERT.—In Springfield, September 18, 1915, Helen Hulbert to Mr. Giles Blague. At home, 20 Lafayette Street, Springfield.

†1909. BOUTELL—BOURNE.—In Kennebunk, Me., September 14, 1915, Mary Maling Bourne to Mr. Hugh Gates Boutell. At home, 1532 22d Street, Washington, D. C.

†1909. MILLER—PERRY.—In Wellesley Farms, October 23, 1915, Gladys Rice Perry to Mr. Benjamin Dwight Miller. At home, 11 Edinborough Place, Newtonville.



†1909. THROCKMORTON—FOWLER.—In Brookline, Leila Rowse Fowler to Mr. Howard Throckmorton. At home, 2644 Ashland Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

1909. KEITHLEY—JARVIS.—In Lynn, August 26, 1915, Edwina Walden Jarvis to Professor Joseph Rayburn Keithley. Address, 709 North Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

1909. SMITH—ELLIOTT.—In Manchester, N. H., October 16, 1915, Mildred Weeks Elliott to Mr. Harold Alfred Smith. Address, Three Rivers, Massachusetts.

†1910. PARSONS—SKOLFIELD.—In Harpswell, Me., August 25, 1915, Lydia Clementine Skolfield to Mr. Wallace Emery Parsons. At home, 128 Chadwick Street, Portland, Me.

1910. SMITH—JOHNSON.—In Hallowell, Maine, June 23, 1915, Lillie Richardson Johnson to Mr. Ralph Woodward Smith. At home, 69 Sewall Street, Augusta, Maine.

†1912. BRETZ—CRAM.—In Newtonville, November 1, 1915, Helen Ingersoll Cram to Mr. Harold Brewster Bretz. At home, Kilburn Road, Corner Clover Street, Belmont.

1912. JOHNSON—TOBEY.—August 18, 1914, Avis Caroline Tobey to Mr. Herbert Lincoln Johnson. Address, 32 Robinwood Avenue, Jamaica Plain.

†1913. SHELDON—NEWTON.—In Newton, June 29, 1915, Jane Stinson Newton to Mr. Samuel DeWitt Sheldon. At home, 2415 Sheridan Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

1913. TRUMBULL—NORCROSS.—In Worcester, October 20, 1915, Hazel Norcross to Mr. Lynmont Albion Trumbull. At home, Appleton Road, Worcester.

1913. EAMES—HUNTT.—In Lynn, December 6, 1915, Marguerite Carver Hunt to Mr. Seth W. Eames. At home, 203 Lynn Shore Drive, Lynn.

†1914. KIRKPATRICK—ALLAMAN.—In Dayton, Ohio, June 22, 1915, Mildred Louise Allaman to Mr. Keene R. Kirkpatrick. At home, 12 DeWeese Apartment, Salem Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

†1915. BLODGETT—NYE.—In Bucksport, Me., September 30, 1915, Jessie Marie Nye to Mr. Frederick Swazey Blodgett. At home, Bucksport, Me.

## Births

In New York, N. Y., August 24, 1915, a daughter, Dorothy Converse, to Rev. and Mrs. William W. Rockwell (Ethel D. Converse).

†1897. In Pittsburgh, Pa., August 27, 1915, a daughter, Martha Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Julian Burdick (Helene Baldwin).

†1897. In New Haven, Ct., September 22, 1915, a son, Henry Hartwell, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Quinby (Frances Hinkley).

†1898. In Boulder, Colorado, February 10, 1915, a daughter, Mary Catherine, to Rev. and Mrs. Donald McFayden (Edith Margaret Tyer).

†1899. In Brookline, November 29, 1915, a daughter, Nancy, to Hon. and Mrs. Channing H. Cox of Boston (May Emery Young).

†1899. In Methuen, January 9, 1916, a son, Everett Capron, to Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd E. Smith (Lilian E. Mooers).

†1902. In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, June 3, 1915, a daughter, Ruth Margaret, to Captain and Mrs. James Brown Kemper (Mercer Mason).

1902. At Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, August 3, 1915, a son, Arthur Herrick, to Captain and Mrs. Frank Porter Amos (Katharine I. Herrick).

1902. In Lawrence, October 6, 1915, a daughter, Judith, to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher T. Barron (Vivia M. Dearborn).

†1903. In Manchester, N. H., June, 1915, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O. Roberts (Edith D. Burnham).

†1905. In New Haven, Ct., September 10, 1915, a son, Stephen Harshaw to Dr. and Mrs. Beveridge H. Moore (Amy Blodgett).

†1905. In South Manchester, Ct., June 5, 1915, a son, Erving, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Arundale (Fannie Erving).

1906. November 17, 1915, a son, Edwin Hovey, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Morse (Margaret Hovey).

†1907. In Saco, Maine, December 14, 1915, a daughter, Edna Cushman, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bradbury (Cornelia Cushman).

†1907. In Bayside, Long Island, January 6, 1916, a daughter, Georgie Alicia, to Mr. and Mrs. Russel S. Coutant (Alicia G. Leslie).

†1908. In Newton Highlands, September 6, 1915, a son, Charles Gardner, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gardner Hunt (Thirza Gay).

†1907. In Portland, August 30, 1915, a son, George Wyer, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Turner Rundlett (Christine L. Wyer).

†1908. August 15, 1915, a son, Abbott Towle, to Mr. and Mrs. William Abbott Sturgis (Marion Towle) of Westfield, N. J.

1908. In Bound Brook, N. J., September, 1915, a son, Martin Cathcart, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Cathcart Fawcett (Ruth Van Vliet).

†1909. In Amsterdam, N. Y., November 14, 1914, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Harlan B. Hays (Carolyn de Windt).

†1909. In Canton, Ohio, August 27, 1915, a son, Henry Weber, to Mr. and Mrs. Ray V. Mitchell (Helen Weber).

1910. In New York City, January 10, 1915, a son, James Peter Denvir, 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. James Peter Denvir (Grace Cremin).

†1911. In Worcester, September 25, 1915, a daughter, Maud, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Green (Maud C. Gutterson).

1911. In Ellsworth, Maine, July, 1915, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Robinson (Carrie A. Morang).

### Deaths

1837. In Stoneham, October 15, 1915, Adeline Richardson, aged 96 years.

1847. In Needham, June 22, 1913, Margaret A. L. Maltby, wife of the late Minott S. Crosby.

1851. In Newton Center, January 5, 1916, Elizabeth Orne Blanchard, wife of James D. Greene.

†1857. In New York City, January 30, 1915, Susan M. Warren.

1857. In Newton Center, January 2, 1916, Annie G. Poor, wife of Jefferson K. Cole of Peabody.

1857. In Waltham, 1915, Mary Page Smith, wife of the late John Oscar Teele.

1863. In Andover, November 30, 1915, Alfretta W. Abbott, wife of Albert W. Caldwell.

1864. In Asbury Park, N. J., July 14, 1915, Caroline H. Ayer, wife of Dr. DeBenneville K. Ludwig, of Philadelphia.

1867. In North Reading, December 19, 1915, Elizabeth H. Grosvenor, wife of the late Benjamin G. Gleason.

1868. In Nashua, N. H., January 7, 1916, Clara Roby, wife of Albert Wheeler.

1868. In Hyannis, April, 1915, Harriet E. Baker, wife of Edward F. Smith.

1886. In Blackinton, February 16, 1913, Charlotte Louise Archer, wife of John H. Waterhouse.

1890. In Boston, October 19, 1915, Jane Walkley, sister of Ellen O. Walkley, †1888.

1898. In Lewiston, Me., November 13, 1915, Florence D. Hill, wife of Arthur Pettingill.

## Abbot Academy Faculty

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- BERTHA BAILEY, Sc.B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,  
Mathematics
- NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science
- REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A.B.,  
History and English
- MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit.B.,  
Literature and History of Art
- MARY E. BANCROFT, A.B.,  
English
- GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A.B.,  
French
- HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German
- GUSSANDA COUNTWAY, A.B.,  
Latin
- BERTHA L. MORGAN, A.B.,  
Latin
- MARGARET ELLIOTT, A.B.,  
Mathematics
- MARION H. KING, A.B.,  
History. Librarian
- BESS L. STOODY,  
Household Economics
- ALICE DEAN SPALDING,  
Elocution and Physical Education
- JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A.M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music
- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music
- MARIE NICHOLS,  
Violin
- MARION L. POOKE, A.B.,  
Drawing and Painting

CORINNE D'A LA BRECQUE,  
French Conversation

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RACHEL A. DOWD, A.B.,  
Secretary to the Principal

GRACE A. JENKINS,  
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room. Drawing

PHILANA McLEAN,  
In charge of Draper Hall.

EDITH H. ALDRED,  
Resident Nurse

JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records

### Lecturers

MISS MARIE L. SHEDLOCK

MME. E. GUERIN

MR. ROBERT FROST

DR. LIBERTY HYDE BAILEY

### Speakers

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REV. MARKHAM W. STACKPOLE

REV. WILLIAM H. RYDER

DR. CHARLES R. BROWN

MISS MARY A. WIGGIN

DR. FREDERIC PALMER

MISS HELEN MILLS

DR. CLARENCE A. BARBOUR

DR. ALBERT PARKER FITCH

DR. ROBERT E. SPEER

MRS. SPEER

REV. CHARLES H. OLIPHANT

MISS DOROTHY STILES

REV. CLARK CARTER

MRS. WILL MOODY

MR. S. RICHARD FULLER

MISS SALLIE SIMPSON

MISS ALICE GLEASON

MR. BOYD RHETTA

MISS EMILY SKILTON

### Concerts

MISS MARIE NICHOLS

MISS ETHEL LEGINSKA

## School Organizations

A. C. A.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH WOOD
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER DAVIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	EMMA STOHN

## Student Council

ESTHER DAVIS	.	.	.	.	.	SYLVA GUTTERSON
LOIS ERICKSON	.	.	.	.	.	HELENE HARDY
MARJORIE FREEMAN	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH JACKSON
AGNES GRANT	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
JOSEPHINE WALKER						

## Fidelio Society

[illegible]

## Odeon

DORIS EMERY	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
MARJORIE FREEMAN	.	.	.	.	.	MARION SELDEN
SYLVIA GUTTERSON	.	.	.	.	.	JULIE SHERMAN
RUTH OTTMAN	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER VAN DERVOORT
JANE PATTESON	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH WOOD

## Athletic Association

[illegible]

## Hockey Team

Captain . . . . .	MARGARET PERRY
Manager . . . . .	MARION SELDEN

## Glee Club

[illegible]



## Class Organizations

### Senior, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	SYLVIA GUTTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GRANT
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELENE HARDY

*Class Colors* — King's Blue and Gold      *Class Flower* — Cornflower

*Class Motto* — Do noble things, not dream them.

### Senior Middle, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	RACHEL OLMSTEAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARY CHURCH
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH WILLSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DORIS EMERY

*Class Colors* — Purple and White

*Class Flower* — Violet

*Class Motto* — Live pure, speak true, right wrong,  
follow the King.

### Junior Middle, '18

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY BUSHNELL
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH EATON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARGARET MITCHELL

*Class Colors* — Yellow and White

*Class Flower* — Yellow Rose

### Juniors, '18

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY CUTLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION CHANDLER
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MURIEL JOHNSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	EMILY DUCKWORTH

*Class Colors* — Old Rose and Silver

*Class Flower* — Rose

### Alumnae Association

#### *President*

MRS. HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY

#### *Vice-Presidents*

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL	MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING
MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS BEAN	MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR
MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE	MISS MARIA S. MERRILL

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

#### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS AGNES PARK

#### *Committee on Appropriations*

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER

MISS AGNES PARK

# Calendar

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1915-1916

1915

September 15, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
September 16, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Fall term begins
November 25, Thursday	Thanksgiving Day
December 16, Thursday, 12 M.	Fall term ends

## Christmas Vacation

1916

January 5, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
January 6, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Winter term begins
January 29, Saturday	First semester ends
January 31, Monday	Second Semester begins
March 23, Thursday, 12 M.	Winter term ends

## Spring Vacation

April 5, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.	
April 6, Thursday, 9 A.M.	Spring term begins
June 6, Tuesday	School year ends

## **COURANT ADVERTISERS**

The Editors of THE ABBOT COURANT urge its readers to  
patronize THE COURANT Advertisers.

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O bubbling fountain, rippling clear and free,  
About whose rim kimonoed creatures lean,  
To quaff refreshing swallows e'er the bell  
Shall drive them scurrying from off the scene.

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Attendant on the nightly trip to you,  
The good-night kisses which we scatter there?  
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MASS.



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*THE CATERER*

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LOWELL, MASS.

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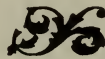
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And since that time, so many years ago,  
I've been all, all alone — except for Ted  
Or Pill or half a dozen more or so.

I wander up and down the corridors —  
Disheveled locks and distraught looks make clear  
The awful daze in which I'm living now.  
I can't stay in without my room-mate here.

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IPSWICH

I've read that English magazine called *Punch*,  
To try to find a respite from my woe.  
I'd really seek oblivion in drink  
If that would not remind me of you so.

I guess I'm doomed to suffer ages so.  
— I've just looked at the calendar — I say!  
The lying thing says yesterday you went,  
And I thought *years* had dragged their cheerless way.

A. G. S.

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# The Abbot Courant

June, 1916

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1916



JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

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THE  
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLII., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.  
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY  
1916



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# THE ABBOT COURANT

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**Vol. XLII**

**JUNE, 1916**

**No. 2**

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## Leaving Paris

Paris, France,  
August 1, 1914.

Dear Brother:

Whatever is going to happen, I wonder? This has been the strangest day, but by the sound of the mob in the streets you'd think it was just beginning to be strange.

Today we got three hundred dollars in French gold, and I can tell you, we were mighty lucky to get that. You should see the crowds that have been waiting in front of the banks! It seems marvelous that we ever found our way inside. All the taxis seem to be going on a strike too, for not a one stops when you wave at them. They all go scooting by as though they'd gone mad. Everyone seems to have gone mad, and the city seems to have changed in the last few days. Everyone is talking war — war — war. But I don't think France will get in it. Germany and Austria and Russia and Servia will have enough to do without the aid of France. Why, they couldn't have a war — a large one — in these days. But you'd think there was going to be a war. Mother and David and I are just about the last people left in the hotel and when we got here a week ago, it was so crowded we could hardly get any decent rooms.

I'm writing down here in the lobby, sitting on a stray trunk. You couldn't keep me upstairs when there is so much excitement down here.

Excitement! Things are beginning to hum! The proprietor of the hotel just ran up to me and told me to run quick! Get my mother, please — wanted on the telephone. Well, he nearly scared me to death talking to me like that and you can believe I ran up all those stairs, stumbling, falling, only happening to go in the right room. And who do you think it was that called up mother? A Mrs. McKey who has lived here for ten years; and she wanted us to come and stay with her until after the war is over! She said that she started out to walk to our hotel but the mobs were so furious that she only went a block in one hour and she was a mile away. I shouldn't mind staying if I knew when I'd get back home, but I don't know. I don't believe there's a war though. It's nonsense. But still, the great socialist leader was stabbed in a café last night after he'd made a speech for peace. It must be pretty serious.

Mother has just bought an extra. Official announcement — Germany Declares War on France!!!

Midnight.

Dave and I have been out on the balcony watching the soldiers and artillery wagons go by. It is very weird-looking. I feel as though I were in a book. Mother says I must get some sleep now. Good night.

Three o'clock, A.M.

I did go to sleep but I only slept about half an hour. The lights wakened me. I thought the sky was on fire. Do you know what it was? The great searchlights have been looking for German airships all night long. I've seen five French airships quite close tonight.

Mother has just found out that all foreigners must leave the country by midnight tonight by order of the president of France. We have to pack now.

Seven A.M.

Such a time as we have had. We packed as many of our most valuable things as possible in our suitcases and packed the trunks too. David and I rolled our trunks down the three flights to the lobby, ourselves. They are out on the sidewalk now. There aren't any servants left in the place and the proprietor is going to leave for Austria in a few hours. We got our "breakfast" about six o'clock in the hotel kitchen. It seemed so queer to be rummaging around in a huge, strange kitchen. We got some old rolls, and David made some cocoa. We had lots of fun and made merry over the sight of the tables in the dining-room — all piled up on top of each other and covered with bright red cloths. From time to time, former waiters of the hotel came rushing in, dressed in their soldier's uniforms, to snatch a morsel to eat, or to collect the things they'd left behind in the wild excitement of being "called."

You should have heard the mobs last night, Bobs. It was rather horrible. The people are simply insane with excitement and patriotism. We watched them going down the Rue de la Paix last night, men, women, and children shouting, crying, singing the *Marseillaise*. And from all parts of the city came the roar of it and it thundered to the lighted skies, and fell, only to come rumbling to our ears from other directions. It was awful, but fascinating.

Oh, these French people! I wish I understood their language, and I must say I'll be mighty glad to get to a place where they talk English. We are going to try to get out of France by midnight. If we could only get a taxi or something to get us to the station!

Ten A.M.

Hoorah! How did it ever happen? Good fortune is with us. Here we are on a train slowly pulling out of Paris on the way to Dieppe where we want to get a boat to go across the channel. About half past seven, we managed to get hold of a taxi, and we were driven through the most deserted-looking streets I ever hope to see. But the station was anything but deserted. For blocks around were people — whole families of



them — waiting with their household goods to get a train out of the country. There was the awfulest mob there. We lost two suitcases and a big hat box. We had to leave our trunks in the hotel. David wouldn't leave his basketball, however. He carried that thing under his arm all the way. But it was so funny. Lots of times, it would get knocked out of his arm and go sailing over the heads of the people. They were scared to death. They must have thought it was a bomb, for the mobs separated before it just as the waves must have in the Red Sea, and David would run ahead and pick it up safely. I haven't time to tell you all the horrible things we saw. I'm keeping a diary wherein I jot down every little incident and you shall see that when I get home. But it was so sad to see all the men saying good-bye to their wives and daughters and sweethearts. The men were so cheery and brave, and the women were brave too, but I cried with them. And I wasn't the only foreigner whose heart was wrenched by the sight of these brave ones going off to war, perhaps never to return — but many, many American business men and millionaires had tears on their faces, and were not ashamed of it either.

I can't even write a readable letter today. You'll have to forgive me.

London, August 3, 1914.

Two o'clock in the morning

Dear Bobs:

I'm so tired and hungry — oh — I'm hungry. We're in London at last, but I cannot believe it. We got the boat this afternoon — I should say yesterday — at one o'clock. It sailed at one-fifteen, and we can't be thankful enough to think we got it, because it was supposed to be the last one over and there were people waiting to get on who had been there on the dock for about thirty hours, just waiting for that boat, and then we came along and managed to get on after only ten minutes. But we had to fight with our fists to do that. My hands are all cut and sore, and so are Dave's, and mother's too. I guess every one had a hard time. But David still has his precious basketball. And a German spy jumped down the baggage



chute into the hold of the ship and they couldn't find him in time to get him off. And — there was no cargo on the ship, only nine hundred were supposed to travel in it, and thirteen hundred fought their way on. An ugly storm came up, our little ship was tossed about like a cork, and — I'm glad, I'm proud to say that I was one of five passengers who were not seasick. The captain told me so himself and he shook hands with me and said that if I could stand that I could stand anything. But I never expected to see land. I stood up all the six hours on the rough sea, out on the deck, hanging on to a bar in the wall, and every time that ship went down, between two large waves, I thought it was all over and braced myself, and immediately was drenched with the salt water, and found that we were not yet drowned after all. Twice when I let go of the bar or handle, I was nearly washed overboard and some one kindly rescued me. Dave and mother were inside somewhere. I don't see how they could have stood it there. It was great and rough out on the deck. Let me tell you one thing, brother, every one on that ship had forgotten all about the war for the time being.

About seven o'clock, we landed in New Haven. Mother and Dave were all dry and fine, but I was as wet as the channel. The salt stood out all over my clothes and I could hardly lift my feet because my shoes were so wet. We couldn't get anything to eat in that station but got a train to London, so tired we could hardly move. Oh, it seemed so good to get in an English-speaking country again; it was almost as good as home.

But we had a hard time getting in any hotel. Every hotel is crowded and overflowing with refugees. We went to five, in vain. The man who drove our taxi was so jolly and friendly, and finally brought us to this funny, little hotel near Russel Square. They said at first that there wasn't any room at all, but we were so tired and forlorn that they finally said, if we didn't mind sleeping down cellar, they would put three cots down there for us, because that was the only place in the hotel not taken. Did we mind? We jumped at the chance; we were so glad we nearly wept for joy. It is an awful, damp place — that cellar, but it seems wonderful to us. Wait 'til you see my diary.

I'll be able to tell you things that will make your eyes grow wide with amazement when I see you again.

I'm writing this in the hall in front of the grate-fire. The housekeeper is busy getting us something to eat. We're all pretty hungry. Now you be a good boy, and don't worry and we'll get home sometime soon maybe.

Mother is writing a great, long letter, so you'll hear all about everything from her. I've only given you an idea.

With lots of love,

Sister.

*Elizabeth Holmes, C.P. 1917*



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and their yellow plumes waving in their helmets. And what else?"

"Now the cows are coming up the lane — little Pierre is urging them along. They will eat the grass as they come. In the farm yard, all the hens and chickens are going to roost."

"How sweet the new hay smells!"

"Yes, a fine crop we had this year, and we gathered it all in yesterday. It fills the barn almost to overflowing."

"What was that, Jean?"

Monsieur Le Brun quickly drew himself up as if to gain strength: "It is the great *docteur's* machine."

"Oh."

They both walked slowly towards their house. Dr. Stanley was at the door when they reached it. "Good afternoon, Madame Le Brun, how well you are looking today! Good afternoon, Monsieur Le Brun."

"Jean, do you want to wait here till the *docteur* takes the bandages from my eyes?"

"*Oui, ma chérie*, I will be waiting."

The doctor and Madame Le Brun went into the house. Monsieur Le Brun paced slowly up and down the garden walk. After what had seemed hours to him, when he was far down the walk, the house door slowly opened and Madame Le Brun called, "Jean."

He hurried back to the house. "Helene," he cried and took her into his arms. She would see again.

*Louise King, 1916*

## The Old Book Shop

Dirty books, new books, old books, blue books, every kind of a book is in the old second-hand book store. Dusty books, piles upon piles, and, in the midst of them all, the old, dusty, white-haired man, "The keeper of the books," who seems a part of them all! Can't you just see him? How I love to spend the rainy days there, browsing among the books. My very foot-prints mark the floor. My very finger-prints mark the volumes, and the old man sits, nodding, nodding, in the midst of it all. Perhaps he is dreaming of the land which he is so near, where there will be even more books.

Imagine, if you can, wandering through fairy realms of knighthood and ladyhood, fighting in the French Revolution, watching breathlessly, the thrilling rescue from fire of the children in "Ninety-three," and then, with moist eyes, coming back to life, and gazing around with blurred vision to find that the old man is shutting up for the night, and the rain is still beating, beating, beating, like the eternal waves of the sea, on the door.

*Julie Sherman, C.P. 1918*



## “Preparedness”

Mrs. Brown is a charming hostess. She is always ready with a smiling face to greet any guest who may drop in on her suddenly, for a few days' visit, that is, if you let her know two days before that you are coming. If she is at the breakfast table when she reads the letter announcing your intended visit, Mr. Brown invariably asks with much concern whether she is in pain, and if there is anything he can do. If she is alone, all the family come running at her cry of despair, “What shall I do? The house is upset from top to bottom, the ironing not done, not a thing to eat in the house, my dress torn and Mrs. M—is *so* particular.” Then she arms herself with broom and dust cloth and begins with the roof of the house, dusting the cobwebs out of the chimney and goes systematically fussing from room to room, and finally, out the back door, and very carefully picks the dead leaves off the geranium at the end of the garden walk.

She soon discovers that the grocery boy has tracked mud in on the kitchen floor and her voice is low and musical as she orders him out of the house with her finger pointing towards the door.

“Now,” she says to the cook. “What shall we have to eat? We must not have anything rich, because Mrs. M— has been ill and is dieting. I do wish that when people visit, they would eat what is set before them.” Then begins the baking of cakes and pies and biscuits, the planning of salads and the mixing of desserts, and at night, she surveys the heavily laden pantry shelves wondering if that will be enough.

In the evening, she discovers that the guest room needs new curtains, and then stops to embroider initials on the tea-towels. These things are finished by one o'clock and she goes to bed, setting the alarm for five.

In the morning, her husband tells her how rested she looks, and she orders him out of the house, and tells him that she has a thousand things to do, and that he never, never did, or can understand the things to be done about a house. Then he says that he should think that things were about done, as she was at it all day yesterday, but she only gives him a parting smile that sends him down the walk turning up his coat collar.

All day long, Mrs. Brown goes from room to room, moving a picture here and an ornament there, and then goes back and very carefully replaces both.

At three o'clock when it is time to dress to receive her guest, she has dark rings under her eyes, and her temper is at the snapping point, as she sits down, an hour too early, to await her friend. As she has nothing else to do, she worries for fear Mrs. M— will be late and dinner will be spoiled.

Soon carriage wheels are heard and she meets her friend with a smiling face and a cool cheek. After they have exchanged kisses, and apologized for everything they can think of, from the weather to the blizzard they had two years ago, Mrs. Brown shows her guest to her room, saying, "Now, make yourself perfectly at home, and if there is anything you want, just let me know. No, don't speak of it. I haven't gone to any trouble at all. It is just as I say to Mr. Brown, I am always glad to see my friends, but they must take me just as they find me, because I don't make any fuss. I am always ready."

If more hostesses took Mrs. Brown's calm attitude about having company, how many more delightful impromptu visits there would be!

*Elizabeth Willson, 1917*

## An Appreciation

For two years, I have lived the life of a French child, and in those two years I have learned to appreciate America as I never had before. We live here in Neuilly-sur-Seine, in a house rented to us, except for two or three rooms upstairs which M. and Mme. Manoury use. We live with them, to all appearances as guests.

Try to see the house as it looks to one entering. First, you stand before a tall, iron gate with the number eighty-four at one side. A trim, little maid will open it if you ring. You step into the garden. High ivy-covered brick walls surround it and meet the house so that no access is given to the kitchen garden behind the house. Along each wall is a flower border. There is no time to stop now, but some day if you should examine the tags on some of those plants, you will find one label, "Blue Rose." A gravel path runs around the garden, which is only as wide as the narrow house, and only a little longer. A plot of grass lies in the middle, a small arbor stands in the corner at your right where, in spring, we try to study in defiance of passing vehicles, birds and flowers.

The house is a narrow, three-story building. The kitchen is in the basement, down to which steps lead from the garden.

From a little porch about two feet square, one enters the front hall. Ignoring the hat rack and the staircase on the left, and the three doors on the right, you must go back, through the hall, to a door at the end and open it. Step down two steps, pass through another door and you are in the studio of the great Theodore Manoury, once tenor in grand opera, but now, at sixty years of age, a *professeur* in the "*Conservatoire*." It is a room as big as our own Davis Hall, glass-roofed, a platform and piano at one end, a straw matting covering the half of the floor next the platform, then a stretch of bare floor and at the other end, an immense fireplace. At this side of the fireplace stands a great oak table, and around it are heavy oaken chairs in one of which sits the great M. Manoury smoking cigarettes all day long.

Here is where we take our music lessons from a long-fingered man with a mane of hair which he has difficulty in keeping out of his face.

We sleep in a big room upstairs. *Mademoiselle* comes early to wake us and help us dress — my sister, my brother and myself — the baby and nurse have their own rooms on the next floor.

Everybody else breakfasts in bed, but we go down to the dining-room, after we have gone in to say good morning to father and mother. Breakfast is a trial, because I hate eggs and will not eat them, and *Mademoiselle* insists that I shall. Hence, *Mademoiselle* is mentally classified in my affections on the same shelf as eggs.

Albert and Marian do not mind the eggs, but they join me in their hatred of milk, and boiled milk at that! During breakfast, we bemoan loudly the baking-powder biscuits and pancakes of American breakfasts.

Afterwards Marian and I get ready to go to school. We hate it sincerely, in fact, we refuse to go there for more than a year. In the first place, it is so different from an American school. You have to wear black sateen aprons with long sleeves!! You have to learn your lessons by heart!! During recess, you walk decorously around a grass plot for fifteen minutes. You can't even walk to school alone — it's only half a block, but *Mademoiselle* must take us there and bring us back. To cap it all, we can't speak French very well, and the teachers and girls speak nothing else.

In the afternoon, we must take exercise, a walk, naturally, in the Bois de Boulogne. Oh, I know it is a lovely place, but I hate to *have* to go there. One can't play in the yard as at home. Always, there is some one on the horizon, somebody to watch us. No freedom! Do you wonder I am homesick?

Dorothy Johnson, C.P. 1916

## Silly Sixteen

It all began when I saw my first poet. I had attained the venerable age of sixteen and was as full of silly notions and fantastic ideas as most girls of that age are. The poet came to dinner at the school which I attended and sat at the Principal's table. Can any one imagine a more perfect specimen, slack as to clothes, unshaven as to face, with a lean and hungry look which at once captivated me! I observed (and took mental notes for future use) the manner in which he passed the salt cellar to his next door neighbor (lucky creature) and was especially careful to notice the instantaneous effect of his morbid gazes into space. For a few days, I was unbearable! My friends knew me not! Instead of my general aptitude for mischief, I spent all my time at meals, gazing at the finger bowl morosely from all angles. My eyes at times grew misty with unshed tears, when I thought of the time when I should live in an attic (before my talent was appreciated) and eat black bread and onions.

How my friends ever stood me that following week, I am not prepared to tell.

*Julie Sherman, C.P. 1915*



## Signs of Spring

The glowing colors of the west are fading into soft pastel shades. You are suddenly conscious of another presence besides yourself — perhaps from a faint rustling of the grass. Possibly you suspect who it may be and turning carefully lest you startle him, your suspicions are confirmed. There he stands, a big, plump robin, his red waistcoat unfaded by a summer's sun. He stands with his head cocked to one side, and you say to yourself, "You flirt!" But suddenly your vanity receives a shock, as you realize that he is not flirting with you at all; indeed, as yet, you are perhaps only a rock to him. For quickly, without ceremony, he pecks the ground, and bracing his plump little body, he pulls mightily at his evening meal. Whether it snaps in the middle or not troubles him little.

In an instant at a slight movement from you, he realizes that you are not a friendly rock and off he flies. From a neighboring tree, you hear his song and you realize again that he is a real spring robin, for, instead of his cherry-time chirp he sings, his rollicking

"Kill 'em, cure 'em,  
Give 'em physic."

As you turn to go home, a friendly oriole, bobbing up and down on a twig, salutes you as you pass, "Hullo, hullo." "Hullo," you call in answer.

You return with a feeling of gladness that spring has come back again and you realize it still more as the chorus from a nearby pond sings,

"Give me a little, give me a little, give me a little,  
Jug and all, jug and all, jug and all."

*Bernice Boutwell, 1917*



## St. Peter's Problem

St. Peter yawned; the monotony of his work was beginning to pall upon him, because, for twenty-five years, he had turned millions of applicants a day, away from the heavenly gates to resume their unsolitary journeys down the river Styx.

Just now St. Peter was undergoing his five thousandth cross-examination of the usual type of man whose extreme worldliness had clung to him during his transportation heavenward.

"What other commandments have you broken besides the first?" chanted St. Peter in a bored tone.

"My dear man, no one in Chicago even pretends to conform to such antique regulations. Why, our new mayor —"

"But the laws of the Bible are sacred," said St. Peter, for the thousandth time that afternoon.

"Conditions change, my good man, what might have suited David in the time of Goliath will not go in Chicago in 1916."

St. Peter reflected. This was a new idea; he had never thought of changed conditions before. Maybe these gentlemen were not sinners. Perhaps they lived up to a set of changed ideals in an age of social advancement. Why not try new tactics on these applicants? He eyed the gentleman thoughtfully. Why not let him in and see how it worked? In a moment his mind was made up and he opened the golden gates to the human social problem, who endeavored to tip St. Peter on the way in. The good Saint was mortified for the young man, but resumed his work thoughtfully.

Suddenly a loud knocking sounded from within the gates, a noise, in sharp contrast to the customary singing of the angels. The gates swung open and emitted the gentleman who appeared to be in some haste. He rushed by St. Peter shouting, "Sorry, my man, but I can't fit with that musical crowd." So saying, he hurled himself into space, leaving St. Peter pondering about what to do with the worldly people who fitted in nowhere except in their own spheres.

*May Bartlett, 1918*

## Rain, Snow or Sunshine

It rained yesterday  
And it snowed today —  
Tomorrow I don't know what!

But the buds and the flowers  
And the grass that we love,  
Only wake for the showers  
That fall from above.

And saw I little boys  
Making snow-balls today,  
With loud wintry noise  
Making April snow pay.

And we never need fear  
What will come on the morrow;  
Every cloud's lined with cheer,  
Though it's mantled with sorrow.

It rained yesterday  
And it snowed today —  
Tomorrow I don't know what!

*Elizabeth Wood, C.P. 1916*

## The flower Garden

The kitchen was hot. The salt pork on the stove was burning and the room was filled with the odor of the hot soapsuds in the milk-pails. At the cluttered table under the window John Fairweather satisfied his desire for food and drink. His wife leaned toward him, her rough hands gripped the edge of the table, her plain face flushed.

"Mr. F., couldn't we have a garden?" Mr. Fairweather took a swallow of tea before he answered.

"A garden? Look out the window and you'll see one or you're blind all of a sudden."

"I know — but John," she hesitated over the name, "I meant a flower garden, just a little one." She touched his arm timidly. Unmindful of her hand, he noisily shoved back his chair.

"Flower garden! Flowers! What good are them? You and I can't eat 'em and they ain't particularly nourishing for the cattle. And who would fix your garden? I would, I suppose?"

"I could do all the work, it wouldn't be no bother." But he had gone out, letting in the flies and slamming the door.

"I oughter known," she said softly and turned to the clutter of dishes and milk-pails in the sink. Monotonously she washed and wiped and put away the things and hung out the dish towels. Then in the twilight she slipped around a corner of the house and stood gazing at a bit of plowed ground. She looked at the heavy figure on the steps and back at the ground.

"I guess I got a right." Her bent back straightened. "I will."

The next day John Fairweather mowed for one of his neighbors. Sarah made a trip to the village and came back with a tiny precious package thrust inside her blouse. The next time he worked for his neighbor, his wife worked furiously over the bit of plowed ground humming timidly to herself.

About a month later, one stifling July morning, John surprised his wife by appearing in the kitchen in the middle of the morning. His face was flushed and he fairly shouted at her in his anger. "Sarah, what's that growin' out in the corner of the cabbage-bed? Don't tell me they're weeds, for they ain't."

Sarah paled but looked steadily at him.

"No, them ain't weeds, them's sweet peas."

"You've been deceivin' me, you ——"

Sarah came nearer her husband. "You've been grindin' me," she said slowly.

John stared at her a moment and then went out, leaving the screen door open. Sarah quietly closed the door and then wept a little with her face buried in the roller-towel.

And so the summer wore on. The flowers grew and were picked and sometimes Sarah had the effrontery to wear one. The two hardly spoke. Once John rushed out to tear up the flowers but didn't, and once Sarah stooped and seized some by the roots but stopped.

One day when John had been to the summer colony with vegetables, he drove rapidly into the yard, flung down the reins and almost ran to the porch where Sarah was sitting.

"Sarah Fairweather!" He was out of breath and his anger choked him. "I have just heard you have been truckin' them flowers to the summer folk. Ain't you got no sense of decency or pride in you?"

"Yes, I have — more'n you give me credit for." And the quiet, searching look in Sarah's meek eyes made him turn away and silently lead the horse to the barn.

The kitchen was hot. The room was filled with the odor of hot soapsuds in the milk-pails. At the cluttered table under the window John stretched his arms and grunted with pain. "Lord, how I ache! I wish I could buy one of them new rakes."

Sarah took a swallow of tea before she answered.

"One of them new rakes? You don't need one; you ain't an old man yet and I don't know who else would use it."

"I know, but, Sarah," he stumbled over the name. "But I could work better." He touched her arm timidly. Putting her hand over his she asked wearily, "How much are they?"

"Seven dollars." Then taking his pipe he went out. Sarah stood still in the stuffy kitchen.

"I oughter known," she said softly and turned to the pile of dishes and pails in the sink.

"Ain't the pink ones pretty?" came a voice through the window, and Sarah hummed timidly as she hung up the dish towels.

*Josephine Walker, 1916*

## Editorials

Abbot Academy again mourns an irreparable loss in the death of Mr. John Alden, for sixteen years a trustee of the school, and for the greater part of that time the clerk of the Board.

His rich and varied scholarship, his clearly reasoned judgments, his practical wisdom gave his counsel a high and unique value, while the quiet force and charm of his personality won the loyalty of all who knew him.

In spite of the pressing exactions of business he kept in close touch with the affairs of the school, expressing his interest constantly, though so unobtrusively that few of the present student body had had any opportunity to know him. An accomplished scientist, as well as a chemist of international reputation, he applied his expert knowledge to the equipment of the laboratories in the reconstructed Abbot Hall, which he personally supervised in the minutest details. At intervals, too, he managed to find an afternoon when he could present to the students some aspect of the scientific advance of our time, or conduct them himself through the great mills in whose service he was engaged. The clearness with which he was able to present abstract truth and complicated phenomena, and to explain obscure processes, made these occasions truly illuminating. In the changes from time to time made in buildings or grounds, Mr. Alden was not content with hearsay accounts, but took pains to make a personal study of plans and their progress, usually with comments and suggestions of highest value.

Those of the faculty who had the privilege of knowing him found association with him stimulating and enriching; he was so genuinely interested, so warmly sympathetic, his sense of values was so just and true, his outlook so enlightening. Moreover, with it all he was such a gracious, kindly gentleman.

We acknowledge, therefore, with love and gratitude, the great gifts, which the school owes Mr. Alden. And even while we mourn our loss, we rejoice in the permanent quality of his service, and the imperishable spiritual values of his life.

*B. B.*



Among the many reasons for gratitude which Abbot Academy has, none is greater than the blessing of the strong characters which have moulded the life of the school, and impressed themselves upon its history. We therefore record the death of Miss Maria Stockbridge Merrill at her home in Portland, Maine, on March thirtieth, with more than personal sorrow, for her constant interest in and devotion to the school in which she lived for twenty-nine years, was an unfailing source of stimulation to others to do for it according to the best that was in them. Miss Merrill came to Abbot Academy in 1878, a graduate of the Brunswick, Maine, High School, with two years of study in France and Germany to add to her ability to conduct the French life in Davis Hall, the old house then standing nearly on the site of the present Davis Hall. As Miss McKeen told the story of that beginning, she was at first somewhat timid and unassuming, but she gathered confidence as she found herself trusted, and soon used to the full the many valuable qualities with which she was endowed. Her personality drew to her many friends among teachers, pupils, and townspeople, and her influence affected many lives, both young and mature, elevating their ideals, enlarging their aims for knowledge, and enriching their conceptions of life. From 1878 to 1907 Miss Merrill was the head of the French department, bringing a fine and wide acquaintance with the language and literature of France, and attracting many awakening minds to love and study them. Her periods of residence in France and Germany, and her other travels, together with her way of seizing upon facts and making them vitally interesting by illustration and humour gave her class work a lively atmosphere.

After Draper Hall was ready for use, and as long as Smith Hall was lived in, she was at the head of the old building, and led her family of girls with a warm affection and care for which many of them will revere her name.

After the death of the husband of her very dear friend, Mrs. John Harlow (Miss Frances Kimball), she went, as she had promised to do, to live with her in Woburn, Mass. There she remained until Mrs. Harlow's death in May, 1914, when she returned to her old home with her father and sister in Portland,



Maine, and began to prove her great usefulness in the church and the town. In full vigor and with great prospects of usefulness before her, she fell ill of pneumonia and shortly died.

Miss Merrill was typical of the best in New England. Compact of virtues as of body, her intellect was keen, her spirit unfailing and her will for righteousness unyielding. Severity in her was tempered by a generous sympathy, life was lightened by humour, and difficulties never met with a more undaunted resolution. Her religious nature was full and deep, and fed by constant study and prayer. Nothing which she read or heard was lost. She was quick to bring to daily conversation everything which she came across and to add by anecdote and fun to its variety and cheerfulness. Her love for poetry was unusual and her reading of it wide. The school has met with a great loss, but let us hope that those whom she trained will come forward with the same devotion and confidence in its future and mission which she showed, and so shall her works follow her.

*E. A. M.*

Miss Merrill was to me an "ideal friend."

My acquaintance with her began in the fall of 1882 when I became a member of her family in old French Hall.

There began then one of those rare friendships between teacher and scholar that means so much to a young girl.

As I look back over the years, I realize how much I owe to her wise guidance at that time, and how her love and interest influenced my religious life and character to a marked degree. Through all these twenty-four years since, our mutual love and friendship has deepened and broadened, and though our paths were often widely separated, whenever they did cross, we met as if there had been no break.

She had a wonderful hold on the lives of her "girls" and with her death, they and Abbot and the world, have lost a rare friend.

*Pauline Whittlesey Patton, '82*

If I had to choose one of the crowding memories of Miss Merrill, it would perhaps be that of the little French Literature class of 1892. Old Number Six was a somewhat gloomy room, but the moment she entered, it seemed full of energy and light. How her eyes shone with enthusiasm over fine passages, or with mischief as she proposed some new and startling idea, and waited to hear what we would say! How courteous she was to the crude opinions of eighteen, always disagreeing as with equals! Her classes were full of surprises, for she could never be confined to text books or schedules. She wanted to linger over appealing subjects, and make countless cross lights of interest play about them — lights which have shone on many things in after-life.

Under all this freedom was a solid substructure of hard work, for Miss Merrill frankly appealed to our utmost, and had little patience with indifference. Following her was often like a hunt over open country to an inexperienced rider, but she somehow inspired us with zest for the adventure. She not only loved, but believed in us, and the passing years have shown more and more clearly what a constant and understanding friend she was.

*Mary A. Thompson, '93*

One element in the thoroughly wholesome touch of Miss Merrill's life upon those associated with her, either as pupils or as fellow-workers, lay in her keen and kindly sense of humor. I have a vivid recollection of one conference in which many positive and differing views had been expressed and the tension had increased till open rupture or lasting ill-will seemed close at hand, when just the right spark of drollery came from Miss Merrill and the atmosphere cleared as if by magic. That was but one of many similar instances. Often possible soreness and resentment, which spring up so readily, especially in young hearts meeting sharp opposition, melted because of the warm, sunny heart back of the keen word.

Miss Merrill's sense of duty never impelled her to habitual concealment of her own individuality, neither did it permit her to remain neutral or indifferent to any life which touched hers. Perhaps it was in part her spontaneous and genuine enjoyment

of human nature, in its merry aspect as well as its serious ones, that made her so vital a force in the lives of her pupils during their school days, and, later, in their wide-world days of memory and of striving. To have become a part of the ideals and the daily life of the hundreds who today are carrying something of her spirit with them, is to have accomplished a great work. Her monument is in their deep and loving gratitude.

*Jane L. Greeley, '84*

No "old girl" who was a member of Miss Merrill's happy family at Smith Hall in the early nineties could have heard the news of her sudden death without the sense of a great personal loss, and the feeling that the world is a poorer and sadder place because her radiant spirit has passed on its way. A chain of vivid memories carries me back to the small school world where Miss Merrill played so important a part that her smile or frown made or marred the day for each one of us, and where we unconsciously learned from her, day by day, by precept and example, the principles and ideals which have since stood us in such good stead in the larger world.

"House Mother" was an unknown term in my school days, but we needed a name that would express the tender relation between Miss Merrill and her almost too devoted family of girls, and I, for one, shall always think of her as "Mutterchen," just as when we gathered around her on Sunday evening to hear her sing or read aloud, when we visited in her friendly sitting-room, or walked with her to and from recitations, or struggled for pride of place next to her at the cheerful dining-table. It was Abbot Academy French, as I had the satisfaction of writing Miss Merrill at the time, that took a party of four young women — two of them college graduates, but speechless in a foreign tongue — comfortably through the adventures of a first trip to Europe, years ago, and it has been dear Miss Merrill's influence — so infinitely more important than all her faithful French lessons — that has helped, and is still helping to take all her "old girls" through the ups and downs of the Great Adventure, Life, which she herself faced so triumphantly.

*Anna Tucker Nettleton, '93*

It is the desire of those who realize the extent and quality of Miss Merrill's influence as a teacher to see a visible and permanent memorial to her on the school grounds, not only to express their love for her and their debt to her, but to ensure that the girls of the future shall know her name. The suggestion of a memorial gateway at the School Street entrance with a continuing wall along the front has been heartily approved by the Trustees and Principal and the few alumnae who have been consulted. Already in the month of May, the first thousand dollars has been pledged. In the very short time that has passed only a few of the fifteen hundred people who have been associated with her here have been appealed to. It is believed that many others will wish to honor her memory, and it is hoped that many people will send in their contributions or pledges at once without waiting for the personal appeal.

A dignified and suitable entrance to the grounds is something that will commend itself to all who love the school, and it will be very pleasing to have it as an expression of love and reverence for one who has given so much vital force to the school. Contributions and pledges may be sent to Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason, who are undertaking to collect the fund.

The school and the town of Andover are proud to have had the opportunity of exhibiting this spring the work of Miss Marion L. Pooke of Boston, who is a member of our faculty this year. Miss Pooke's exhibition covers the work of about three years, and in her paintings we can easily trace her development in sure brush work and her response to the demand for color. In studying her pictures one is impressed by the fact that they are all vital and full of life and that in every one there is splendid modeling of the flesh. The critics have spoken of "Gloria" as being one of the best, and the "Sphinx" has often been exhibited. We, of course, were all much interested in the portraits of Mrs. and Professor Tyler. From one point of view, the most interesting picture is "Silhouettes," which recently received the silver medal in San Francisco. It has been a great thing for the school and the town to have a chance to see assembled so many paintings of a thoroughly modern young artist.



Loyalty! It is a pretty big word with numerous definitions. It is school loyalty that makes eleven girls practise, play and practise until they are the best hockey players in school. It is loyalty that makes many and many another practise and play and practise to show that they *are* the best and then practise and play more to train the eleven best to be one whole — the team. Added to these many, are the even more numerous others who sing, look interested and talk confidently of success; and this playing and this singing the team calls support. They cannot play without it — no one can play and no one can work without support. So with the *Courant*. We work to have it interesting — interesting to the girls in school and interesting to our old girls outside, but it is hard to keep it interesting when decided financial difficulties make this new idea and that new idea impossible. We have many a loyal supporter who subscribes year after year, but we ask those of you who are interested, interested enough to read your friend's *Courant*, to think of our side of the story. This year we hoped to have pictures in, but the cold facts of our bank account completely overbalanced our desires. Please, won't you help us to enlarge the subscriptions — for old time's sake at least?

"The spring is here; I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush."

Doubtless, but the singing of this little catch is not the only sign that spring is here and the summer days are fast approaching.

Behold the girls as they stroll around the circle. Aren't they a sure sign of spring? (Why do I say "behold" when one can scarcely help noticing them?) Did you ever see such a gay array of colored sweaters! Like the flowers, the girls are now decking themselves in the most brilliant hues available. Even the dandelions seem pale beside these gay-colored creatures and the modest crocus retires far into the background.

What should we do if our vocabularies were suddenly deprived, both in letter and meaning, of the simple little word, "why"? Try to count up the number of times you say it in a day. "*Why* do I have to do it?" "*Why* can't she do it?"

"*Why* do I have to get this studying done now?" "I don't see *why* tomorrow won't do just as well, do you?" Try substituting "how soon," and think what a lot you'd accomplish. "*How soon* can I do this?" "*How soon* can I get this studying done?" How soon? Why, now.

If there is one thing on this earth that makes one uncomfortable — and goodness knows the last thing on earth one wishes to be is uncomfortable, — it is being left out. No matter what severe training your feelings may have had under your own careful supervision, if you get left out, your feelings are hurt. I quite agree with you it is hard to be left out, but what I do not see is how any one in the near vicinity of Abbot Academy can possibly get left out of anything. Why, even if by some grave mischance I make mention that I expect my mother to see me this afternoon, I have lost and buried mother, grandmother, several aunts and cousins and even possibly incurred some bodily injury myself before night, and as I round a corner into the arms of my best friend, always the last to hear anything, the poor child is sadly shocked and disappointed to see me rushing around so well and happy.

A half-heard remark in the hall gets enlarged and enlarged in the telling. A thing once said is repeated and repeated and repeated, and the girl knowing least about it is so often the one who talks most. The poor best friend at last gets the "perfect whale of a story", and feels hurt that she got the fact from the source she did and that her best friend had left her out.

Did this ever happen to you? The first night you were here in your embarrassment you asked incoherent questions and made wild answers. Then everybody told you you were a perfect "scream"; and later when you felt at home and ventured a serious statement, everybody laughed. Or perhaps in your desperate homesickness, you could not get a word past that lump in your throat and you heard your neighbor tell hers that you were quiet and queer. And when you had quite recovered your voice and made a very funny remark, everybody smiled



at you curiously. It takes a long time to live down a reputation given in a moment. Don't you let this happen to any girl next September.

Two years ago it was impossible for an Abbot girl to choose a companion from her classmates to accompany her on a short walk, without first consulting a notebook in which was recorded a certain girl's name for each day, arranged several months previous to the set afternoon. This year the date system is being discarded slowly but surely, making one phase of school life much less formal and troublesome.

Every one knows the proverb, "Make hay while the sun shines," and a very good one it is. But is there much credit in it? When the sun shines, and conditions are favorable, one wants to make hay, to hustle about and set things humming. But how about that rainy day that's coming, when things go all wrong? Let's change the proverb, you and I. "Be gay while the rain falls."

# School Journal

## Calendar

### JANUARY

- 19 Party to "Daddy-Long-Legs" at Tremont Theatre, Boston.
- 20 Lecture. Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey: Country Life Movement.
- 22 Hall Exercises. Miss Emily Skilton: Woman Rescue Work.
- 23 Chapel. Hampton Quartette: Miss Annie Scoville.
- 29 Piano recital. Miss Ethel Leginska.
- 30 Chapel. Dr. Henry Tweedy: God's Ways of Speaking to Man.
- 31-Feb. 3. Senior trip to Intervale, N. H.

### FEBRUARY

- 1 Fudge party in Recreation room.
- 3 Party to Kreisler Recital in Lawrence.
- 5 Luncheon of Abbot Club and Alumnae Association at Hotel Vendome, Boston.  
Chapel. Miss Bailey: Following Christ.  
Organ recital. Mr. Ashton.
- 7-12 Visit from Miss Merrill.
  - 9 Senior-Middle play, "The Primrose Path."
- 12 Concert. Russian Quartette.  
Miss Bailey's Tea for Miss Merrill.
- 13 Chapel. Reading: "Blessed be Drudgery," Miss Bailey.
- 14-19 Visit from Miss Park.
  - 15 Plays written by seniors, given in Davis Hall: "A Pair of Gloves," S. Gutterson; "Where there's a Will," E. Kilton.
  - 19 Pupils' Recital in Abbot Hall.
  - 20 Chapel. Miss Lillian Stone: The Importance of Kindergarten Work.
- 21-23 Washington's Birthday recess.
- 21 Phillips Promenade.
- 27 Chapel. Mrs. Charles Davis of Bridgeport, Connecticut, sings.

### MARCH

- 1 Thé Chantant in Davis Hall by French department for benefit of French soldiers.
- 2 Party to French play in Boston.
- 4 Hall exercises. Mrs Margaret Stannard of the Garland School of Homemaking, Boston: The Value of an Education to a Girl.
- 5 Chapel. Davis Hall. Dr. Harry E. Fosdick: What a Man wills, he can.  
Organ recital. Mr. Ashton.
- 7 Senior Promenade in Davis Hall.
- 11 Song recital. Miss Myrna Sharlow of the Chicago Opera Company.
- 12 Chapel. Mr. Henry: Lent.  
A. C. A. Northfield talk.
- 13 Corridor Stunt Party in Davis Hall.

17-21 Visit from Miss Means.

18 Hall exercises. Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins: Efficiency in the Conduct of Self.

19 Chapel. Miss Mabel E. Haywood and Senorita Estrella Fontanals. The International Institute of Madrid.

23-April 5 Spring recess.

#### APRIL

8 Hall exercises. Draper Reading Trials.

9 Chapel. Dr. Fitch: Prayer.

12 Party to "Rigoletto" in Boston.

15 Lecture. Miss Ethel Shumway: "Around the World", benefit of the Hockey Field Fund.

16 Chapel. Miss Bailey: God in Christ.

17 Exhibition of Folk dancing by pupils from Mrs. Storrow's School in Boston, under auspices of the November Club.

18 Senior Play. "The Cricket on the Hearth," Davis Hall.

23 A. C. A. Mrs. Gutterson.

Chapel. Davis Hall. Mr. Gutterson: Miracle of the Resurrection.

25 Reading of "Hamlet" in Phillips Chapel, Prof. Crosby of Brown University.

29 Tea to Bradford Seniors.

30 Chapel. Rev. Howard Chidley: Quest for Faith.

#### MAY

3 Party to see Maude Adams in "The Little Minister" in Boston.

Entertainment by German department for the benefit of the Hockey Field Fund.

6 Lecture. Miss Mary Blauvelt: Oxford University.

7 Chapel. Miss Blauvelt: Temptations of Christ.

9 Mrs. Sherman's fudge party for Seniors in Sherman Cottage.

13 Recital for entertainment of Abbot Club in Davis Hall.

Opening of exhibition of portraits by Miss Marion Pooke in John-Esther Art Gallery.

14 Chapel. Miss Margaret Slattery: Sincerity in Life.

16 Tea Dance by Juniors and Junior-Middlers for Seniors in Davis Hall.

18 Talk in chapel by Miss Nellie Oiesen on social service work.

20 Trustees' dance for Seniors and Senior-Middlers.

21 Chapel. Rev. Raymond Calkins: The Need of Religion.

25 Pupils' recital in Davis Hall.

27 May Dancing.

28 Chapel. Rev. Nehemiah Boynton. The League to Enforce Peace.

## Lectures

January twentieth, we had the rare good fortune to hear Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey speak on the Country Life Movement in America. His main topic was, not that people should leave the city for the country, but that those living in the country should remain there and try to improve their surroundings. In so doing, their minds would become broadened.

He also showed us how an education can be gained from such close and intimate relations with nature. To prove this, he read us quite a remarkable letter from an old farmer who in one sense of the word was totally uneducated. In this letter were such thoughts and philosophy as might have come from a scholar. Nature had given the author much food for thought.

He next stated that a man cannot be a real or a good farmer unless he is religious. That seemed rather an amazing statement at first, but Dr. Bailey had fully convinced us of its truth when his lecture ended.

I am sure we all think that kindergartening is our vocation since we heard Miss Stone's talk on her fascinating work. She gave us an interesting history of kindergartening and made us realize its importance in modern education and the necessity for training efficient teachers. We were especially glad to have Miss Stone here because, as a daughter of a former principal, she is an interested friend of the school.

The lecture on homemaking which Mrs. Stannard of the Garland School of Homemaking gave to the girls on March fourth was interesting to all, but rather especially so to the Seniors. They, you understand, will soon be going out into the wide world and advice on such a subject will doubtless prove useful. To be a good homemaker, she said, it is necessary to work well, to live well and to teach others to live well. Health is the chief factor for the fulfillment of these directions, and to be in good health, we must not let Dame Fashion carry us out of sight of reason.

Dr. Mary Whiton Calkins of Wellesley, whose text book on psychology has been used during the year by the Academic Seniors, spoke to us in Hall Exercises, March 18 on "Efficiency in the Management of Ourselves." She compared the efficiency in the management of ourselves to the efficiency needed in the management of a business. Because of her limited time, she gave her talk in outline form.

She spoke first of the purpose of our lives and then of the study of our resources, which were external and internal. Observation and perception belong to the external, and instincts to the internal resources. She deals mainly with the control of our instincts by our will. She spoke of the instinct of fear and pugnacity, and showed us how fear, rather than pugnacity, causes war. She does not believe in repressing an instinct, but rather in guiding it.

We have long been interested in the International Institute of Madrid and were glad to hear more about the work there from so interesting a speaker as Miss Haywood. She told us the thrilling history of the school and of its growing influence and recognition in Spain. With Miss Haywood was one of the most charming pupils of the Institute, Miss Fontanals, who, dressed in

the beautiful Spanish costume, told us what the Institute meant to her and what she wanted to do for Spain. Her soft voice and lovely face made her an appealing speaker for the school that has meant so much to her.

The opportunity of a trip around the world is offered to very few of us, and those upon whom it is bestowed rarely give us as interesting an account of their trip as did Miss Ethel Shumway in her lecture, April 15.

In far too short an hour she took us with her on the *Cleveland* to Egypt, India, Japan and China, and then back home across the Pacific. The glimpses of each city that we had through her eyes made us feel as if we really were miles away from home. Her delicious sense of humor and flashes of wit made us see what a valuable companion she must have been.

Besides giving us the great privilege of hearing her adventures, she generously offered the receipts of the lecture for the new hockey field. Miss Shumway is the first of our alumnae to give her services for the hockey fund, and we hope her enthusiasm will awaken the interest of other alumnae.

Oxford University has a very vague sound indeed to most of us, and it was a pleasure to have it more definitely visualized by one who knows it as well as does Miss Mary Blauvelt. On May 6, she gave us a most delightful talk on the great university and its history, as well as glimpses of the life she saw when studying there.

## Concerts

We were very fortunate to have the opportunity of hearing Miss Leginska on February 12. We feel a warm interest in Miss Leginska as this is the third time we have had the pleasure of having her with us. Her program was varied and interesting. We especially enjoyed the sweet "Souvenirs d' Italie", Leschetizky, and the "Etude Heroique", played in commemoration of the death of Theodore Leschetizky, Miss Leginska's master. We have seldom had so brilliant a concert or one that caused so much enthusiasm.

The first pupils' recital of the year was given in Hall Exercises, February 19. Both Mr. Ashton's and Miss Bennett's pupils performed, and it was truly delightful. To be sure, the performers weren't so famous as Miss Ethel Leginska or the Russian String Quartet, but I think they were enjoyed by the girls fully as much. There were pieces on the piano and violin, and songs in which all classes were represented from the youngest to the oldest.

The Russian String Quartet gave a very beautiful concert on February 23. We were all very glad to have the opportunity of acquainting ourselves with Russian music through such excellent musicians. Their interpretation was very sympathetic and interesting. We liked especially the "Humoresque" of Ippolitoff-Ivanoff and the "Cantabile" of Tschaikowsky.

We all want to thank Mrs. Davis for the great pleasure she gave on February 27 by singing for us. As a mother of an Abbot girl she certainly knew what all Abbot girls love. She sang us many of our favorites: "The Shepherd" by Tertius Noble; "Ave Maria", and Tschaikowsky's "Lullaby".



The warm interest we have in Mrs. Davis and the charming informality of her recital made it a very happy evening for us all.

On Saturday, March 11, we had the rare pleasure of hearing Miss Myrna Sharlow of the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Sharlow has a beautiful soprano voice which was shown to advantage in her interesting program and charming encores. The fact that Miss Sharlow is such a young singer makes us marvel at her present achievement and expect great things in the future. Miss Marion Lina Tufts added much to our afternoon's pleasure by her skillful playing of the Spinning Song and the Grande Polonaise from Chopin Opus 22.

## Plays

Knights and ladies, a hero masquerading as a wandering minstrel, the sound of trumpets and an air of romance pervaded Davis Hall as the Senior-Middlers gave their annual play on the evening of February 9. The play, "The Primrose Path", had its setting in an ancient English castle with the elaborate and beautiful costumes of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was a charming play charmingly played, and did great credit to the class. The cast:

LADY OLIVIA OLIFANT (daughter of Lord Nicholas Olifant)

Irene Baush

LADY JOYCE OLIFANT (younger sister of Olivia)

Rachel Olmstead

LORD NICHOLAS OLIFANT (of Granmore Castle)

Carita Bigelow

LORD DUDLEY HUNSDEN (of Hunsden Park)

Gertrude Goss

SIR KENNETH GRAHAM (of Surrey, masquerading as a minstrel)

Esther Davis

SIR WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS (of Williams Manor House, Kent)

Catherine Yeakle

JOHN JACKSTRAW (nephew of Lord Nicholas)

Cornelia Sargent

URSULA (a nurse)

Cornelia Newcomb

PHYLLIS

Ruth Jackson

JANET

Janet Davis

ROBIN (a page)

Mary Wuichet

PETER (a porter)

Alice Prescott

TOBY (servant to Sir Willoughby)

Hilda Temple

TRIM

{Frances Gere

JERRY } (pages)

{Alice Littlefield

DICK

{Mildred Gilmore

Of course we've known always that there were all kinds of possibilities in the Senior class, and when we saw the plays they had written and produced, we felt surer than ever of the fact. According to custom the two best were picked out, and "A Pair of Gloves" by Sylvia Gutterson and "Where's there a Will" by Esther Kilton were acted by the girls on Tuesday evening, February 15. The former showed the struggles of a young college girl to choose between having a career and marrying, with the final decision to do both.



In the latter a young college man is left a fortune, on condition that he marry his cousin, who unfortunately is engaged to his roommate. But his ingenuity proves that where there's a will there's always a way out, so that he gains the fortune and his roommate the girl he loves.

On the afternoon of March 1 a most charming event took place in Davis Hall. Under the direction of Miss Sherman and Mlle. de la Brecque, the French department gave a *Thé Chantant* for the benefit of the wounded French soldiers. We were ushered into the hall by young peasant girls representing Normandy, Alsace and Brittany, and soon found ourselves seated at little round tables where we enjoyed a delightfully French atmosphere. The program consisted of singing, dancing and recitations, besides an act of "*L'Oiseau Bleu*" which was presented very cleverly by enthusiastic actresses. Later, hot chocolate and cake were served. Needless to say, the affair was a glowing success. A hundred dollars was sent to Paris to the wounded soldiers.

On Tuesday evening, April 18, the Senior class presented in Davis Hall, "*The Cricket on the Hearth*", a clever play written from the story by Charles Dickens.

The play was full of interest to everyone, but was made doubly entertaining by the artistic stage-setting and costumes. In the first and third acts the scene was the exact reproduction of a rustically comfortable cottage. Everything bespoke the character of the country folk who lived there. In the second act, the scene represented the cottage of Caleb Plummer, a toy maker. His one large room is shown, cheerfully littered with wooden toys. The costumes both of the men and the women were carefully planned and admirably suited to the play.

Charlotte Fleming portrayed "*Dot*", the heroine, and Sylvia Gutterson played finely the part of the hero, "*John Perrybingle*". Esther Kilton as "*Mr. Tackleton*" made an ideal eccentric gentleman, and Josephine Walker took the somewhat pathetic part of "*Bertha*" a blind girl. Marjorie Freeman, in the lively part of "*Tillie Slowboy*", added a touch of humor to the play, whereas Agnes Grant showed the audience in her part as "*Caleb*" the more serious side of life. Dorothy Pillsbury as Tackleton's son and Eleanor Frary as "*May Fielding*", a pretty bride, added heart interest to the play. Lois Erickson, Ruth Ottman, Katherine Odell and Lillian Sword all helped in their small parts to make the stage interesting. Miriam Weber and Lois Erickson were stage managers, Dorothy Dann prompter, and Ruth Laton was costumer for the play.

The intervals between acts, or rather "*chirps*", were anticipated by the audience rather than dreaded as a bore, thanks to the sweet singing of the Glee Club, which has been unusually prominent and successful this year. In fact everyone helped to make this play the big event of the season, and enough cannot be said in praise of the cast's work and that of Miss Spalding towards making the play the entire success that it proved to be. The cast:

DOT . . . . .	Charlotte Fleming
TILLY SLOWBOY . . . . .	Marjorie Freeman
JOHN PERRYBINGLE, <i>a carrier</i> . . . . .	Sylvia Gutterson
OLD GENTLEMAN . . . . .	Dorothy Pillsbury
CALEB, <i>Tackleton's man</i> . . . . .	Agnes Grant
MR. TACKLETON . . . . .	Esther Kilton
BERTHA, <i>a blind girl</i> . . . . .	Josephine Walker
MRS. FIELDING . . . . .	Dorothy Higgins
MAY FIELDING . . . . .	Eleanor Frary
PORTER . . . . .	Mildred Jenkins
DOT'S FATHER . . . . .	Lois Erickson
MRS. DOT . . . . .	Ruth Ottman
NEIGHBORS . . . . .	Katherine Odell
	Lillian Sword

"*Ein deutscher Abend*," translated, means "A German evening," but we "foreigners" did not need any further translation, for Little Red Riding Hood with the vicious wolf terrified us and we certainly appreciated the lovely tableau during the singing of the *Lorelei*. The pantomimes of *Faust* were interesting, especially to the seniors who have been studying it this year. And never has the stage been prettier than during the last number, the singing of "*Röslein auf der Heide*." We all want to thank Mrs. Cramer and the German Department for a very happy evening, and I know that all the future hockey players want to thank her too.

### School Gifts

The Hockey Field Fund is represented at present by \$431. This is the result of individual pledges by the girls, gifts from a few old girls, a lecture, "Around the World," by an old girl, Miss Ethel N. Shumway, and a few school entertainments, the largest of which was one given by the German department.

The girls pledged something over \$325 for charity this year. \$200 has already been sent, \$50 each to the French orphans, Belgian Relief, Polish Relief, and Armenian Relief funds. The remainder is to be sent to southern schools.

Twenty-eight dollars was sent to the International Institute at Madrid as the result of a very appealing talk by Miss Haywood and Senorita Estrella Fontanals.

### Honor Roll

#### FIRST SEMESTER, 1915-1916

Agnes Grant, Julia Abbe	91%
Charlotte Eaton, Sylvia Gutterson, Mildred Jenkins, Dorothy Johnson	89
Agnes Leslie, Helen Warfield, Carita Bigelow, Janet Davis, Cornelia Newcomb, Margaret Clark, Margaret French	88

## THIRD QUARTER. APRIL, 1916

Julia Abbe	92%
Cornelia Newcomb	91
Charlotte Eaton, Agnes Grant, Margaret Clark, Margaret French	90
Carita Bigelow	89
Mildred Jenkins, Dorothy Johnson, Agnes Leslie, Katherine Odell, Ruth Ottman, Helen Warfield, Gertrude Stark, Helen Donald	88

## Items of General Interest

The *Boston Transcript* mentions as an interesting event in the art world the purchase of a painting by Mr. Frederick A. Bosley, called "The Dreamer" by his fellow artists for presentation to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. Bosley taught at Abbot Academy from 1908 until 1913.

Miss Bertha M. Terrill, teacher of Greek at Abbot Academy 1896-1900, paid a flying visit to Andover not long ago. She is head of the department of Household Economics in Middlebury College. She spoke very interestingly of one branch of her work, which is made possible by the federal appropriation for extension study in Agriculture and Home Economics. This sum has recently been increased by ten thousand dollars a year from the state. Extension schools are held in different places for a week at a time, and instruction given in the various subjects.

In her will, Miss Susan Burrill Chase of the class of 1893, bequeathed to Abbot Academy \$2,000 in money; her books, consisting of 114 volumes, pictures, a set of 12 or 15 photographs for the most part of architectural subjects, and five bronze medals. Miss Chase has always shown a great interest in the school and it was through her generosity last year that so many girls had the pleasure and advantage of seeing many of the French plays given in Boston.

Miss Mary Appleton Spalding of Boston, of the class of 1868, has given \$500 to be added to the McKeen Scholarship fund.

Fifteen dollars was given to the school by the Boston Abbot Club. The use to which this will be put has not yet been decided.

## Alumnae Notes

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### Alumnae Association and Boston Abbot Club

One hundred Abbot people, including thirty members of the present senior class, were at the annual mid-winter luncheon on February 5. Miss Bailey brought a greeting from the school, after which Miss Margaret Elgy, accompanied by Mrs. Grace Bassett Hewitt, sang a group of songs. Mr. Henry Jewett of the Jewett players, gave a very interesting talk on the mission of the theatre and the need of a repertory theatre.

### The Boston Abbot Club

The annual meeting of the Boston Abbot Academy Club was on Saturday, April 1. It was noticed that the hour of the meeting coincided with that of the services for Miss Merrill. Miss Josephine Wilcox and Mrs. C. H. Patton had prepared an appreciation of Miss Merrill, a copy of which was sent to her family.

An amendment to limit the meetings of the club to three a year was defeated by an unanimous vote; even those who offered the amendment voting against it.

After the business meeting, Mrs. Albert H. Chaffee, an Abbot graduate, gave an informal talk on the Morgan collection at the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York.

#### OFFICERS FOR 1916-1917

President, Mrs. Charles E. Miller; vice-presidents, Miss Mary F. Merriam, Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton; recording secretary, Miss Clarissa M. Hall; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Albert I. MacIntosh; treasurer, Miss Ethel N. Shumway; auditor, Miss Mary L. Newton; directors for two years, Mrs. James D. Brennan, Mrs. A. E. Lothrop, Miss Edith Magee; director for one year, Miss Elizabeth S. Fuller.

### The New York Abbot Club

Miss Bailey was the guest of honor, and brought news from Abbot to the New York Abbot Club at its spring luncheon at the Hotel Gregorian in New York. Resolutions were adopted expressing the grief of the members of the club at the death of Miss Merrill and of Susan Burrill Chase.

#### OFFICERS FOR 1916-1917

President, Mrs. C. E. Townsend; first vice-president, Mrs. S. W. Righter; second vice-president, Mrs. James Howard; secretary, Mrs. J. O. Hauser; treasurer, Miss C. W. Sandford.

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1835. Mrs. Louisa Packard Willis, who has been for some little time the senior alumna of the school, died in Lawrence on April 30. Last summer a representative of Abbot attended her birthday party on July 4. She was

alert and interested in speaking of the long-ago days when she was a little girl at school and boarded in the Morton House.

1836. With the death of Mrs. Willis, the honor of heading the Abbot Academy family list falls to Elizabeth Barnwell (Mrs. Henry Flanders), who came to school from Beaufort, S. C., in 1835. She afterwards studied with private tutors under the supervision of Professor Stuart, and taught, with Sarah Stuart (1834), Latin, German, French and Euclid's Advanced Geometry. She was married in 1846 to Mr. Flanders, lawyer and author, who died in 1911. She herself published a book called "Life and its Aims," and translations of various selections from German literature. A note was sent to Mrs. Flanders in Los Angeles announcing the fact that this year would be the eightieth anniversary of her leaving the school. To this her daughter replied: "She has just passed her ninety-sixth birthday, but remembers very vividly the pleasant days at Abbot Academy. She sends her hearty good wishes for a delightful reunion this year."

1851. A letter has recently been received telling of the death of Francis Parkhurst, Mrs. Edmund Y. Garrette, in Alameda, Cal., in October, 1914. Her daughter writes: "She had a beautiful, useful life and was very active with her many interests of love and service for others until two weeks before she was called Home. Since coming to California she has been very busy in Church work and was vice-president of the Occidental Board of Foreign Missions."

1857. Mrs. Jane Davis Crocker, formerly of Methuen and very hospitable to Abbot girls, now lives at Tufts College with her daughter, who is Dean of Women there. Her daughter, Catherine, 1887, writes: "She recently celebrated her eightieth birthday and is well and lovely as ever. She and I are planning to go to New York to pass my Easter vacation, so you see she enjoys living."

1858. On the morning of February 5, the day of the Abbot Alumnae lunch in Boston, a fire broke out in Miss Agnes Park's house in Andover. Miss Park was in Baltimore at the time, but came home at once, to find that, although several rooms in the house were badly damaged, her furniture and valuable family portraits had been taken out of the house unhurt.

1866. In connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the class, a cordial message of greeting has been received from Professor Curtis H. Page of the Department of English in Dartmouth College. He was kind enough to send a copy of the class poem or "parting hymn," written by his aunt, Emily P. Hidden. This was reprinted in the "School Hymn and Tune Book." His tribute to his aunt's memory is pleasant to record. "I remember my aunt as the most important early influence in my own life toward interest in education and culture in many ways. She gave me my earliest lessons in Latin, and made out lists of reading for me in the best literature of several languages; and what is more, actually got me started and interested in this reading; and all this before I was twelve years old — I think in fact before I was eleven. I have always regretted her early death."



1866. Among the pleasant responses to the Commencement announcements sent by the Reunion Committee of the Alumnae Association to the "reunion classes" is one from Florence Woodbury (Mrs. Matthew M. Miller) of Topeka, Kan. She writes: "I find in looking over the catalogue about forty names of girls whom I remember distinctly. Fifty years is a long time but the heart is ever young and the woman of sixty-nine still cherishes the ideals of the girl of nineteen. My husband is a graduate of Phillips and we love to talk over the old Andover days together — he with his tales of "Uncle Sam" and I, with mine of the dear Misses McKeen and the girls. I shall never forget the morning Miss McKeen came into Assembly Hall with the morning paper in her hand. She tried to read from it but could not restrain her tears, which flowed unchecked down her cheeks. She passed the paper to one of the teachers who read to us — Lincoln's assassination, and we bowed our heads upon our desks and wept, too, many sobbing aloud. Ask some one who was there to tell you all about it."

†1877. Professor M. C. Gile, husband of Josephine Richards, died at Colorado Springs, April 28, 1916. He was a teacher in Phillips Academy for several years before going to Colorado College, where he was professor of Latin and Greek for nearly twenty-five years. A stimulating teacher, a sympathetic counsellor, a rare friend, he will be sorely missed, not only in the college but in the wide circle reached by his influence.

1878. Bessie Tilton has sold her house in Andover, and has been in Brooklyn, N. Y., for a year, taking charge of a Y.M.C.A. home for young working boys. She has recently gone to Laurel, Md.

1879. Helen Ladd Corbett was one of the donors of the land for the buildings of Reed College, Portland, Ore., which has grown so rapidly since its opening in 1911.

1885. Susan Almira Bacon has been appointed associate professor of Romance Languages at Reed College, Oregon. She has been teaching at Mount Holyoke since 1902 with intervals of study abroad.

†1886. At a meeting of the Trustees of Abbot Academy on March 17, 1916, Mrs. Grace (Carleton) Dryden, of Newark, N. J., was elected Alumnae Trustee for five years. A letter from the secretary of the class says, "We certainly are very proud of Mrs. Dryden's representing '86 on the Board of Trustees, but we are very proud of Mrs. Dryden anywhere and in any place, so naturally we feel inclined to congratulate the Board of Trustees."

†1887. Catherine Crocker is in charge of the French Department of Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn., where she has been for three years. She finds her work most delightful. She frequently sees Emily Smith, '88, and is a near neighbor of Mrs. Anna Gillette McCurdy.

†1893. Ruth Haven, who was a graduate of Carleton College in 1899, is now Library Organizer with the Minnesota Public Library Commission. Her address is 596 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

†1894. The wedding of Mabel Bosher to Dr. Doremus Scudder took place on the evening of January 25 in the big chapel of the Kawaiahoa Seminary in Honolulu, which was beautifully decorated with palms, green vines, and



maidenhair ferns. The Kawaiahao Glee Club sang the bridal song from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and the bride was preceded by six little flower girls, who represented the main races in Kawaiahao, Hawaiian, Japanese and Chinese. The marriage service was performed by Rev. John L. Scudder of Los Angeles, a brother of the groom. Dr. and Mrs. Scudder are planning to make a visit to New England this summer, and we are hoping to see them in Andover.

1896. Anne Perry Hincks has been recently appointed general secretary of the Bethesda Society of Boston.

1897. Caroline Brinsmade, of Shelton, Conn., has been spending most of the time for the past year with her mother in California, having her headquarters at Los Angeles.

1899. "Helen Brinsmade Morgan still lives in Bridgeport, Conn. She has a fine little daughter, Marjorie, a year old." This word comes from Grace Wanning Day.

†1901. Evelyn Carter has been appointed assistant principal of the new Susan E. Blow Training School for Kindergartners to be opened in Boston under the charge of Miss Laura Fisher. Since her graduation at Miss Fisher's school in Boston, Miss Carter has spent several years in study with Miss Blow and Miss Fisher in New York, and has been during the past year a member of the faculty of the training school of the New York Kindergarten Association.

†1903. A letter from Christine Peirce comes from Vancouver telling of her marriage, March 11, 1913, to Lieutenant Lionel Dale Douglas, R. N. R. "Lionel Peirce was born September 22, 1914. His father has never seen him, as he was called to his colors at the very beginning of the war. Mrs. Samuel Robinson, who was Jessie Nichols, lives here and her husband, Captain Robinson, has also been serving his country since the outbreak of the war." The address of Mrs. Douglas is 1776 15th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

†1904. Elizabeth Schneider has been working in collaboration with Mr. Frederic Ripley, of the Prince School, Boston, on a series of art-music readers.

†1904. Mabel Fordham is a Red Cross nurse and is thoroughly interested in her work. Her address for some months will be Care American Ambulance Hospital, Neuilly-sur-Seine, France.

†1906. Helen Jones Bliss has given several items of news for this number of the *COURANT*. Last year brought to her experiences of sorrow and of joy. Her first little girl, Helen Jones, was taken from her, and a second daughter, Mary Constance, was born.

†1906. Rena Porter's husband, Mr. Hudson B. Hastings, after a year of graduate study at Harvard, has returned to Reed College, Oregon, as associate professor of Applied Economics.

1907. Ethel Arens, Mrs. Walworth Tyng, sends good wishes to Abbot from her mission station in Changsha, China. She expects to come home with Mr. Tyng on a furlough next June to stay for six months. They have two children, Mary Atkinson, three years old, and John Stevens, born May 31, 1915. Mrs. Tyng is looking forward to visiting Abbot next year and sharing some of her experiences with the girls.

1908. Ruth Tucker writes from Philadelphia, where she is teaching in a private school, that she has developed into "an incorrigible pedagogue" and is even more enthusiastic at the end of her fourth year of teaching than she was at the beginning. This summer, at Teachers' College, she is to take up a course in Primary Principalship, working at the same time toward a B. S. in Education.

†1909. Sally Knox has been very busy this winter as agent for the Children's Aid and Protective Society of New Hampshire.

†1909. Beulah McCarty Canterbury came to see us this winter and interested us very much in her life in the charming little house in Canton, Ohio, which she and her husband designed. A description of this house, with seven excellent photographs, appears in an article written by Beulah for the May number of *Today's Magazine* and entitled "A Little House Built for Two."

1909. The address of Gertrude Swanberg, now Mrs. Joseph Cryan, has been changed to 12 Madison Avenue, Newtonville.

†1910. Mira Wilson is taking the regular course of the Boston University Theological School.

1910. Dora E. Heys of Lynn spent Easter and the following two weeks with her roommate, Marguerite Claflin at her home in Washington, D. C.

†1911. Rev. Fletcher D. Parker, who recently married Katharine Ordway, graduated at Williams in 1911, at Hartford Theological Seminary in 1915, and is now pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational church in New Bedford.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow was graduated on May 26 from the Worcester Art Museum School.

1911. Elizabeth Hincks, Vassar 1917, has been elected literary editor of the Vassarion for the coming year.

†1913. Alice and Mary Harsh, who are both still at Smith College, spent the spring vacation with Henrietta Wiest in York, Pennsylvania.

†1914. Laura Marland is enjoying very much her course at Jackson College. She and Inga Little, also a freshman at Jackson, worked together on the costume committee of the freshman play, "She Stoops to Conquer," in which Laura took the part of Hastings.

†1914. Alice Sweeney, Vassar 1918, has been chosen one of the editors of the Vassar Miscellany.

†1914. Lucretia Lowe of Andover was the only girl in her class in the first group of ranking scholars at Radcliffe, getting the honor on account of "very high academic distinction."

1914. Winifred Warren has successfully passed examinations which qualified her to go to France or Malta as a Red Cross nurse. She is at present working in the hospital at East Durham.

†1915. Betty Gleason has been teaching this year in Thompson, Conn., and has had some interesting experiences. One little fellow informed her

that a sentence always begins with a period and ends with a question mark, and a little Polish boy announced that the world was "not round but hilly."

Each year it is interesting to find how many of the students have had relatives in the school before them, especially when, as often happens, they represent the third generation. The following list includes only sisters, mothers and grandmothers. Irene Baush — sister, Enid †1913; Miriam Bacon — grandmother, Ellen Manning †1863; Mary Bartlett — grandmother, Ellen Higgins 1849; Bernice Boutwell — mother, Lilla Chase 1888; Ruth and Margaret Clark — grandmother Emily Peters, 1836 and grandmother, Frances Farnham 1856; Dorothy Cole — sister, Elizabeth †1905; Helen Donald — grandmother, Clara Clement 1867; Rachel Foster — grandmother, Lavinia Hart 1836; Grace Francis — sister, Edna †1913; Katherine Hamblet — sisters, Helen †1914 and Marion †1915; Jane Holt — mother, Hannah Green †1894; Muriel Johnson — sisters, Edith †1911 and Elizabeth †1914; Louise King — grandmother, Mary Trow 1852; Ruth Laton — sister, Abbie †1912; Agnes Leslie — sister, Alicia †1907; Cornelia Newcomb — mother, Harriet Chapell †1876, sister, Ruth †1910; Eugenia Parker — mother, Fanny Fletcher †1872, sisters, Constance †1906 and Esther †1908; Dorothy Pillsbury — mother, Annie Watts †1882, sister, Maria †1907; Hilda Temple, sister, Beatrice 1912 and Ruth 1913; Miriam Weber — sister, Helen †1909; Sylvia Gutterson — mother, Emma Wilder, †1874, sisters, Constance, †1900, Edith, †1908, Maud, †1911, Hildegrade, †1914.

### Visitors

Miss Means, Miss Merrill, Miss Bertha M. Terrill, Miss Titcomb, Helen Hamblet †1914, Olga Erickson, †1913, Charlotte Amsden, †1913, Arline Talcott, †1915, Patty Williams, †1915, Marion Brooks, †1915, Harriette Woolverton, 1914, Margaret Davis, 1915, Ada Wilkey, †1915, Lydia Huntington Stone, 1892, Agnes Park, 1858, Helen Corey, 1910, Elizabeth Brigham Roth, 1913, Ruth Niles, 1911, Ruth Jenkins, 1913, Enid Baush, †1913, Beulah McCarty Canterbury, †1909, Janet Gorton, †1909, Jessie Nye Blodgett, †1915, Dorothy Bigelow, †1911, Betty Gleason, †1915, Marion Winklebleck, †1915, Marjorie Clark Barker, 1895, Sara Jackson Smith, †1896, Pauline Jackson, 1915, Mildred Horne, †1914, Ella Stohn, 1913, Elizabeth Kinnell, 1914, Mildred Crockett, 1915, Katherine Adams, 1915, Ethel N. Shumway, 1887, Hannah Greene Holt, †1894, Ruth Newcomb, †1910, Emma Wilder Gutterson, †1874, Elsie Gleason, †1914, Elisabeth Bartlett, †1914, Katharine Selden, †1914, Phyllis Brooks, †1915, Edith Benson, 1915, Lucia Trevit Auryansen, †1886, Esther Parker, †1908, Marion Lewis Boynton, 1908, Betty Petherbridge, 1912, Inga Little, 1915, Elisabeth Gilbert Dale, †1903, Helene Baldwin Burdick, 1897, Marian Bayley, 1913, Ursula Kimball, 1914, Hattie Allen Wolcott, 1886, Ella Williams Bray, 1886, Lillian Wilcox Miller, †1882, Josephine Wilcox, †1881, Margaret Fowle Sears, †1881, Mary Fowle, 1878, Annie Cummins Perry, 1886, Marion Kimball, 1905,

Gladys Perry Miller, †1909, Gertrude Swanberg Cryan, 1909, Sally Field, †1904, Isabel Herrick, †1901, Katharine Herrick Amos, 1902, Fanny Fletcher Parker, †1872, Anne M. Means, 1861, Abby Locke Thomson, 1869, Helen Mills Saville, 1857, Margaret Duncan Phillips, 1868, Mary Thompson, †1893, Edna Thompson Towle, †1880, Kate P. Jenkins, 1876, Jane B. Carpenter, 1892, Fanny Brown, 1869, Kate A. Swift, 1890, Clarissa Hall, †1910, Rebecca Newton, †1911, Margaret Sherman Neef, 1906, Marion Hamblet, †1915.

### Engagements

1910. Marguerite Esther Claflin to Mr. Harold Ellsworth Warner of Washington, D. C.

1910. Dorothy Cutter Dole to Mr. Frank O'Brien (Yale 1906), teacher of English in Phillips Academy.

1913. Barbara Dorothea Hadley to Mr. Fred S. Holmes of Belding, Michigan.

†1914. Marie Estelle Winsor to Mr. Theodore Franklin Appleby.

### Marriages

HUCKINS—RAMSAY. In Nashua, New Hampshire, February 2, 1916, Florence Howland Ramsay to Mr. Frank Pembroke Huckins. At home, 36 Berkeley Street, Nashua.

†1888. SAVAGE—STRATTON. In Melrose, December 22, 1915, Elizabeth Farnum Stratton to Mr. James William Savage. At home, 17 Sagamore Street, Lynn.

†1894. SCUDDER—BOSHER. In Honolulu, Hawaii, January 25, 1916, Mabel Ethelyn Boshier to Reverend Doremus Scudder, MD., DD.. At home, 910 Prospect Street, Honolulu.

†1908. SUGATT—GOWING. In Wellesley, February 10, 1916, Katharine Shepard Gowing to Mr. Clifton H. Sugatt. At home, 101 Knox Street, Lawrence.

1910. DAWES—VAN TUYL. In Colorado, Texas, November 25, 1915, Eleanor Van Tuyl to Mr. Thomas Dawes.

†1911. PARKER—ORDWAY. In Winchester, April 25, 1916, Katharine Lewis Ordway to Reverend Fletcher Douglas Parker. At home, 116 North Street, New Bedford.

1912. MACPHERSON—BINGHAM. In Manchester, N. H., May 16, 1916, Elizabeth Hinckley Bingham to Warren MacPherson.

†1913. WRIGHT—KEANE. In Thompsonville, Connecticut, February 17, 1916, Margaret Gertrude Keane to Mr. Frederick C. Wright of Rockport.

### Births

April 26, 1916, a son, John Frederick Morris, Jr., to Reverend and Mrs. John Frederick Morris (Miss Natalie Brookes Thompson).

1898. In Andover, January 29, 1916, a son, John Appleton, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rand (Nellie F. Flint).



1903. December 13, 1915, a daughter, Elizabeth Frances, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Hurd (Fanny Perry).

1903. In Scranton, Pa., December, 1915, a son, Nathan Grier, to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Grier Parke (Olive B. Williams).

†1904. In Holyoke, March 9, 1916, a daughter, Elizabeth Helen, to Mr. and Mrs. Alden Welling Baldwin (Helen E. Childs).

†1904. In Chicago, Illinois, April 20, 1916, a daughter, Marianna Eddy, to Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson McCabe (Laura Eddy).

1905. March 4, 1916, a son, Edward Atwater, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Atwater Harmes (Jessie M. Callender) of Great Bend, Pa.

†1906. In Scranton, Pa., June 5, 1915, a daughter, Mary Constance, to Mr. and Mrs. Sydney R. Bliss (Helen G. Jones).

1909. In Portland, August 30, 1915, a son, George Wyer, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Avery French (Elizabeth Wyer) — Wrongly attributed to Christine Wyer Rundlett in the January *COURANT*.

†1910. In Hartford, Connecticut, January 19, 1916, a son, Owen, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Owen Morgan (Emily T. Silsby).

†1910. In Kuna, Idaho, February 25, 1916, a son, Bernard Hoyt, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bernard Austin (Laura Jackson).

1912. March 7, 1916, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Morton Atwater (Catherine S. Vail).

†1913. In Chicago, Illinois, February 19, 1916, a daughter, Carol Danforth to Mr. and Mrs. Halsey George Prudden (Helen Mowry Danforth).

### Deaths

1836. May 1914, Mary M. Wood, of the Shaker Community at Harvard, Mass., aged 95 years.

1845. In North Andover, April 27, 1916, Sarah Kittredge.

1851. In Andover, May 17, 1916, Hannah E. Whittier.

1851. In Auburndale, June 12, 1915, Lucy F. Clark, wife of the late Emery E. Harwood.

1852. In Andover, February 12, 1916, Rebecca Allen, wife of the late Frederick S. White.

1856. In Methuen, April 1, 1916, Helen E. Simonds, wife of the late Loren H. Gordon.

1873. In Lowell, December, 1915, Annie M. Taylor, wife of the late Daniel H. Varnum.

## Obituary

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### SUSAN BURRILL CHASE

On April 5, 1916, Susan Burrill Chase, †'93, died at her old home, 120 Clymer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. After a day filled with varied activities, typical of her whole vigorous life, she went to sleep as usual, and, without illness or waking, her eager spirit passed on its way. Those who knew her best can not associate death with her vivid personality, but feel that this transition is only the beginning of a more abundant life and a larger chance for her to exercise the loyalty which always marked her relation to her friends and to Abbot Academy.



## **Abbot Academy Faculty**

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BERTHA BAILEY, Sc.B., PRINCIPAL,  
Psychology, Ethics, Theism, Christian Evidences

KATHERINE R. KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL,  
Mathematics

NELLIE M. MASON,  
Science

REBEKAH M. CHICKERING, A.B.,  
History and English

MARTHA M. HOWEY, Lit.B.,  
Literature and History of Art

MARY E. BANCROFT, A.B.,  
English

GERTRUDE E. SHERMAN, A.B.,  
French

HEDWIG D. CRAMER,  
German

GUSSANDA COUNTWAY, A.B.,  
Latin

BERTHA L. MORGAN, A.B., A.M.  
Latin

MARGARET ELLIOTT, A.B.,  
Mathematics

MARION H. KING, A.B.,  
History. Librarian

BESS L. STOODY,  
Household Economics

ALICE DEAN SPALDING,  
Elocution and Physical Education

JOSEPH N. ASHTON, A.M.,  
Chorus Music, Pianoforte, Organ and Harmony,  
History of Music

MABEL ADAMS BENNETT,  
Vocal Music

MARIE NICHOLS,  
Violin

MARION L. POOKE, A.B.,  
Drawing and Painting

CORINNE D'A LA BRECQUE,  
French Conversation

---

RACHEL A. DOWD, A.B.,  
Secretary to the Principal  
M. LOUISE SWEENEY,  
Supervisor of Day Scholars' Room. Drawing  
PHILANA McLEAN,  
In charge of Draper Hall.  
EDITH H. ALDRED,  
Resident Nurse  
JANE B. CARPENTER, A.M.,  
Keeper of Alumnae Records

### Lecturers

DR. LIBERTY HYDE BAILEY  
DR. MARY WHITON CALKINS  
MISS MARY BLAUVELT  
MISS ETHEL N. SHUMWAY

### Speakers

MISS EMILY SKILTON  
MISS ANNIE SCOVILLE  
DR. HENRY TWEEDY  
MISS LILLIAN STONE  
MRS. MARGARET STANNARD  
DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK  
MISS MABEL E. HAYWOOD  
SEÑORITA ESTRELLA FONTANALS  
REV. CHARLES W. HENRY  
DR. ALBERT PARKER FITCH  
REV. GEORGE H. GUTTERSON  
REV. HOWARD CHIDLEY  
MISS MARGARET SLATTERY  
MISS NELLIE OIESEN  
REV. RAYMOND CALKINS  
REV. NEHEMIAH BOYNTON

### Concerts

MISS ETHEL LEGINSKA  
RUSSIAN STRING QUARTET  
MISS MYRNA SHARLOW

## School Organizations

A. C. A.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH WOOD
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER DAVIS
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	EMMA STOHN

## Student Council

ESTHER DAVIS	.	.	.	.	.	.	SYLVIA GUTTERSON
LOIS ERICKSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELENE HARDY
MARJORIE FREEMAN	.	.	.	.	.	.	RUTH JACKSON
AGNES GRANT	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
JOSEPHINE WALKER							

## Fidelio Society

[illegible]

## Odeon

DORIS EMERY	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY PILLSBURY
MARJORIE FREEMAN	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION SELDEN
SYLVIA GUTTERSON	.	.	.	.	.	.	JULIE SHERMAN
RUTH OTTMAN	.	.	.	.	.	.	ESTHER VAN DERVOORT
JANE PATTESON	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH WOOD

## Athletic Association

[illegible]

## Hockey Team

[illegible]

## Glee Club

Leader . . . . .	HELENE HARDY
Treasurer . . . . .	ELIZABETH WOOD

## Class Organizations

### Senior, '16

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	SYLVIA GUTTERSON
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE FREEMAN
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	AGNES GRANT
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELENE HARDY

*Class Colors* — King's Blue and Gold      *Class Flower* — Cornflower

*Class Motto* — Do noble things, not dream them.

### Senior Middle, '17

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	KATHERINE YEAKLE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH BACON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY SMALL
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	LUCY ATWOOD

*Class Colors* — Purple and White      *Class Flower* — Violet

*Class Motto* — Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow  
the King.

### Junior Middle, '18

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	JULIE SHERMAN
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	BARBARA FERGUSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	HELEN ROBERTSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	CLARISSA HORTON

*Class Colors* — Yellow and White

*Class Flower* — Yellow Rose

*Class Motto* — Ad astra per aspera.

### Juniors, '19

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARION CHANDLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	DOROTHY COLE
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	MILDRED FROST
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	EMILY DUCKWORTH

*Class Colors* — Old Rose and Silver

*Class Flower* — Rose

### Alumnae Association

#### *President*

MRS. HENRIETTA LEAROYD SPERRY

#### *Vice-Presidents*

MISS JULIA E. TWICHELL

MRS. REBECCA DAVIS SPALDING

MRS. ELIZABETH NICHOLS BEAN

MRS. ELLEN CHAMBERLAIN BLAIR

MRS. JOSEPHINE RICHARDS GILE

MISS EMILY A. MEANS

#### *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS AGNES PARK

#### *Committee on Appropriations*

MISS BERTHA BAILEY

MRS. WARREN F. DRAPER

MISS AGNES PARK

# Calendar

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1916-1917

1916

April 5, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 6, Thursday, 9 A.M.

June 6, Tuesday

Spring term begins

School year ends

## Summer Vacation

September 20, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

September 21, Thursday, 9 A.M.

November 30, Thursday

December 21, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term begins

Thanksgiving Day

Fall term ends

## Christmas Vacation

1917

January 10, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 11, Thursday, 9 A.M.

February 3, Saturday

February 5, Monday

March 29, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term begins

First semester ends

Second semester begins

Winter term begins

## Spring Vacation

April 11, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

April 12, Thursday, 9 A.M.

June 12, Tuesday

Spring term ends

School year ends

## **COURANT ADVERTISERS**

The Editors of THE ABBOT COURANT urge its readers to  
patronize THE COURANT Advertivers.



AT ABBOT

I

At half past three, the bell rings loud,  
And out the girls do come.  
They float along as many clouds  
And have just lots of fun.

II

They leave in groups, two, three, and four,  
For country or for town,  
To have some tea, or maybe more,  
"Cheese Dreams" or coffee brown.

---

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*Pharmacist*

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POTTED MEATS AND FISH

NUTS, FIGS, DATES, OLIVES

J. H. CAMPION & CO.

III

If family should come to call  
Upon their daughter dear,  
They must take out both one and all  
Of her friends, far and near.

IV

If boys within the grounds should pass,  
You'd hear wild shrieks of laughter.  
But whoever shrieked, alas!  
Would hear from it soon after.

---

*Compliments of*

ANDOVER COAL CO.

MUSGROVE  
BUILDING

ANDOVER, MASS.

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Printers

Publishers of  
The Andover Townsman

PRESS BUILDING

Proprietors of  
The Andover Bookstore

ESTABLISHED 1809

V

One must be very smart, they say  
The honor roll to gain;  
For if one fails a single day  
Their task is all in vain.

VI

If one should visit after lights,  
Or make a deal of clatter,  
A gentle tap their pleasure blights,  
And they do quickly scatter.

H. R. F.

---

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Supplies and Tools

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LAWRENCE

- -

MASS.

## THE WEEK BEFORE EASTER

*(Apologies to Clement Clark Moore)*

'Twas the week before Easter, when all through the school,  
Not a person was working, nor keeping a rule;  
The trunks, they were placed in the entry with care,  
In hopes that the janitor soon would be there;  
And Marie on the sofa, and I on the mat,  
Had just settled our minds for a nice ev'ning's chat,—  
When out in the hall there arose such a clatter,  
I jumped from the floor to see what was the matter.

---

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**Importers**  
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The light at the end of the narrow dark hall,  
Made murky grey shadows all over the wall;  
When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,  
But a monstrous exam and big Mr. Fear.  
I knew in a moment just why he was here;  
I hadn't prepared for my Latin, oh dear!  
So back to my room I rushed with a bound,  
I sat at my desk and then looked around —  
But he surely had gone, for the very next day  
I just passed that exam — but 'twas not with an A.

M. F. C.

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THE "FOWNES" GLOVES

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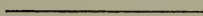
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| *THE CATERER* |

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